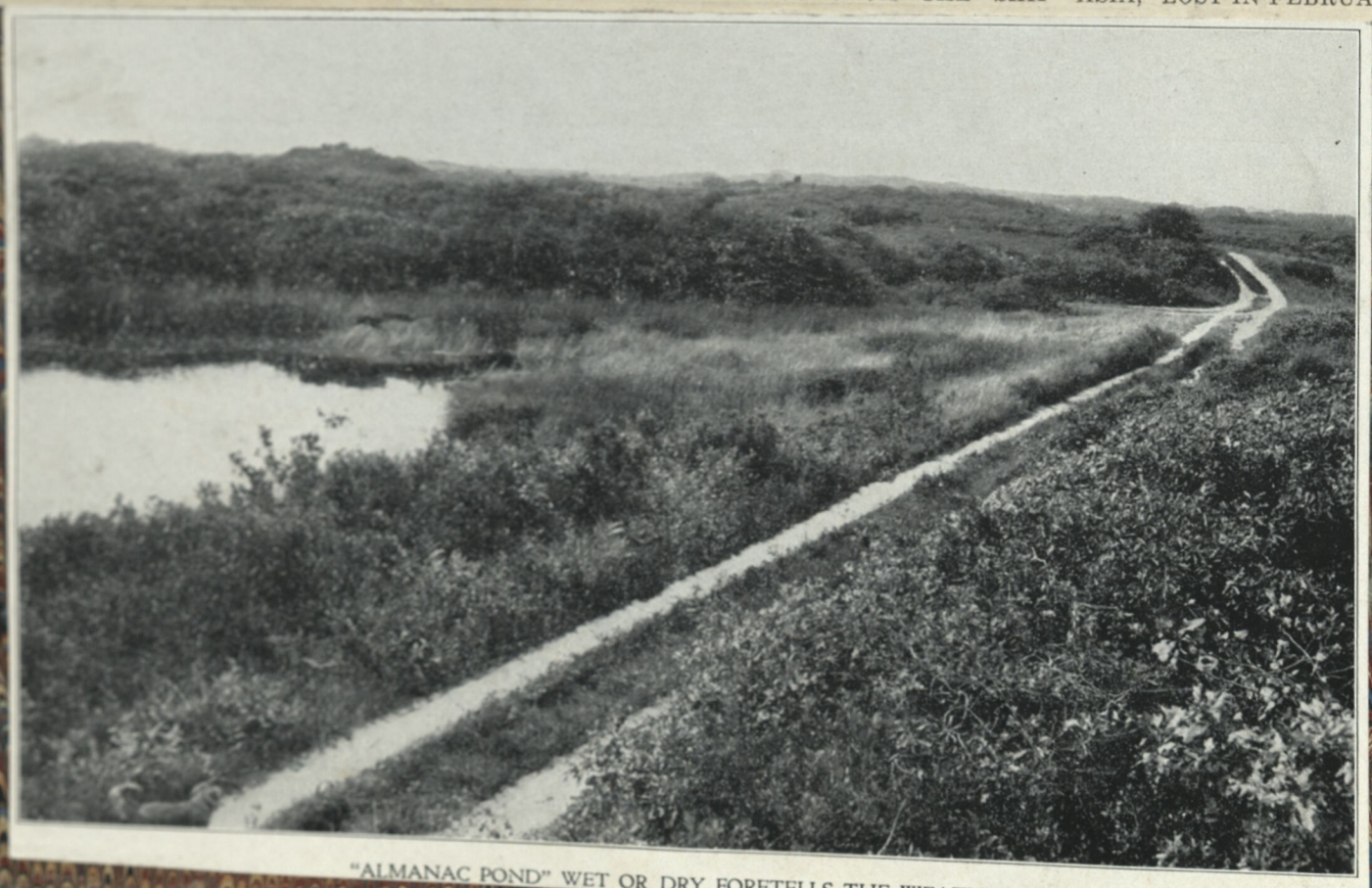
AMERICAN WHALER.

An American Whaler

Showing the Try-Works and Method of Stowing Boats

2/11/50

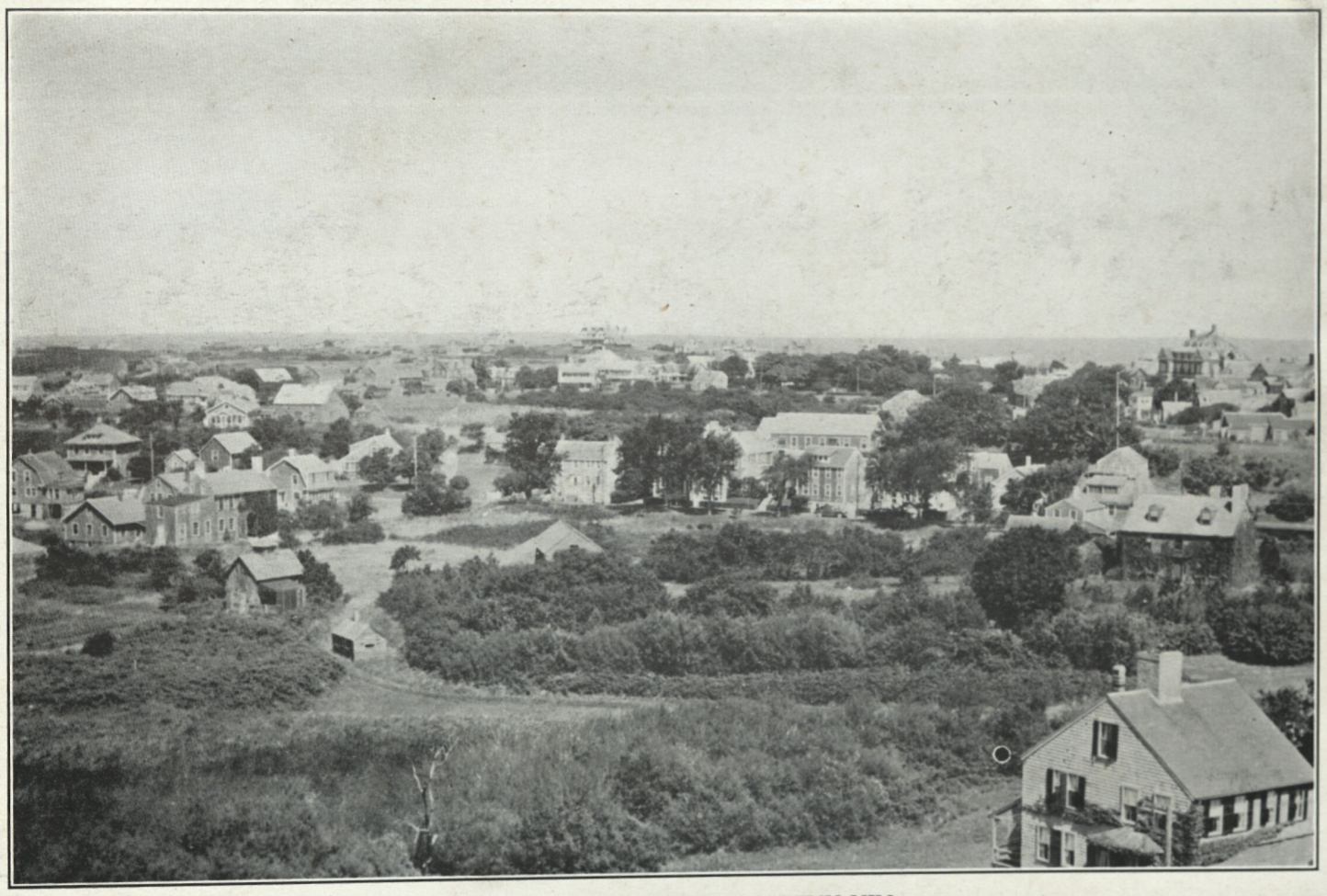
A PORTION OF DIONIS BEACH NEAR THE "SPRINGS," WITH WRECKAGE FROM THE SHIP "ASIA," LOST IN FEBRUARY, 1898



"ALMANAC POND" WET OR DRY FORETELLS THE WEATHER

THE WISDOM OF THE YEARS

Photo by Chase



A NORTHERN VIEW FROM ACADEMY HILL

SCRAP BOOK - No.

{Property of
The Nantucket
Historical Association
Fair St., Nantucket, Mass.}

William H. Tripp.
165 Newton Street,
New Bedford, Mass.

Put in 8 Pages 12/28/46
20 " 12/29/46
13 " 12/30/46
41

Photo by Florence Ingall

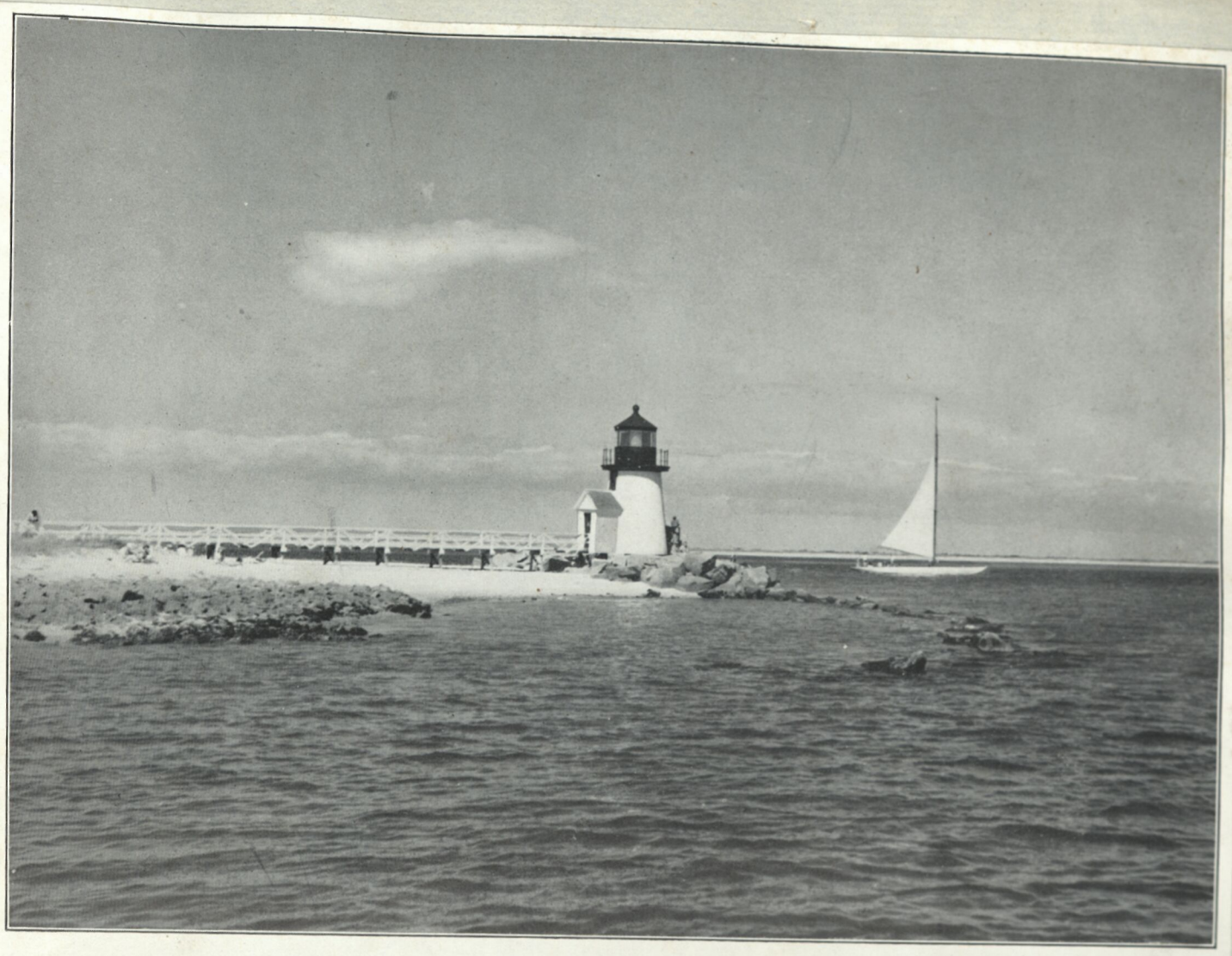
A Centre Street Home

Photo by T. F. Hartley

THE HARBOR AND WATER FRONT FROM THE AIR

THE SUDDEN BEND IN THE ROAD "BELOW THE BANK"

MARTINS LANE --- NANTUCKET



ROUNDING BRANT POINT — Photo by Fee

A FAVORITE SPOT TO WATCH THE RACES — Photo by Sanford

OBITUARY.—Capt. Thomas S. James, who died Thursday, at the age of seventy-four years, was a citizen of exemplary habits, and was highly respected in the community. His early life was passed in the whaling service. Later he commanded various packets, plying between this port and the larger seaport cities as far south as Baltimore. He subsequently was appointed first officer of the South Shoal lightship, and upon the retirement of Capt. George C. Gardner, 2d, in 1872, was promoted to the position of captain, which he held for a period of about ten years, when failing health compelled him to relinquish the position, and he retired from active life. He leaves a widow and one son. 1885

OLD BETSEY CAREY HOUSE, 'SCONSET.

1859

OLD SOUTH WHARF, LOOKING WEST.

Photographed for The Mercury by Joseph G. Tirrell.

1859						
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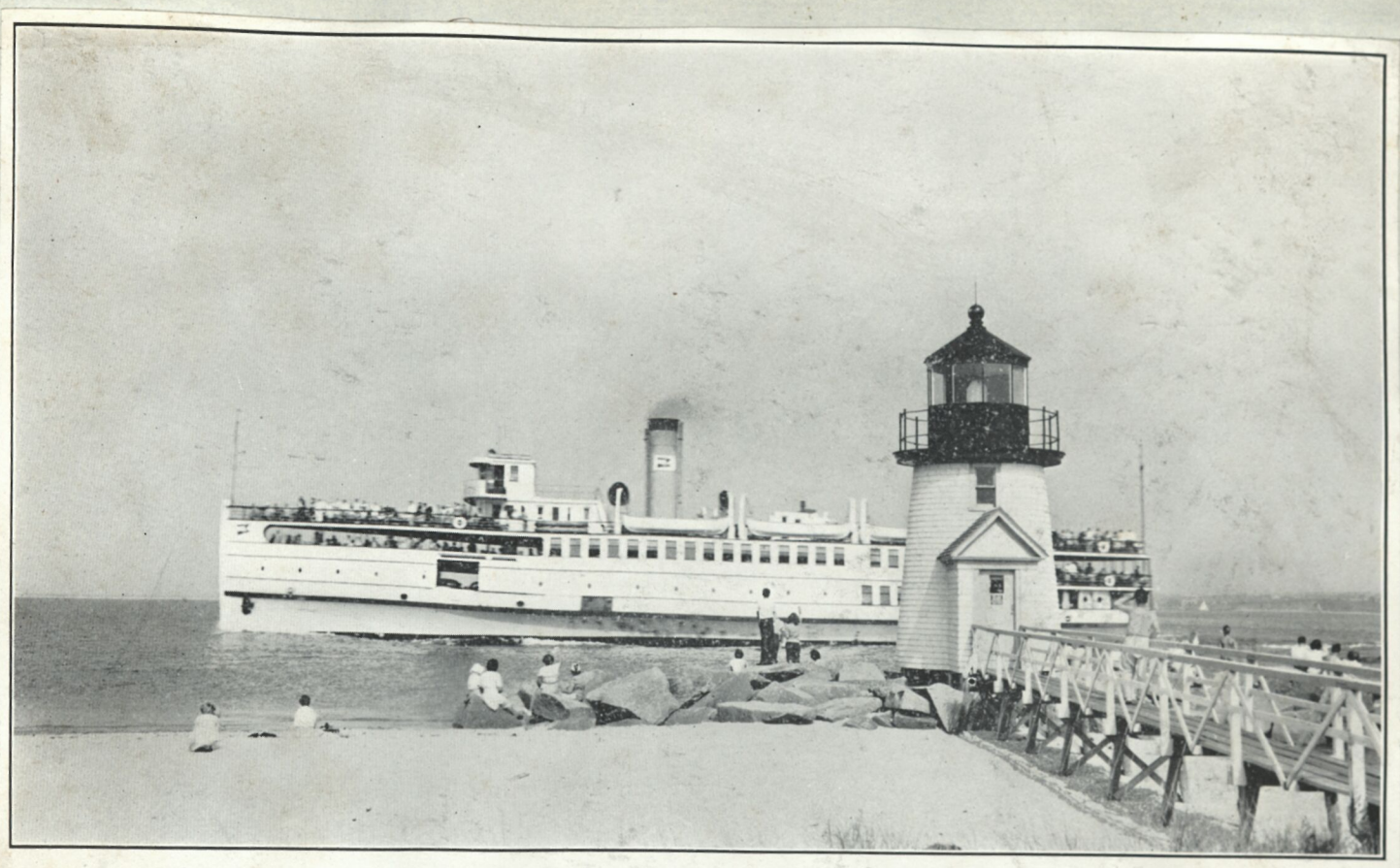


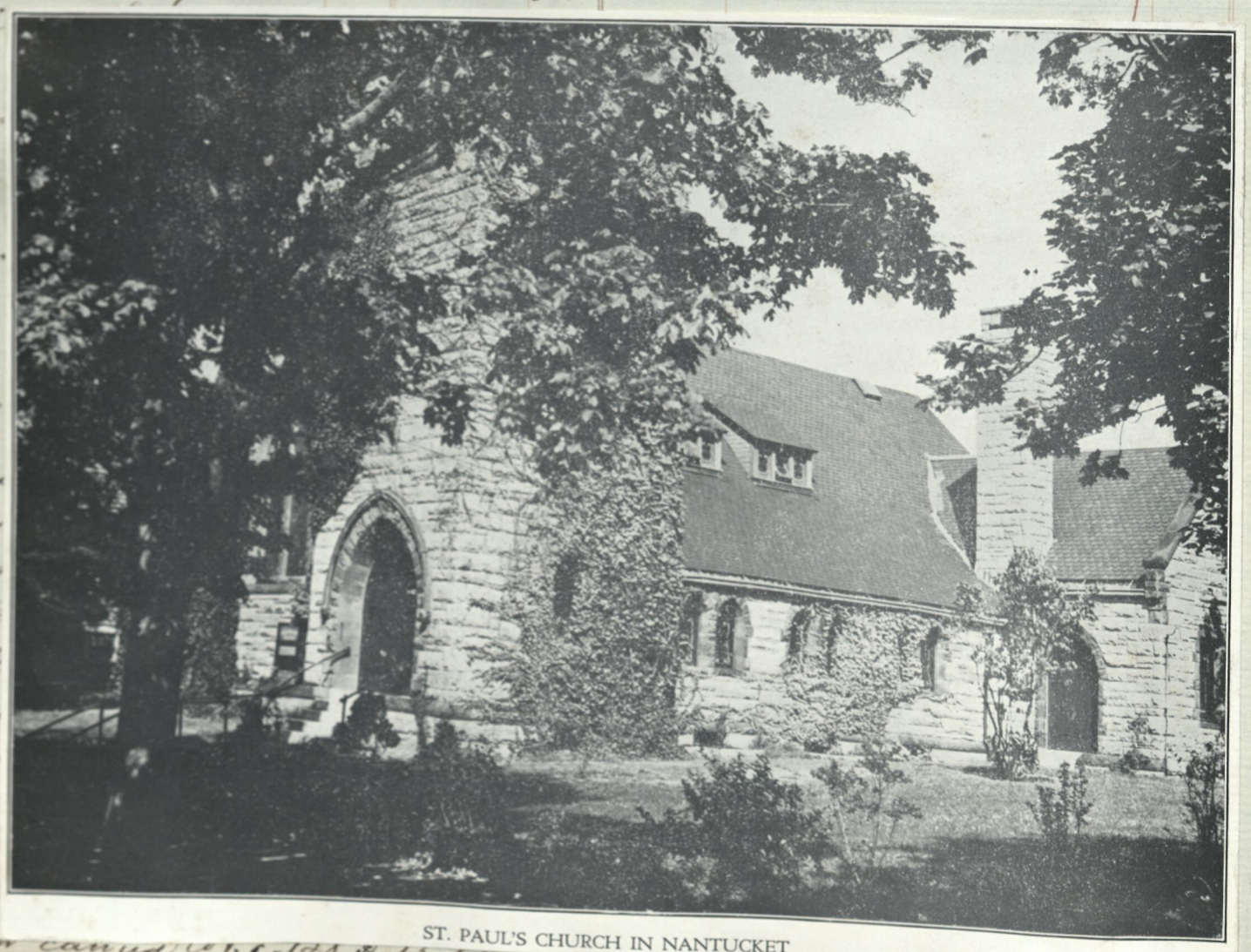
OUTWARD BOUND BY "THE POINT"

A SUMMER AFTERNOON AT BRANT POINT.

UMBRELLAS OF BRILLIANT HUES DOT THE BEACH.

"THE SHOE" Photo by Fee

STARBUCK'S COURT.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH IN NANTUCKET Photo by Davidson

THE BROCK GARDEN ONE OF NANTUCKET'S BEAUTY SPOTS.

"BEECHWOOD" IN BACK OF THE "HIDDEN FOREST"

THE CATHEDRAL PINES A FAVORITE DRIVE NOWADAYS

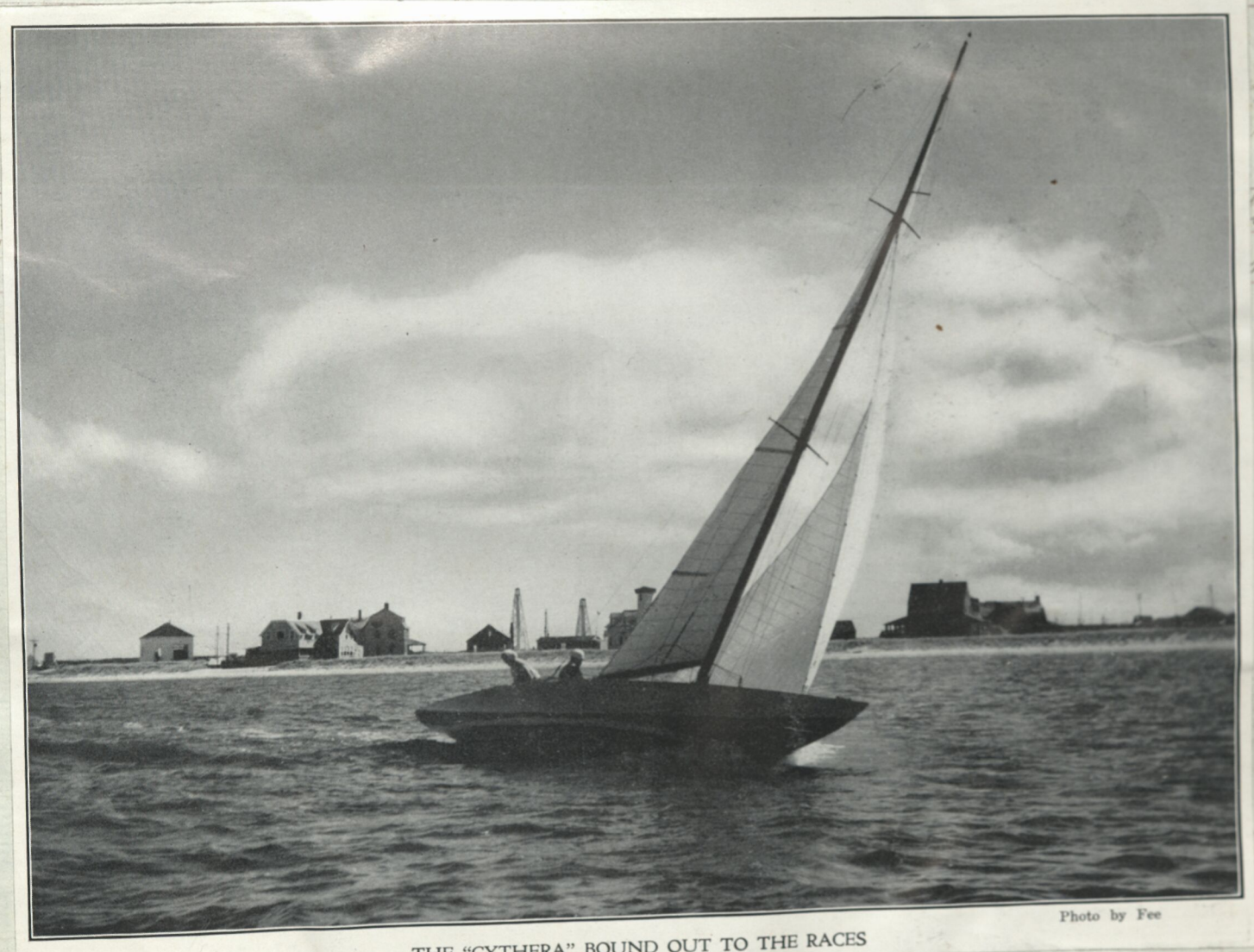
A VIEW ACROSS THE REED POND.

A SECTION SELDOM USED BY TRAFFIC.

THE VILLAGE OF QUIDNET AND SESACHACHA POND

ACROSS THE CREEKS

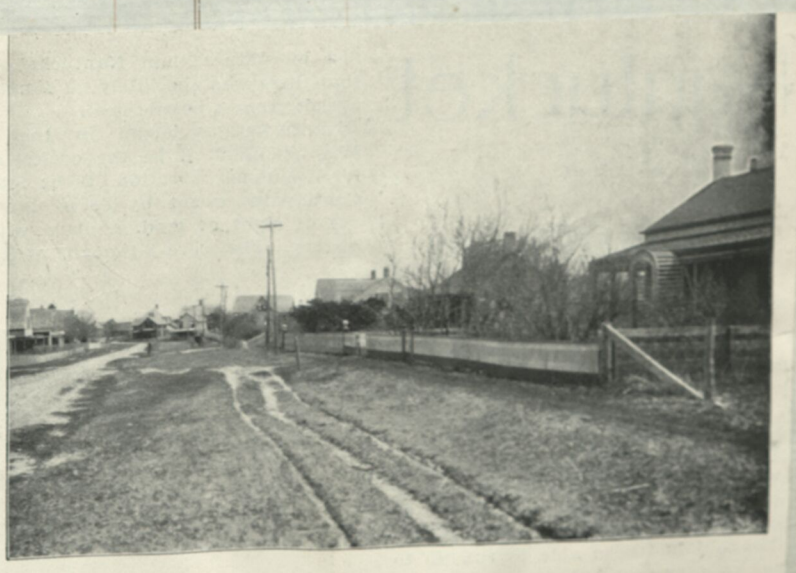
Photo Fee-Haddon



THE "CYTHERA" BOUND OUT TO THE RACES

Photo by Fee

OLDEST HOUSE ON THE ISLAND.



MAIN ROAD, 'SCONSET.

Photo by Haddon, Snap Shop

SANKATY GUARDS THE FAIRWAYS OF THE SEA

An Old Nantucket Fireplace - Tuttle House

Birthday of Jones Recalls His Famous Exploits.

John Paul Jones, whose birthday occurred Saturday, was born in 1747 in Scotland. His early apprenticeship as a seaman was no different than that of thousands of youngsters, but it prepared him for certain events in his stormy life. It was as the result of the killing of a mutinous member of the crew of the "Betsy" that John Paul came to America, and some say he took on the name of Jones as a protection.

At the outbreak of the Revolution he offered his services to his adopted country. After serving as a Lieutenant on the "Alfred" he took command of the "Providence," and made a successful privateering criuse in her.

In June, 1777, he was given command of the new ship "Ranger," being built at Portsmouth, N. H., but it was several months before she was ready for sea. He sailed for France and there obtained the first naval salute to the American flag.

The cruise of the "Ranger" around the shores of the British Isles aroused the ire of England, and the French were denounced as openly aiding the swarm of American privateers, of which the "Ranger" was the boldest.

Jones wanted a big ship and, after a discouraging wait, secured the old East Indiaman "Duras" which he renamed the "Bon Homme Richard." Jones took command of a small squadron and set out on a cruise around the British Isles.

Late in September, 1779, the little squadron, cruising down the northeast coast of Scotland, sighted a large British convoy bound to the east from Flamborough Head. Jones, with his "Richard," attacked and was soon engaged by the 44-gun British frigate "Serapis."

The "Richard" was soon reduced to a near-wreck but Jones was able to maneuver so that he could lash the two ships together. In response to a call from the "Serapis" to surrender, his reply has become an American naval classic: "I have not yet begun to fight!" This bulldog courage was rewarded when a hand-grenade exploded in the magazine of the British frigate and forced her to surrender. The old "Richard" soon sank from her wounds and Jones took the "Serapis" to Holland.

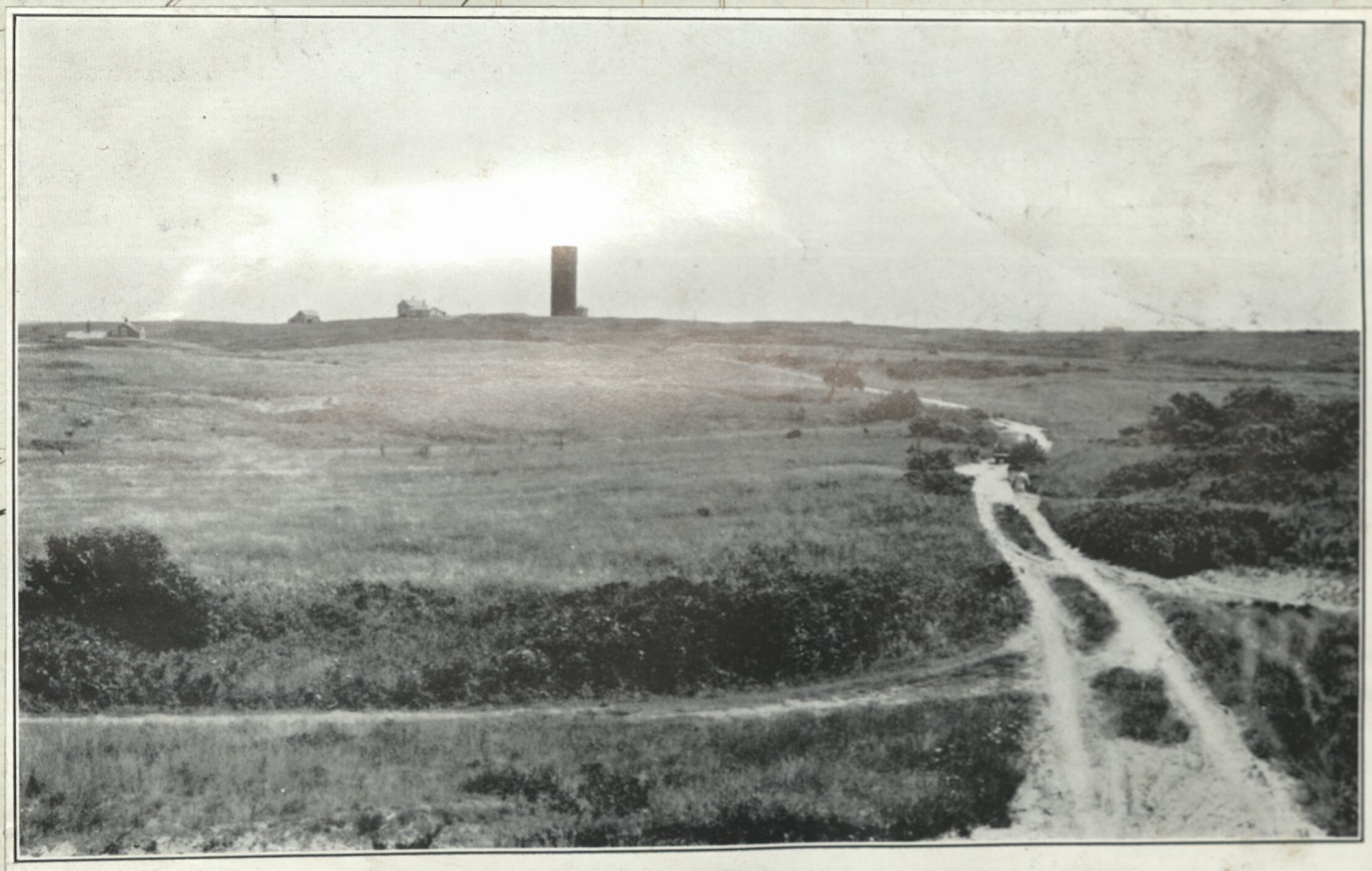
Paris greeted Jones as a hero. When he returned to America in February, 1781, he received the official thanks of Congress. His active career in the American Navy, however, was ended.

In 1787, Jones accepted a commission in the Russian Navy. Empress Catherine made him a rear admiral, but the Russian officers were jealous of his popularity at the Court and he eventually lost his rank. Bitter and ill, he returned to Paris, where he died in 1792.

In the summer of 1905 the body of this strange hero was disinterred and brought to America to be deposited in a crypt at the Naval Academy in Annapolis. In 1912 a monument was erected to him in Potomac Park in Washington. Exercises are held in his memory at the Naval Academy and in other places throughout the Nation.

Jones' greatest gift to his foster-country was his constant belief that a strong Navy constituted our greatest bulwark against an enemy.

WHEN "DORY FISHING" WAS IN VOGUE AT THE SOUTH SHORE.



EAST FROM "DIONIS"

MANSIONS ON MAIN STREET

Nantucket, Massachusetts

Elm-Arched Main Street and Its Imposing Mansions

A Charming Old House - Kilverts' on Main Street

Summer Time is Fishing Time

FEDERAL STREET WITH THE ATHENEUM BUILDING ON THE RIGHT

Photo by Boyer.

THE STATELY STRUCTURE ON FEDERAL STREET SERVES VARIOUS PURPOSES

THE NEW CENTRAL FIRE STATION ON SOUTH WATER STREET.

CROSS RIP LIGHTSHIP -- A FRIENDLY BEACON

Photo by Hamar

ANCIENT COBBLES PAVE A ROAD TO THE CLIFF

Photo by Snap Shop

ACROSS THE ATTRACTIVE GARDENS TOWARDS GULL ISLAND

A WELL-KEPT NANTUCKET GARDEN

IN AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN. Photo by Boyer.

When Main Street Had Its Sleighs

1/31/48

In an article appearing recently in a nationally-known magazine, there was an interesting account of horse-racing in the winter in the snow-covered streets of a Vermont village. Although there were never any of such organized racing down Main Street in Nantucket, there were many occasions when fast horses in sleighs had a "hook" on the Square, speeding from the Bank down to Pacific Club. When the snow fell too deeply for carts to make the rounds of the town, many of the merchants used sleighs. Before the admission of the auto to the island in 1918, the above picture was a familiar winter scene on Main street, and although some thirty-three years have passed the view will "seem like yesterday" to many Nantucketers.

Snow Blankets Nantucket on Easter Eve

Summer visitors hardly would recognize picturesque Main Street, Nantucket, under the blanket of snow it wore yesterday. First heavy snow of the 1949-1950 season, it was 3 inches on the level but piled into drifts 6 feet high in open places as accompanying gale reached gust velocity of 65 miles an hour.

4/9/1950

The summer residence on Mill Hill of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lee Ackerman has been sold to Mr. and Mrs. C. Henry Hecker, Jr., of Miami Beach, Florida. The property was sold through Elias J. Lyon & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Hecker, with their two daughters Patty and Judy, expect to occupy the house this week end for the balance of their stay in Nantucket. Mrs. Hecker was the former Laura Kimball Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon, of Rochester, N. Y.

THE FOLGER MANSION ON CENTRE STREET -- NANTUCKET'S ONLY THREE STORY RESIDENCE. Photo by Davidson

FEDERAL STREET LOOKING TOWARDS MAIN.

Webster Photo

GREAT POINT LIGHT

Photo by Boyer.

A VIEW FROM THE SOUTH TOWER.

A WINTRY SCENE REAR OF A NANTUCKET MANSION

Cent Carried to P. 248 #

Cent Carried to P. 248 #

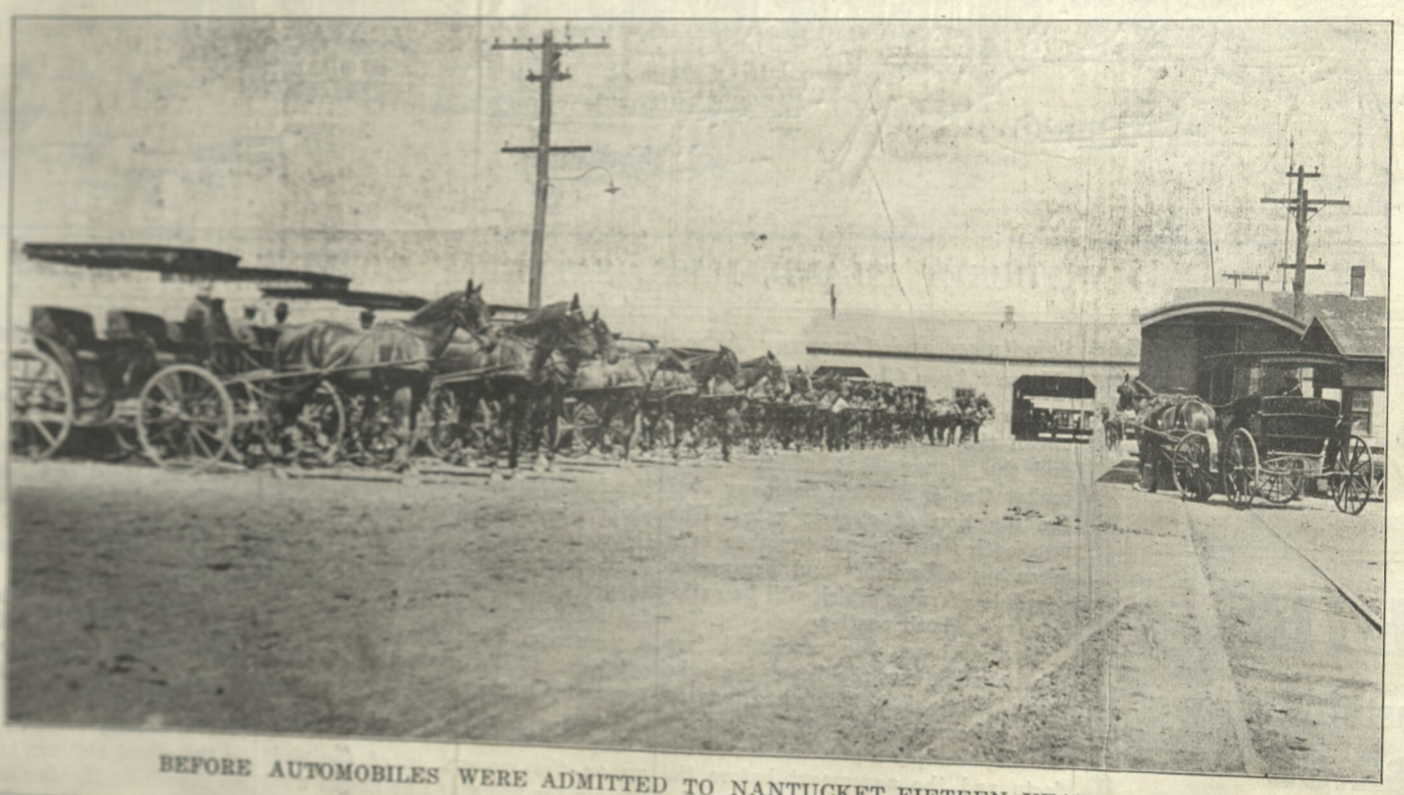
AN ATTRACTIVE HOME WEST OF THE TOWN

HUSSEY STREET—OFTEN CALLED "HOLLYHOCK LANE."

HILLER'S LANE -- FORMERLY NABBY BAILEY'S LANE

WHY WAS THIS STREET CALLED "TATTLE COURT?" Photo by Davidson

MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1933



BEFORE AUTOMOBILES WERE ADMITTED TO NANTUCKET FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

Brant Point Light after the storm of February 27. 1952 Photo by Burdick

An interesting view of Upper Main street after it stopped snowing Saturday afternoon. The height of this particular drift it is impossible to state. It was so high that the gang of men at work on the other side were not in sight, and the tops of the houses from the corner of Bloom street down to Monument Square could not be seen. 3/11/1916

THE HARBOR FROM OLD NORTH WHARF

Davidson Photo

THE NANTUCKET COTTAGE HOSPITAL

The north sidewalk on Main street after it had been partially cleared of snow. Trudging down the street is the familiar form of John W. Cook, the messenger of the Pacific National Bank, who, as usual, will be found on the job in fair weather or foul, in spite of his eighty-two years.

CALM WATERS GLISTEN ALONG THE SOUTH SHORE

Photo by Turner

THE END OF THE ROAD

Photo by Turner

ONE OF THE REAL OLD NANTUCKET HOUSES

OLD NANTUCKET HOUSE RESTORED—Hollyhocks growing about the recently remodeled home of Miss Gladys Wood, Main street, realtor, help to maintain the charm of the island's early life.

REGATTA TIME IN NANTUCKET HARBOR

Photo by Turner

ORANGE STREET ON A QUIET SUNDAY

Photo by Hindley Studio

WHERE THE HERRING RUN

Davidson Photo

Photo by Louis Davidson

INDIA STREET HAS TYPICAL "FRONT STEPS."

PRISONERS' HOME FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY — For one hundred and twenty years, old Nantucket jail, said to be one of the most ancient in the country, has done its service to County and State. It was erected in 1805 and is still used to lodge prisoners.

A FAVORITE PICNIC SPOT

3000 MILES TO SPAIN

ACROSS THE LILY POND

JUNCTION OF LILY STREET AND "EGYPT." Photo by Davidson

THE STEAMER SANKATY IN THE ICE NEA R BRANT POINT.

Even though Nantucket had a real old-fashioned blizzard last week, the steamers ran without difficulty when the weather allowed. We had enough ice and sonw on the ground, and are all glad that this picture of a "Freeze-Up" in 1918 could not be duplicated. The Old Farmer's Almanac was correct in predicting: "Now comes a real blizzard, right up to your gizzard."

ALONE WITH THE SAND, SEA AND SKY — Photo by Davidson

A VIEW OF SHIMMO

Capt. Benjamin A. Freeman, who died in Tuckhannua, Chili, on Aug. 14th, aged 48 years, of heart disease, was a native of this city, and a master of whaling vessels. His last voyage from this port was in bark Edward, but he has since made a voyage in the Matten Branca, formerly the Dr. Franklin, now belonging to Valparaiso. Deceased for the last eight years has been in the butchering business in Tuckhannua, where he leaves a wife and three children. His father still resides in this city.—*New Bedford Standard.*

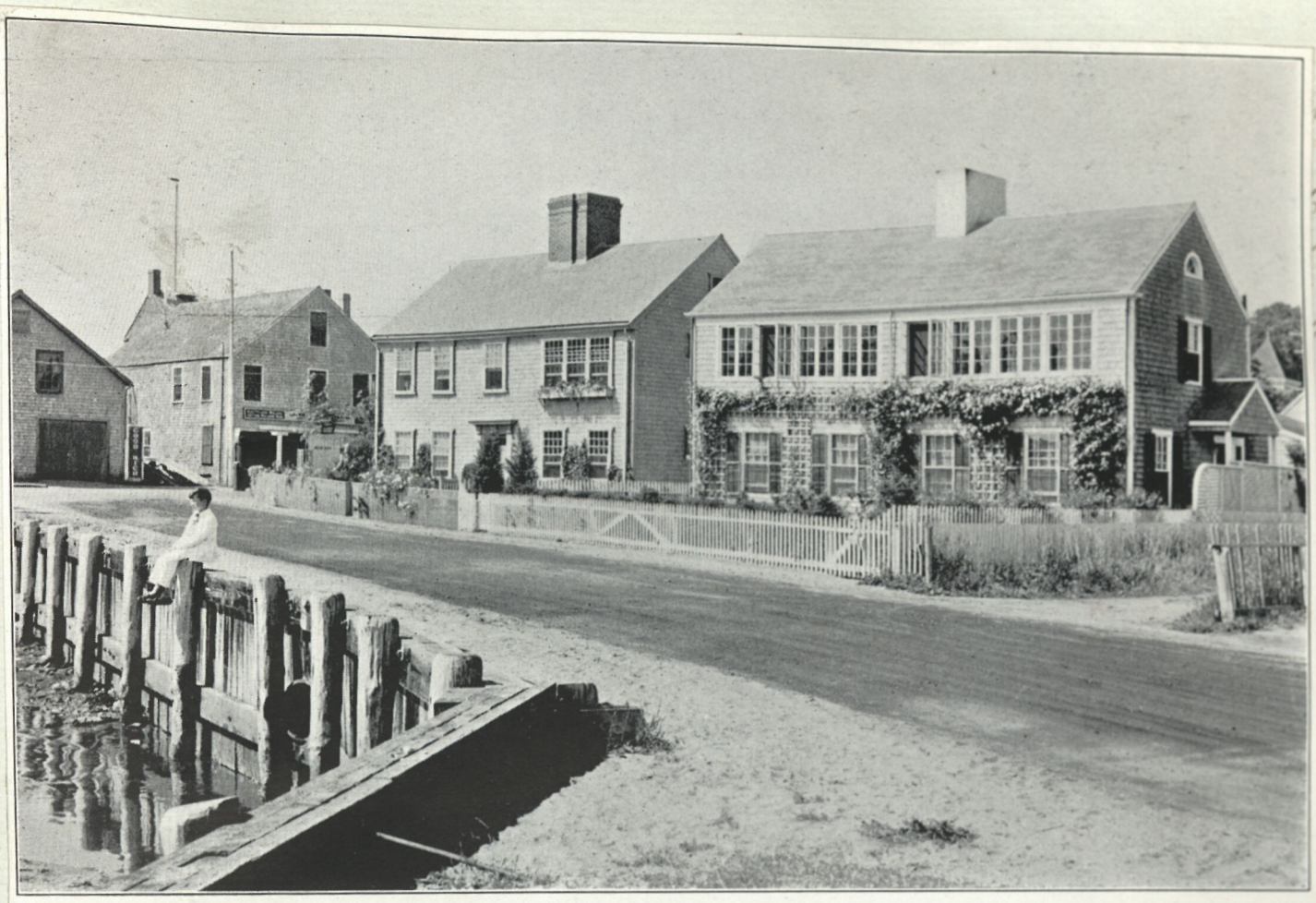
The deceased was a brother of Mr. Josiah Freeman of this town. 1880

The case of Robert Ratcliffe, the English sailor who went through such a remarkable experience in his early life, but who is now an inmate of the poorhouse at Nantucket, has been again brought to the attention of the public through a communication to a New York paper, extracts from which have appeared in the Boston press. The public became acquainted with Mr. Ratcliffe's romantic history last March, through Mr. F. C. Sanford, of Nantucket, and his case was immediately taken up by the British Charitable Society of this city and others. A sum of money was forwarded to Mr. Sanford for Mr. Ratcliffe's relief, and the society voted to allow the worthy old salt $5 per month for the purchase of tobacco and such little luxuries as he might fancy. Mr. Sanford writes the society that the old gentleman is quite contented with his lot. He can no longer live on salt water, but he can see it and hear its lappings on the shore, and is happy.—*Boston Traveller.* 1879

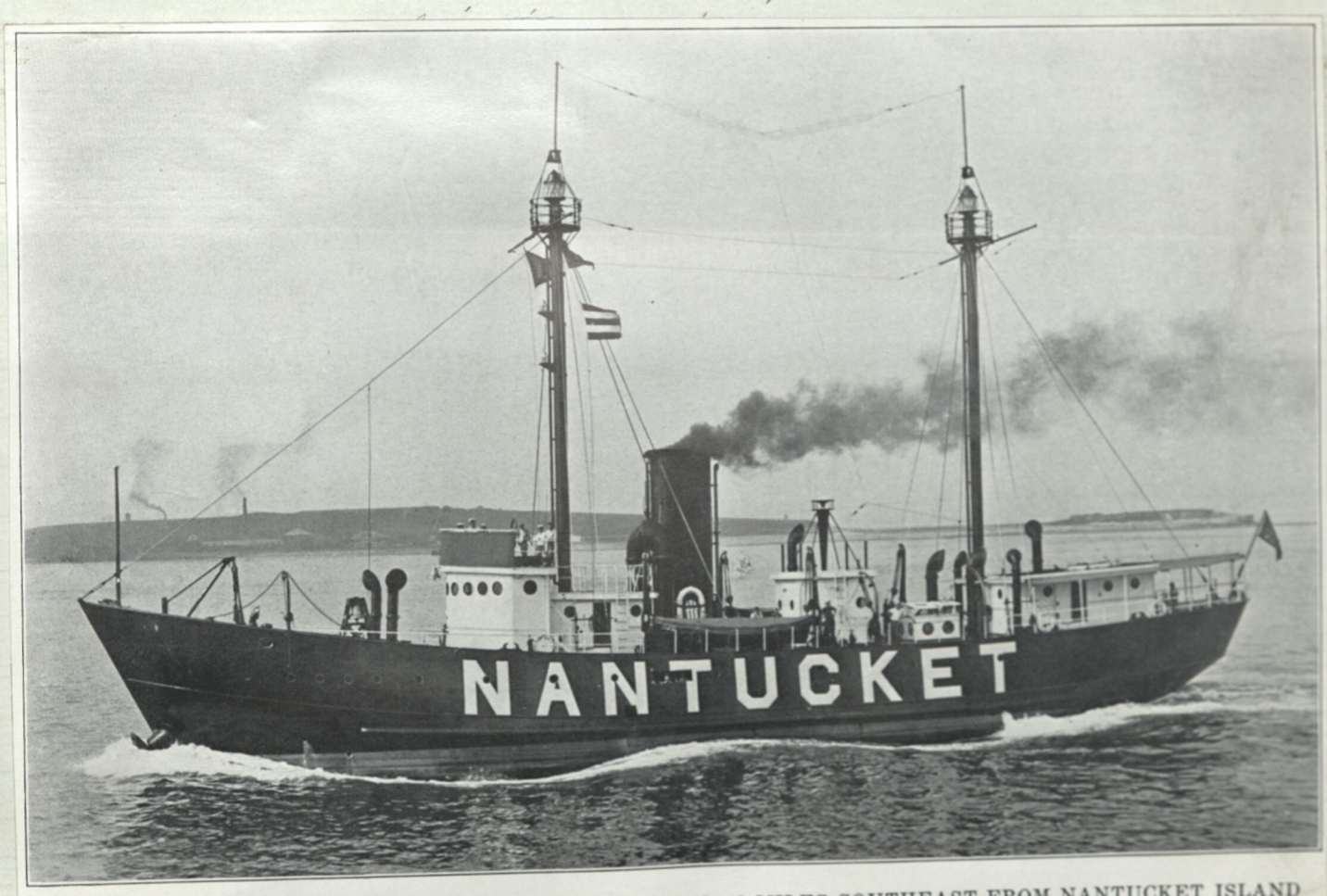
TESTIMONIAL TO A NANTUCKET WHALING CAPTAIN.—Capt. Charles H. Colby, master of the late bark Seaflower, wrecked near St. Nicholas, Cape de Verds, publishes the following card in the Providence Journal, expressive of his gratitude to Capt. Charles W. Hussey, of whaling schooner Watchman, of this port, for valuable service and kind attentions received from him and his officers during his season of misfortune. We take pleasure in presenting it to our readers:—

Please allow me through the columns of the Journal to express the oligations I am under to Capt. Charles W. Hussey, of sch Watchman, of Nantucket, his officers and crew, for the very kind, prompt and energetic assistance rendered me at the time of the wreck of bark Seaflower, near St. Nicholas, Cape de Verds. His treatment towards us all the time he lay at the island was in every respect all that could have been asked for, or even expected from a true gentleman, and a noble hearted American shipmaster, as he is. May they meet with the success their kind and benevolent dispositions entitle them.

CHAS. H. COLBY,
Master of late bark Seaflower.
Providence, May 26, 1850.



FORTUNATE SUMMER RESIDENTS ARE THOSE WHO LIVE ON EASY STREET.



THE NEW LIGHTSHIP BOUND OUT TO HER STATION 43 MILES SOUTHEAST FROM NANTUCKET ISLAND

UPPER MAIN STREET AFTER A SNOWSTORM OF THE PAST.

54

Hearts Ease", a New England home — Gendreau

"BARN STAGES", NANTUCKET'S NEWEST THEATRE — Photo by Davidson

NANTUCKET AGAIN AHEAD.—We learn from the New York papers that the ship Zenas Coffin, Capt. Renj. F Riddell, of this port, will take the U. S. Mail to Japan.—This is the first regular mail ever dispatched to Japan from this country, and is to be conveyed by a Nantucket ship, commanded and manned by Nantucket men. The contract for the conveyance of the Japan mails was secured for this ship by our enterprising townsman, Chas. B Chadwick, who is interested in the permanent contract for the regular transportation of these mails. The Zenas Coffin will be towed to Clark's Point on Friday by steamer Eagle's Wing, and thence to New York by propeller. 1860

Brig Homer for Sale.

FOR SALE, the fine Whaling Brig **HOMER**, as she returned from her last voyage.

The HOMER was built in 1848. She is One Hundred Twenty Seven 85-95th tons, carries about eight hundred barrels. She is a fast sailing vessel, and remarkably well adapted for the Whaling business. She has a large inventory, consisting in part of about 150 barrels good water casks, 300 barrels oil casks, 12 barrels good Provisions, 4 barrels of Flour, and other stores, 8 coils, mostly new, Whale lines, 1 cask new Cordage, a full and complete set of Cutting gear, 4 Boats with a full set of Craft, 5 Whaling Guns and 90 Bomb Lances, Chronometer, Charts, &c., &c.

For further particulars, inquire of
s21—3t E. G. KELLEY.

☞ New Belford Mercury and Barnstable Patriot copy three times. 1857

FOR SALE. 1842

The ship IZETTE, as she returned from her late whaling voyage in the Indian Ocean. She is 275 tons burthen, built at Newmarket, N H., of the best materials, is very heavy copper fastened, and was salted on the stocks; carries a large cargo and sails well; her bottom was thoroughly overhauled, caulked, sheathed, and coppered in the Spring of 1840. Ground tackling of the first order, sails, rigging and spars very good, and in good order. She will be sold with or without the whale gear, as may best suit the purchaser.

If not previously sold at private sale, she will be sold at Auction, on THURSDAY, 4th day of August next, at 11 o'clock, AM., at Philip's wharf, Salem, where she now lays.

For further information, apply on board to
jy20 JOHN B OSGOOD.

A MIDSUMMER SCENE ON STEAMBOAT WHARF.

Scanning across, top to bottom, elm-arched Main Street, Kenneth Taylor Art Galleries, the Main Street flower mart, a Nantucket model ship craftsman, a rambling moor road, the famed Starbuck brick mansions on Main Street, a beach road, an antique auction, the Oldest House and Broadway in 'Sconset.

$100 REWARD

will be paid to the first person who furnishes to R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., of New York authentic and properly documented historical information of the vessel or vessels in which shipped, out of Nantucket, the late

ROWLAND HUSSEY MACY

Born, NANTUCKET, August 29, 1822 - - - Died, PARIS, March 29, 1877

★

Information should include the verified dates and ports-of-call of his voyages, together with reliable pictorial material to show the vessel or vessels.

COMMUNICATIONS Should be addressed to the Publicity Director of **R. H. MACY & CO. INC.,** 34th St. & Broadway, New York.

★

To refresh the memories of those interested in producing the information, let them be reminded that Rowland H. Macy, after his departure from Nantucket, became a retail merchant in Boston and in Haverhill. In 1858 he moved to New York, opened a tiny store in Sixth Avenue near Fourteenth Street, sold only for cash. Today, the store he founded, occupying the full block between Broadway and Seventh Avenue, Thirty-Fourth and Thirty-Fifth Streets, has some 860,900 square feet of selling space, caters to an average of 137,000 customers each business day, employs from 10,000 to 18,000 people, sold last year over 85 million dollars' worth of goods, for cash, and is the largest store in the world.

'SCONSET HAS MANY ATTRACTIVE MANSIONS

VIEW OF MAIN STREET'S "COURT END" ON SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 1934, JUST AFTER THE SNOWFALL OF A FEW HOURS BEFORE.

2/11/50

COLLIER ASHORE NEAR DIONIS IN NOVEMBER, 1932, HAVING BEEN TORN AWAY FROM A TUG

62

"Nantucket Events" Chronicled by the Journal. 1936

From the Providence Journal.

We see from the latest issue of our expansive contemporary, the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror, which is nine columns wide and deep in proportion, that things are going along about the same on the Atlantic seaboard's finest seagoing island, excepting only our own Manisses. That is to say, things are quiet, pleasant and interesting, with just about enough controversy to add a fillip to the season.

The new postoffice, for example, is a fine structure with excellent facilities for serving the public, but measures of economy instituted by the department (for which the local staff is in no way to blame, be it understood) have so restricted the hours of employment of the staff and so curtailed service that the public is not being taken care of as satisfactorily as it expected from the new postoffice, and at a time when the influx of summer people has jumped the island population from 3600 to 15,000.

The inference we draw is that architectural splendor, in mass and in detail, is not a sufficient recompense for slowing down of the mails.

The summer session of Superior Court at and for the Nantucket County was held on the upper floor of the Red Men's building on South Water street with Sheriff Joseph A. Johnson, who was seriously ill the past winter, on hand to open the proceedings with his usual cry. The grand jury was sworn and charged, and strangely enough there was not a Coffin on it, nor on the traverse jury, either.

But the latter heard an interesting case in which the defendant was charged with assault with a dangerous weapon, to wit, a small pocket knife, upon an alleged victim, in the early evening of June 27. The alleged wound was about half an inch deep, but the principle was the same as if it had been longer and deeper, the jurors were told.

Conflicting stories were told as to how the incident happened, the prosecution charging that the defendant stabbed the other party, while the former contended that while he was walking down Still Dock road with his pipe in his mouth, and a plug of tobacco in one hand and a knife in the other, the other man came along in a truck, jumped out and knocked him down, and that the alleged victim may accidentally have bumped his arm into the knife while making "swipes" at the alleged assailant.

However, a part of the testimony was that the defendant had previously asked for and received a cup of fish chowder at the home of the other in the latter's absence, which might lead mainlanders who have partaken of Nantucket fish chowder, but never had enough of it, to the conclusion that the depletion of the supply of the comestible had something to do with the fracas.

But at any rate the Inquirer and Mirror reports that " the jury retired at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. About an hour later, on inquiry, the Court learned that there was no possibility of a decision being reached within the next half-hour, and so the jurors were given their suppers. Just before curfew struck at nine o'clock that evening, the jury returned with a verdict of 'not guilty'."

Well, the old mill built by Nathan Wilbur, in 1746, has been completely renovated by the island historical association and can now be operated again. For a boom for the tailpiece which turns the top of the mill a mast was secured from the old schooner Allen Gurney, now operating as a wharfside restaurant. Fine quality spruce from Sitka, Alaska, was used for the thin vanes, and new oak teeth for the huge driving wheel were cut from pieces of the old drive shaft.

There has been mild debate as to whether the four-masted black yacht which recently visited the island is a bark or a ship. She is square-rigged on the fore, main and mizzen, but the fourth carries a spanker. "So there seems to be a question of opinion," says the Inquirer and Mirror. But then, the paper reports also that the language of the sea is passing, and that life at sea is becoming an extension of life on land.

Yet all will be well so long as Nantucket remains air-conditioned, and forgets not how to prepare chowder, whether fish or clam.

100 47

1949

Talk on "Early Nantucket" and Quakerism Greatly Enjoyed.

The Nantucket Neighbors organization scored another in its long list of successful evenings when, on Tuesday evening at Bennett Hall, the speaker for the occasion, Robert Leach, gave an excellent talk on early Nantucket history and the island Society of Friends.

Mr. Leach, who is assistant professor of history at Salem College, in North Carolina, has for the past ten years been engaged in studying the island's early history, especially the organization and maintenance of the Friends Society, and is now writing a book on the subject.

After recounting the story of the first purchase of island land, through the ownership of Thomas Mayhew and the original group of ten from Newbury and vicinity, he went on to touch upon the revolt of the half-shares men led by John Gardner, the formation of the "Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands", and the early land troubles.

Like most modern historians, Mr. Leach is searching for the psychological effects of the varied factors which existed in the first century of Nantucket's settlement. The social, and business life of those first inhabitants were so closely allied that all must be studied in order to come to a logical conclusion of many of what Mr. Leach termed "end results."

Fortunately for modern historians, a number of men like Alexander Starbuck, Henry Barnard Worth and William Hussey Macy have written documented histories which serve as groundwork for the many students of island history.

Fortunately, also, the records of the Nantucket Monthly Meeting of Friends has been recently returned to the island, and the very important religious life of many of the islanders may be partially, at least, glimpsed by a study of these records.

Mr. Leach had a number of interesting interpretations of island incidents. He declared that Mary Coffin Starbuck, who is credited with the actual launching of the Society of Friends on Nantucket, was determined to do so because it was the only type of religion which, in her opinion, would hold the complex community together. He stated that Mary Starbuck had invited ministers of other faiths to the island, as well as visiting Friends, and her judgment determined the start of a Friends Meeting as the first established religious group on the island.

The speaker went into some detail concerning the designation of sheep commons and the first lay-out of the land in common by the original purchasers. The "bloodless revolution" of the half-shares men, and the inauguration of the "Proprietors" were mentioned.

As a member of the Society of Friends, Mr. Leach is in a position to have a deeper insight into motivations and divisions than most researchers. He stated that, in his opinion, the Nantucket Meeting was successful in its early endeavors to keep peace among the island factions. Troubles stemming from the attempts to fence in common land for private use brought about internal strife and the matter dragged on for several years in the 1750's—eventually to be referred to London for arbitration.

With the advent of the Revolution, the Friends suffered a definite blow in the inevitable clash of ideologies, and Mr. Leach referred to this in a brief resumé of the events leading up to the serious troubles which faced the Nantucket organization in the early 1800's.

In closing, the speaker expressed the belief that a revival of the Nantucket Monthly Meeting would seem necessary in these days when modern problems face the community in similar gravity with those which were present a century ago. He mentioned the fact that during the summer the Friends who summer here hold meetings in the little Meeting House on Fair street, thus forming a nucleus for a revival of the faith again here on Nantucket.

Mr. Leach was accorded vigorous applause at the conclusion of his remarks, which he well deserved, for his well-constructed and interesting interpretation of important periods in Nantucket's early history were well worth hearing.

1859 1231

"Whaler Pluck" 1914

Boston Globe, 5th.

Speaking of Nantucket's automobile agitation, the Hartford Times remarks that the islanders are a peaceful lot, but set upon being happy in their own way, and tantalizingly recalls the whaler who, after a three-years cruise, in which he had encountered storm, wreck, scurvy, famine and other disasters, but not a single sperm, right or bowhead, brought home an empty ship:

Yet when he came around Brant Point
He flew his pennon high,
And when he tied up at the wharf
He lustily did cry:

We've come home clean as we went out,
And we ain't seen a whale,
And we ain't got a bar'l of oil,
But—we've had a damn fine sail."

That little jingle is familiar to all Nantucketers, Mr. Globe Man, along with "Marm Hackett's Garden," and we note that someone sent it to you without delay. If, perchance, you are not familiar with the other gem, just say the word. "Whaler's Pluck" has been printed in these columns several times in the past, but here it is once more, for the benefit of those who did not see it in the Globe:

A whaler from Nantucket town
He had the worst o' luck;
He sailed far south around the Horn,
But not a whale he struck.

Three years he cruised, north, east and west,
From pole to torrid zone,
And when he laid his cruise for home
He'd neither oil nor bone.

Yet as he sailed around Brant Point,
He set his pennant high,
And when he tied up at the wharf
He lustily did cry;

"We've come home clean as we went out,
And we didn't raise a whale;
An' we ain't got a bar'l o' ile—
But we've had a damn fine sail."

"Beyond Sing the Seas."

The following review of Mrs. Eleanor Dixon Glidden's little book of poetry, "Beyond Sing the Seas" appears in the February issue of "Yankee" Magazine.

"Beyond Sing the Seas, Poems of Nantucket," by Eleanor Dixon Glidden—Evidently published by the author, and not priced, this book both merits a price and is a rare justification of that not allways justifiable act, self-publication. We know of few poets who blend so well the plain realities of an environment with the leap of larger meaning. Robert Frost does it, of course, but Eleanor Dixon Glidden is not of the Frost school; she has her own new pitch of song and her own eyes and ears with which she finds the materials of her singing. If it contained but one poem, her book would be one of our most valued—and that is "Main Street Bench." Someone complains that the Island can be seen in "an hour or so." It's "Scrub pine—sand—not half enough land." He decides to return to the mainland and

"he shut his mouth hard
upon his words.
He didn't expect
the old lady to answer
but she did —
'How dull you'll find
Eternity.'
She said."

Nantucketer Afloat on Pacific Calls "Thar She Blows!"

We've sailed the great Pacific,
But we've sailed a ship of steel.
We lack the "Main and Mizzen"
And the customary "Heel",
For our cargo's stowed amidships
In great holds with hatches sealed.
We've seen the great Pacific,
But her skies are full of planes,
And the beauty of her blue is spoiled by subs,
And we've had our thrills and moments
When we've neither died nor lived,
With our peaceful cruising spoiled by
Quite close rubs.
My Granddad sailed this pathway
When ships were made of wood,
And iron men saved from rust by good sperm oil;
And I've really had a thrill that will
Stick to me through life
And that all the guns and planes and
Subs can't spoil.
I was leaning on the bridge-rail
In latitude four North,
And altho' the Longitude
I can't reveal
I saw a whirl to Starboard
That brought Nantucket forth.
I'd seen a whirl and knew that
It was real.
I scrambled for the microphone
And turned on all the juice
And pealed my eye to starboard in a dream.
"She blows," the speaker shouted
"She blows and breaches, too.
"Sperm oil." A hundred barrels
On our beam.
"There's three. A bull and two cows
To leeward two ships lengths;
She blows and breaches, too,
And hard abeam."
The Captain left his cabin
And bounced out all agog;
The Crew. Some went to quarters,
Some to guns—
The officers, not having read such
Language in the log,
Came out on deck with all hands
On the run.
Explanations were in order—
The thing could not be helped.
I'd seen a sight I'd never hoped
To see.
Sperm Whales. Perhaps some old enough
To know Nantucket's name—
Sperm Whales that brought Nantucket—back to me.

118 2833

"BEFORE THE FIRE." 1889

Carpenters.—John Coleman, Frederick B. Coleman, John B. Coleman, George Coleman, Charles Coleman, Elisha Hinckley, James Weeks, Samuel Waldron, Joseph Poindexter, Charles Sprague, Frederick Parker, Job Trafton, Barzillai Burdett, Isaac Hallett, William Hallett, Joseph Vincent, Daniel Vincent, William Jenkins, Asa C. Jones, Thomas Hussey, William Whippey, Joseph Bodfish, George Hosier, James Murphey, Andrew G. Hussey, Ansel Tobey, Stephen Easton, Humphrey Cannon, Thomas Cannon, John R. Macy.

Dye House.—Nathan P. Cartland.

Cabinet Makers.—Frederick C. Worth, Geo. F. Worth, Rose Lane; Frederick Folger, Reuben B. Folger, Orange street; Obed Joy, Centre street; John J. Lefford, Lily street.

Grocers.—Chase & Wayman Bradbury, Main street; Isaac H. Briggs, Union street.

Dry Goods.—Benjamin Callander, Rufus S. Bates, Main street.

Ship Carpenters.—Edward Hammond, Watson Holmes, Alexander C. Swain, Joseph Davenport, —— Smith, Job Handy, Jesse Crosby, Shadrach Gifford.

Calkers.— —— Raymond.

Apothecaries. — Dr. Elisha Pease, Federal street; John Brock, Reuben Macy, Edward Mitchell, Jernegan & Baylies, Main street; George A. Lawrence, Centre street; George Cannon, Pearl street.

Tinsmiths.—Henry Goodrich, F. C. Macy.

Lawyer.—James Bigelow.

Painter.—James H. Beetle.

Masons.—Eben Round, John Round, Noah Pool, Charles Clark, Orange street; Thomas Round, Daniel Clark, Academy Hill; Christopher Capen, Pearl street; Joseph T. Worth, Ash street; Daniel Chase, Milk street.

Blacksmiths.—James Blagdon, Burgess Simmons, Reuel Rawson, Benjamin Knowles, John Meader.

Coopers.—William Barney, Charles Barney, David G. Barney, William Barney, Jonathan Barney, George Cobb, Peter Folger, James Easton, Edward H. Easton, Frank Easton, Frederick Easton, George Easton, Oliver Easton, Albert C. Easton, Alexander Coffin, Charles H. Coffin, John Elkins, Moses Joy, George Fitch, Benjamin L.L'Hommedieu, William L'Hommedieu, Charles Myrick, Edwin Myrick, Nathan M. Gardner, George Turner, Benjamin F. Folger, David G. Folger, David C. Adlington, Reuben Ellis, Jethro Gardner, Reuben Meader, William Bunker, Reuben Coffin, Frank Gardner, Benjamin Chase, William H. Chase.

Newspaper Editors.—S. H. Jenks, William H. Dennis, George F. Bemis, E. W. Cobb, Nantucket Inquirer; John Morissey, Nantucket Mirror; C. C. Hazewell, Islander.

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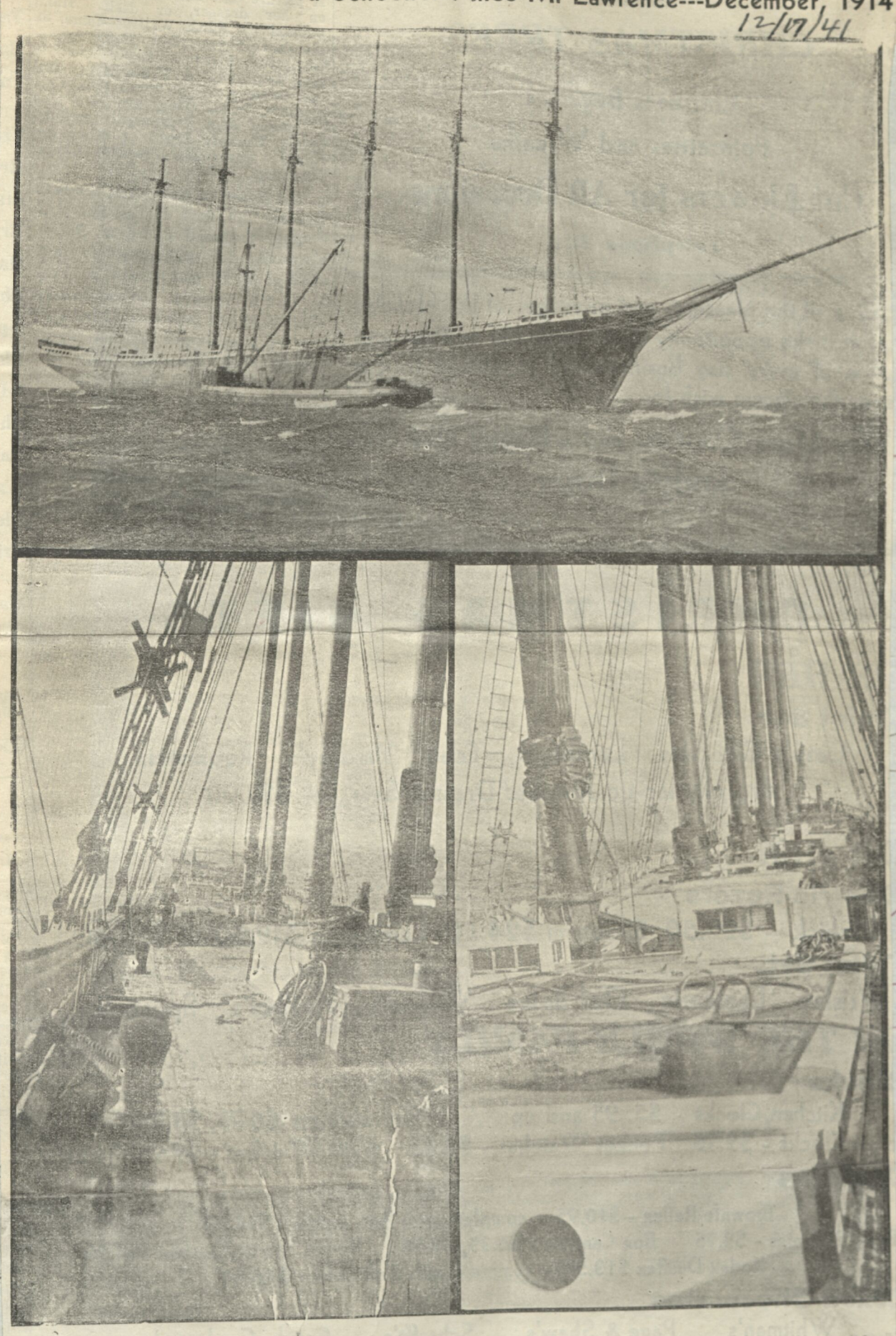
The Last of the Six-masted Schooner Alice M. Lawrence---December, 1914

12/17/41



The *Alice M. Lawrence*, which became stranded on the sunken hulk of the schooner *French Van Guilder*, near Tuckernuck Shoal on Dec. 5, 1914, was 305 feet long and had a 48 ft. beam. She was only 8 years old, but the wrecking company was unable to save her. On Dec. 10, Capt. Stanley Morin took James E. Chapel, Edward Rose, Ralph Dunham and the late Harry B. Turner out for a trip to the vessel. It was during this cruise that Mr. Turner took the photographs of the *Lawrence* and her main deck, reproduced above.

The *Lawrence* cost $150,000 to build in 1906, at Bath, Me. She was "hogged" by the stranding and was stripped of sails, rigging and spars, and her considerable below-decks fittings and subsequently blown up.

THE RESIDENTIAL SECTION OF MAIN STREET

The Nantucket Journal,

Thursday Morning, November 3, 1892.

[From the New Bedford Evening Journal.]

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. ALLEN.

For 33 Years He Followed the Sea in Pursuit of Whales.

Capt. George W. Allen, of Nantucket is a much younger whaling master than the one considered in the first article of this series, being only about 65 years of age. Yet he has had an interesting career.

Capt. Allen was born on Nantucket, Dec. 22, 1827, and in early life had but a few years of schooling in the public primary school. The last three months of his schooling he passed in the grammar school, Mr. Spofford being teacher at that time. From March, 1842, to March, 1844, he served an apprenticeship at the cooper's trade with Gardner & Coffin. In May, 1845, he followed the example of the great majority of Nantucket boys of that day, and went on a whaling voyage.

He started on his first voyage in the ship Massachusetts, Capt. James Codd; George C., and R. F. Gardner, agents. They sailed May 31, 1845, and returned Aug. 6, 1848, with 1995 barrels whale, and 560 barrels sperm oil. The vessel was on the northwest coast in the season of 1846, the season of the first failure, 45 ships arriving at the Sandwich Islands without obtaining a whale. The Massachusetts obtained but one whale upon that ground; she captured the remaining portion of her cargo off the coast of Chili. One sad accident occurred during the voyage in the loss of the third officer, Mr. Fuller, and two men, by the capsizing of the boat while fast to a whale. Out of the officers and crew of the voyage there are but three known to be alive: William W. Wood, George W. Allen, of Nantucket, and Nathan Ellis.

Capt. Allen next sailed as second mate of the ship Lexington, Nov. 10. 1848, with Capt. David Bunker. Field & Sandford were agents.

The Lexington was one of the four ships built on Brant Point, near where the summer residence of Thurlow Weed Barnes now stands. The ship returned from her voyage Jan. 22, 1853, with 742 barrels sperm and 229 barrels whale oil on board. They sighted Block Island the 8th of January. A heavy gale from the north with snow and ice compelled them to run the ship into the Gulf Stream to free her of the ice which had accumulated upon her. On the morning of the 22d they obtained a pilot and reached Edgartown that afternoon, where the crew were transferred to the schooner Fayal and proceeded to Nantucket, having left the ship in charge of a gang of stevedores.

In a Leaky Ship.

Capt. Allen sailed again as first officer in the ship Henry, Capt. David Bunker, E. W. Perry, agent, Oct. 18, 1853. The ship proved not to be in the best condition, as she leaked 1600 strokes the first 24 hours at sea and did not leak any less during the voyage, which was ended by the ship being condemned at Talcahuana, Chili, S. A., in 1858; she obtained about 1100 barrels sperm oil.

Capt. Allen then joined the bark Matthew Luce, of New Bedford, Capt. James Coon, as first officer. Sailed from Talcahuana, April 14, 1855, at 1 p. m., and arrived at New Bedford, June 5, at 10 a. m. The time was thus 51 days, 21 hours, a passage that Capt. Allen does not think has ever been beaten by any one whale ship, and by only one merchant ship—the ship Independence, of Boston, which he thinks at one time beat the above record a few hours.

Capt. Allen sailed again as first officer of ship Hesper, of Fairhaven, Capt. Joseph Hamblin; Dexter Jenny, agent. They sailed June 2, 1859. The Hesper had sailed Jan. 31 and returned Feb. 22, leaking. She sailed again April 22 and returned May 4, leaking 190 strokes per hour. Capt. Allen was not in the ship previous to June 5, and at that time the ship was in good condition and did not leak. She proceeded on to the whaling grounds termed the Two 36's; there captured two whales, yielding 132 barrels sperm oil.

Man Killed by a Whale.

One man, Alexander Wells, bowman of the waist boat, was killed by the whale striking him on the top of the head while sitting on his thwart. The force of the blow drove him through the bottom of the boat. He was not seen after the whale struck him, and was probably instantly killed. The boat was badly stove, and the whale spouted thick blood at the time, Capt. Allen says that there is one risk which occurs in securing a whale, and that is in going to the whale to harpoon him. Then a boat must be carried near enough to give the boatsteerer a good show to put his craft into a whale.

The officer should manage his boat so as not to get her stove, more especially after having his whale spout thick blood

On Sept. 28 the Hesper landed at Fayal 4159 gallons sperm oil, then proceeded to the southward. On Oct. 11 they touched the Island of Fogo, one of the Cape de Verde Islands, and discharged the second officer a very sick man.

On October 17 the ship was struck by lightning, being at the time in latitude 8 degrees, 7 minutes north, longitude 22 degrees, 55 minutes west. One man was instantly killed and the captain was seriously injured on the top of the head. He was standing forward of the mizzen topsail sheets; the chain portion of the sheets led down to within about 8 feet of the deck. The lightning ran down the sheets and melted and welded it into one solid rod. When it left the sheets the captain was standing on the deck and it came in contact with him in its course and left three scalp wounds on the top of his head. He was unconscious for some length of time, and was confined to his room for a number of days.

The man who was killed was a green Portugese, and he fell from the masthead, 85 feet to the deck. A singular thing about him was that although his bones were fractured in several places, his skin was not even bruised or cracked.

The main royal yard and mast, topgallant and maintopmast were shattered to the extent that they were replaced with spare spars on board. Meanwhile the crew continued working the ship to the southward and westward. On the 20th of November, in latitude 32 degrees, 25 minutes south, longitude 49 degrees, 35 minutes west, they caught a sperm whale yielding 76 barrels of oil. Cruised about in that vicinity and arrived at Port Stanley, East Faulkland, January 7, 1860. Obtaining water, they sailed from there on the 26th; were off Cape Horn, February 7; off Huarsso the 23rd; off Macha in March; off and on at Talcahuana 10th to 16th; then they proceeded to the north, crossed Arocher and Callao grounds and reached Galapagos Islands May 25th.

The time was passed about those islands, between the islands and the main land, going into such ports as Tumbas, Tecamus and Weather Bay, S. C. In coming to anchor in Elizabeth Bay, Albemarle Island, the cable ran across the ship's stern and tore off a portion of the forefoot, so low down that it could not be repaired without putting the ship into a dry dock.

They did so; then obtained a supply of wood and proceeded to sea for the Callao ground. Feb. 26, 1863, in latitude 13 degrees south, longitude 89 degrees, 27 minutes west, they put away for the port of Talcahuana and home. March 10 the captain discovered the ship to be leaking at the rate of 350 strokes per hour. He put a sail under the ship's forefoot which diminished the leak greatly. On April 8, in latitude 32 degrees, 30 minutes south, longitude 88 west, they put away for some port to the north, the sail having worn so that it was of little benefit.

Diver Looked at a Leak.

Arrived at the port of Payta, April 27, 1863, leaking 900 strokes per hour. On May 11, the United States frigate Lancaster, Admiral Bell, arrived at that port with a diver on board. He offered the services of his diver to learn the condition of the ship, which was accepted. He ascertained that the sea worms had eaten the forefoot and planking into the apron which was the cause of the leak. On Sept. 19 the captain shipped the cargo of oil on board ship Trident, Capt. Elisha Fisher, of and for New Bedford. Oct. 5 the ship was sold at public auction.

Oct. 7 Capt. Allen left for New York by the way of Panama. He arrived at East Bridgewater Nov. 10, 1863 where he met his brother, Capt. Charles E. Allen, whom he had not met for 18 years and 5 months. Their parting with each other was off the Island of Flores. Charles E. was second officer of the ship Charles & Henry, lost on the Island of Caroo in June, 1845. The following day the Massachusetts picked up a boat containing the officers of the Charles & Henry, Capt. Benjamin C. Sayer, Charles Arthur, Charles E. Allen and Alfred G. Alley, first, second, and third officers respectively. A young lad, Macy, received them on board and landed them on the island of Flores the same evening.

Capt. Allen, at the time of his arrival at East Bridgewater in 1863, thought of giving up the whaling business, having been unfortunate, being but a very little better off in pecuniary matters than when he first started, and then there were no ships fitting at that time. He bought a sailboat the following spring and commenced taking parties out on to the fishing grounds or anywhere they might wish to go for pleasure.

In October, 1865, he had a call from New Bedford and sailed Oct. 29, 1865, as first officer of the bark Mars, with Capt. George Gray, of Tiverton, Gifford & Cummings, agents. The voyage proved a success and ended by a safe arrival at New Bedford, Aug. 13, 1868, more oil having been obtained than would fill the ship. The average price of the cargo was a fraction above $2 per gallon, being all sperm taken in the South Pacific Ocean to the south of the latitude 32 degrees.

Now Sails as Captain.

The bark Mars was rebuilt throughout after the above voyage, and sailed under the command of Capt. George W. Allen, of Nantucket, Jan. 3, 1869. May 11 he arrived off Masse di Siena. He commenced and ended the voyage from Masse di Siena to the peninsula of the Three Mounts off the coast of Chili. The Mars on her homeward voyage was 62 days from Cape Horn to the equator, a long, tedious voyage, with calms and rains, and light and variable winds. They arrived at New Bedford, May 20, 1873, with a full cargo of sperm oil.

Capt. Allen sailed again in the bark Mars of and from New Bedford, Gifford & Cummings, agents. July 1, 1874. At that time, not wishing to go to the Western Islands previous to September, he went into the latitude 45 degrees, 20 minutes north, longitude 29 degrees west, and cruised about in that vicinity.

The Largest Whale Taken.

On Aug. 15, 1874, latitude 45 degrees, 21 minutes north, longitude 29 degrees, 11 minutes west, he captured a sperm whale yielding 152 barrels, 18 gallons. This is next to the largest whale recorded as ever being taken, and beat everything taken up to that time. Afterwards a whale was taken by the Alaska which yielded 10 barrels and four gallons more of oil than did Capt. Allen's big whale.

The captain saw whales four times about that vicinity inside of one month. Scarcely one hour passed by during the hours of daylight, that there was not a vessel of some description in sight, merchants in making their passages. In September he touched at Fayal, landed oil, and then proceeded towards the South Pacific Ocean. In Jan., 1875, he was opposite the Three Mounts, coast of Chili. In August, 1875, he arrived at the Isthmus of Panama and shipped 950 barrels of sperm over the Panama railroad via Aspinwall for New York, Capt. Allen thinks that this was the first shipment of sperm oil over the Panama road.

The Mars proceeded directly back to Chili, and continued and finished the voyage, arriving at New Bedford, June 17, 1878, with a full cargo of sperm oil. The Mars captured about 7000 barrels of sperm oil during the time that Capt. Allen was connected with her as master 12 years and 8 months. Number of whales captured in that time, 94; avererage size, 74 barrels. Seventeen out of the full number yielded 1902 barrels. The first caught on his last voyage yielded 152 barrels; the last one 127 barrels, or 4000 gallons, and sold for $3680. These are records that can hardly be excelled.

Capt. Allen met with an accident to himself while cutting in the last whale which would have prevented him from following the whaling business as he had followed it, keeping in charge, and going in his boat and capturing a whale when an opportunity offered. On his arrival in 1878, he refused to take charge of any ship, situated as he was at that time, and retired from a seafaring life of 33 years.

He now resides on Nantucket and carries on a business in ship supplies. He is always ready to meet friends and acquaintances, and is warm hearted and genial with all.

Capt. Allen's father was a native of New Bedford, and was born near the head of Clark's Cove. For a number of years he was a pilot on the sound.

Sperm Whale's Jaws.

The subject of this sketch has hanging from a rafter at his place of business a pair of sperm whale's jaws, which he retains as a memento of the last whale he captured. The jaws are eight feet, six inches in length, and are indeed a great curiosity. They were exhibited at the Maritime exhibition in Boston in 1889-90, and were accompanied at the time by a placard now retained by Capt. Allen, which tells the following story:

"Set of sperm whale's teeth in their natural gum. Whale captured by Capt. George W. Allen, of Nantucket, in bark Mars of New Bedford, Feb. 1st, 1878, in latitude 40 degrees, 11 minutes south, longitude 75 degrees, 33 minutes west, South Pacific Ocean. Length of whale 60 feet; circumferance of body, 38 feet. Yield of oil, 4000 gallons. Sold for $3680."

These jaws are the subject of fond contemplation by Capt. Allen, for, as he says, they tend to awaken the memory of bye gone days.

ARCTIC ADVENTURE, by Epes Sargent, for sale by KELLEY & CO. Price $1,25.

More thrilling than the oft-told tales
Of true love crossed in vain,
These records of those regions drear
Where toiled our gallant Kane.

The floating icebergs of the North
In grandeur towering there,
Are emblems meet of that sad fate
Which he was called to share.

Awhile they sparkle 'neath the sun,
Like some fair beaming star,
Then melt beneath the tropic sky
From early haunts afar.

So passed away our noble Kane:—
The sun of Fame shone fair,
He sought a tropic clime in vain,
And sunk in weakness there.

Read here the record of his deeds,
And read of their renown,
Whose steps preceded, followed his
Who won a martyr's crown.

1859

GOOD VOYAGE.—Bark Citizen, Cash, of this port, arrived at the bar from the Pacific on Monday morning with 2100 bbls of sperm oil, and 100 barrels whale to Mess. C. G. & H. Coffin. This is the best voyage that has arrived into this country this year. The Citizen has been absent forty-five months. Model reformers will not be at a loss to account for the success of this voyage when we inform them that neither the captain, mate or second mate, use tea, coffee, spirits, tobacco or cigars. An unusual circumstance. 1859

COFFIN SCHOOL,

THE Trustees of the Coffin School have the pleasure of announcing that the condition of their funded property enables them to reduce the price of admission to One Dollar and Fifty Cents per term for all branches; and all scholars will be admitted at the ensuing term who are qualified to enter the classes without regard to age. WM. MITCHELL, } Com.
10 mo 20, 3m EBEN COLEMAN, }

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"THE MACY HOUSE" ON MAIN STREET. Photo by Davidson

STATELY MANSIONS ON MAIN STREET.

AN EARLY MORNING VIEW OF "MAIN STREET" IN WINTER

Nantucket Lighthouses.

By Marguerite Snow, winner of first prize in Nantucket Historical Association's Essay Contest.

Before beginning the history of lighthouses of Nantucket, let us go back to find the origin of such words as lights and beacons. An old French writer said that "a beacon is the sailor's altar light". Many nights in storms or even in calm, if he has a home, what sailor isn't thinking of it? Maybe he is even humming a tune that his mother taught him long ago, and as he resumes his watch the lighthouse flashes him a welcoming light, which is a signal that he has reached his destination safely.

Beacons, from which lighthouses undoubtedly developed, are of very ancient origin. That they were in use among the Jews is almost certain. Aristotle, too, tells us that the king of Persia could learn in the short period of twenty-four hours if anything were wrong in any part of his kingdom by means of a system of beacons. The word "beacon" is derived from the Scotch "beacen", a pitch barrel placed on the top of a long pole on some eminence, to be fired at night and emit smoke by day.

In a country as wild and warlike as was Scotland the beacon was a wonderfully rapid means of communication and was constantly used. The victory often fell to the chieftain who first succeeded in gathering his clans about him, and this depended on the rapidity of lighting the beacon fires.

The erection of beacons, sea marks, and lighthouses has always been in England a branch of the royal prerogative. The right to erect beacons in certain districts was awarded to a few individuals in payment for services rendered the country when in danger of invasion, and some noble families have a beacon among the quarterings of their coats-of-arms, but Queen Elizabeth had an act of Parliament passed giving this prerogative to the Corporation of the Trinity Board, and to this day it remains in their hands.

Though beacons have long since given place to lighthouses, there is not an English fishing village on the coast where the land is undulating that does not still boast its beacon-hill. Now that we have discussed their origin, we come to the Lighthouses of Nantucket.

The Brant Point lighthouse at the entrance to Nantucket Harbor is one of the oldest in existence. It was one of the first eight in use in the United States and the station has an interesting history.

We do not know exactly when the first lighthouse was erected, but we do know that it was destroyed by fire in 1759. The government records say that it was first established about 1746. Another lighthouse was built on Brant Point soon after the first was destroyed, but it was blown down in a heavy gale. A third was erected and was destroyed by fire in 1783.

The first light maintained on Brant Point was at the expense of the ship owners of Nantucket, but a few years after it was established the town, and then the state, took possession, the government of the United States not assuming control until the year 1791, when Brant Point, with the seven other lighthouses then in existence, was transferred to the government by an act of Congress passed in August, 1789.

The first three lighthouses on Brant Point were cheaply constructed and after the destruction of the third, the town, for economy's sake, built the next one on somewhat different lines from its predecessors. A wooden lantern was hoisted between two spars, with grooves to protect and steady the lantern. This lamp gave a very dim light, often compared to a lightning bug; hence it received the name of "bug light", which term was later also applied to the light located near the Monomoy shore. A few years later, the "bug", not proving satisfactory, was replaced by a fifth light—merely a frame fitted at the top for the lamps. This outfit was wrecked in a heavy storm during the year 1788.

The following year the act passed by Congress authorized the government to furnish the sea coast with lighthouses, and as the townspeople were tired of caring for the lighthouse, the land at Brant Point was ceded to the United States, and the government built the next lighthouse, the exact date not being known.

The building aged and was condemned, and a seventh was constructed. To this was attached a dwelling house for the keeper and his family. Demand for a more powerful light caused the government to construct a brick edifice. This was in 1856, and the brick tower and keeper's dwelling are there today, although the lamp was removed from the tower in 1901, when the new beacon light was established at the very end of the point. Six years later, the keeper's dwelling was rebuilt. The next year the two range lights were erected on Brant Point and in 1920 a fog bell was placed there.

Great Point, although not so old as Brant Point, ranks as "one of the oldest on the coast". It was established in 1769, but the first keeper is unknown.

In 1820, the "Nantucket beacon" was established on the south side of Nantucket harbor. This light was locally known as "Bug Light". It was kept sixty years but was discontinued as a station by the government in 1880. The first keeper was Caleb Cushman and the last keeper Benjamin F. Wyer. For several years after the light was discontinued, the government remained in possession of the property and employed Charles Henry Gibbs to live there as caretaker on a salary of one dollar per year.

The "Cliff Range Beacons", located a half mile or so northwest from the Brant Point station, near what is today known as "the bathing beach", were established in 1838. The first keeper was Peleg Easton and the last keeper George E. Dolby.

In 1848, Congress passed a bill appropriating $12,000 for the construction of a lighthouse and keeper's dwelling at Sankaty Head, Nantucket. Two years later this light was established. It was lighted for the first time on the 1st of Februry, 1850. The first keeper was Alexander D. Bunker.

As I have given all the facts I could find about the lighthouses, I will try to vary my theme a bit by reproducing from scraps found in F. C. Sanford's scrap book, dated 1880, a formal quarrel about facts of the two lighthouses, Brant Point and Beaver Tail.

Beaver Tail Light is located on Conaricut Island, at the western entrance to Narragansett Bay.

The following are the most interesting parts of the scraps:

The first entry is dated August 14, 1880, and simply says that the Beaver Tail Light was the oldest on the coast, also mentioning Brant Point as "one of the oldest". The next is an answer to this article, some of which I shall present to you:

"In a recent letter to your paper from Nantucket I took occasion to correct a statement of a writer over the signature of F. D., which he had previously made in an article to a Providence paper relative to the 'oldest lighthouse on our coast'. In my said letter, I stated that the first and oldest lighthouse was on Brant Point at the entrance to Nantucket Harbor, giving the date of its erection as 1746. I also gave the date of the erection of the Beaver Tail lighthouse as 1761. This latter lighthouse 'F. D.', in his communication above referred to, claimed was erected in 1749, and was by record shown to be the oldest lighthouse on our New England or even American coast. I gave as my authority for dates, etc., Mr. F. C. Sanford, who is an encyclopoedia of historical dates, because of my great confidence in him as good evidence on subjects of early local history.

"In the same communication, 'F. D.' further stated that the "second light on the coast was Brant Point Light at the entrance of Nantucket harbor, erected in 1754." It was my intention in my letter to your paper to correct an erroneous statement relative to the 'oldest lighthouse on our coast', rather than correct 'F. D.' on his historical data".

So it goes on for a time simply saying that the object of the letter was to prove that Brant Point Light was older than Beaver Tail. Then came the proof:

"From the Town Records of Nantucket, I quote the following: adopted in Town Meeting, January 24, 1746, 'Voted, to build a lighthouse upon Brant Point. Voted, that 200 pounds sterling should be raised for the town's use. Voted, that Ebenezer Calif, Jabez Bunker and Obed Hussey be a committee to take care of and build the lighthouse.'

"Again at a town meeting held at Nantucket April 28, 1746, it was voted, that, whereas there is a lighthouse built at the charge of the town in supposition that the owners of, or others concerned in shipping, will maintain a light therein, the town doth give and grant the liberty to maintain the said light as they shall think to be most for their convenience during the town's pleasure. I might quote more, but the above is enough to establish the fact that Brant Point Lighthouse was erected in 1746, thus antedating Beaver Tail Light some three years according to the information and data published by 'F. D.' in his communication above referred to. Hence his claim for Beaver Tail Light as 'the oldest lighthouse on our coast' is effectually taken away. His date for Brant Point Light in 1754 I have as authoritatively displaced and set aside as did he Mr. Sanford's date of 1761 for the establishment of Beaver Tail Light.

"Now then, sticking to the first and original question, that of the **oldest lighthouse on our coast**, 'F. D.' must produce a lighthouse erected previous to 1746 before he can take that honor from Brant Point. (Here I have left out some comments). There passed by Brant Point Lighthouse so early as 1770, 2,260 seaward bound vessels. At that time Nantucket had at sea 150 whaling craft.

The above is submitted in the spirit of willing to be corrected, upon authority, of any erroneous statements that may be contained therein".

(Signed) "Islander".

Twelve days later, Sept. 15, 1880, this was answered in the following form..(I have omitted the opening paragraphs):

"1. Facts of Beaver Tail Light. On the 22nd of August, 1738, the General Assembly of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations in sessions at Newport, enacted that there be a lighthouse erected at Beaver Tail. From the derangements of finance and business growing out of the wars with Spain and France, the volunteer lights were continued at Beaver Tail until 1749, when the General Assembly secured the Lighthouse decreed in 1738 and took the entire management of it, as recited in our previous paper entitled 'Beaver Tail Lighthouse'. But was there any lighthouse on the coast legally established prior to 1749? This is the historical question.

"2. Facts of Brant Point Light. These are largely quoted from the previous article by "Islander", but special emphasis is placed upon the fact that Brant Point, although established before 1749, could not be said to be a permanent light until it was legally established."

This letter was signed "F. D."

Three days later there was an answer from the "Islander". He was very much disgusted. He said that the argument was almost too foolish to answer. Because "F. D." had admitted that the light had been there, but just because it was not legally established, "could it not be called a lighthouse?" The lighthouse had been recognized by the town authorities, and although it was owned by private parties it was still a lighthouse and served as such. He hoped that any fair-minded and intelligent reader could distinguish the facts in both cases and arrive at a proper conclusion. The"Islander" says in closing:

"Here I rest the case, well-knowing that the truth of the claim made will stand on its own merits. (Signed) Islander".

And thus, the historical dispute between Rev. Frederic Denison (F. D.) for Beaver Tail Lighthouse, and J. E. C. Farnham (Islander) for the Brant Point Lighthouse, ended—and we all know in whose favor.

"Lucretia Mott, Girl of Old Nantucket."

Last week, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, published "Lucretia Mott, Girl of Old Nantucket", by Constance Buel Burnett. As one of a series on the childhood of famous Americans, the book occupies a fitting place and brings to its youthful readers a clear picture of young Lucretia and her girlhood days on Nantucket.

Seventy-five years ago, Lucretia Coffin Mott was seated in an audience at the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association meeting in Philadelphia. She had been greeted with cheers upon entrance but had declined a seat on the platform, seating herself in the audience. But, later, she did respond to an invitation to speak.

As she stood there on the platform—a tall, slender woman dressed in the soft tints of Quakerdom, the traditional snowy kerchief folded across her bosom, and her remarkable face framed in her close-fitting Quaker bonnet—she was a perfect picture of the serene agelessness of her faith. During the next half hour, she thrilled her listeners with her account of the schools of over a half century before. She was at this time in her eightieth year.

Few lives are as many-sided as Lucretia Mott's. She was a teacher all her life, but she did leave the schoolroom long enough to lend her impassioned plea to the causes of emancipation of the Negro, temperance, and the rights of women.

But it was in her childhood on Nantucket that she developed those qualities of bodily and mental vigor, and that keen moral sense which were to so greatly distinguish her in the years to come.

In this little book, Mrs. Burnett has given her readers a glimpse into the girlhood of this extraordinary Nantucket girl. Her constant interest in the betterment of her sex was occasioned by the knowledge that, in Nantucket, the women of the family had to be the head of the family during the years when the husbands were at sea. This management of daily affairs included business as well as household.

The influence of Lucretia Mott's life has been manifest many times through her prophetic words. But her childhood days on Nantucket needed to be told for youthful ears. Mrs. Burnett has given us a pleasant book and one which keeps the interest of the reader always in Lucretia. There are numerous black and white drawings by Sandra James which add much to the story's pace.

—E. A. S.

FIGHTING WHALES.—Professor N. S. Shaler, upon the authority of Captain John Pease, an old and observant whale fisher, writes as follows in the January number of the American Naturalist, concerning the frequent struggles between the male sperm whales: "The conflicts between the males of sperm whales cause great damage to the lower jaw; the evidence goes to show that at least two per cent. are crooked more or less, and one in several hundred very badly bent by these struggles. There are two specimens in the small museum at Nantucket which are singularly contorted; one of them is bent laterally into one turn of the spiral. Captain Pease tells me that he found one that was bent sideways at right angles to the proper position and firmly fixed there, seeming to be permanently fastened in this singular position. In fighting, the males rush at each other with opened jaws, and strike in passing. The great speed and power of these massive creatures must lead to the most serious results from such collisions. Captain Pease once found a sperm whale nearly dead on the water, with lower jaw hanging by a single band of ligament a few inches through. Sharks and crustaceans were devouring the creature, but the wrench which had crippled him must have come from one of his own kind." 1873

THE OLD MILL GRINDS CORN IN SUMMER AND MAINTAINS A LONELY VIGIL IN WINTER'S SNOW

Photo by Albert Lewis

WHEN THE SHADES OF NIGHT ARE FALLING.

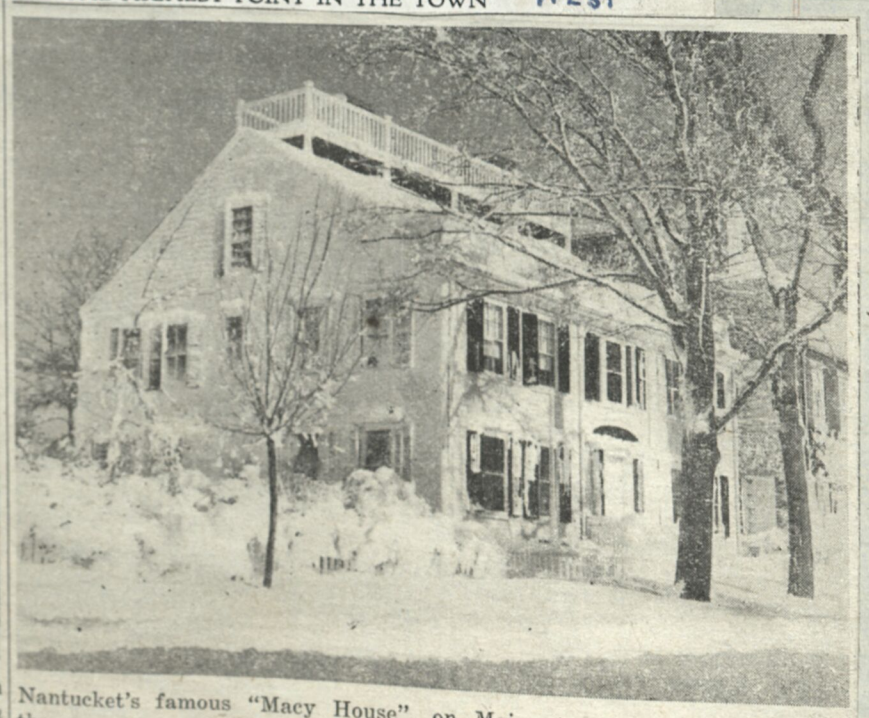
A SUMMER BREEZE SWEEPS THE OLD MILL

Photo Courtesy Eagle's Wing Studio

MOOERS LANE IS A SHADY LANE

MARTIN'S LANE THE NARROWEST STREET AND THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE TOWN

The "Three Bricks" as they appeared the morning after the snow storm of February 27.
Photo by Glidden



Nantucket's famous "Macy House", on Main street, photographed after the snow storm of February 27.
Photo by Glidden

3/15/1952

A FAVORITE SUBJECT FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

MARTIN'S LANE EAST Photo by A. M. Crosby

Photo by Boyer.

A WINTER'S SCENE—UPPER MAIN STREET, LOOKING EAST

Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror.

The First Settlers.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—My thanks, if you please, to your correspondent, "A Descendant of ——," for the pardon he kindly vouchsafes to me. Although slightly premature, I may need it by and by; and beg with his permission to save it.

There are two questions now at issue, for overlooking one of which, as he is at present in need of my pardon, I extend it to him at once. The first question, so far as I am concerned is, whether a person's being illiterate necessarily involves the two suppositions that he cannot read or write, and that he lacks brains.

It was to this question that I addressed myself. It is to another question entirely that he writes.

I showed that a man who can read and write may yet be an illiterate person; and that an illiterate person may nevertheless be a man of energy, thrift and congenital sagacity.

I fail to see that "A Descendant of ——" has touched either of these last-mentioned statements; or that they have or can be gainsaid. I simply claimed that it was "indefensible" to declare positively (as has been done) that an illiterate person could not therefore read or write, and was a fool. And I must beg to hold your correspondent firmly down to my point. If I am correct in what I have thus claimed, then the word "illiterate," used, is quite defensible, always providing that it is a *fact* that our sires *were* men of little education.

The other of the two questions is a distinct and totally different matter; as to which, I am not in the controversy; as to which, I express at present no positive opinion; and into which, as in the past so now, I do not propose "to be insensibly drifted" either by the polemic adroitness of your correspondent, or his undue haste and consequent failure to see the exact conditions of the controversy, and my position in it. And this other and distinct question is, is it a *fact* that our sires *were* men of little education, however shrewd, noble, thrifty and sagacious they may have been?

I would, of course, like to have the map state the truth in the premises, when the exact truth shall have been ascertained. In so far, and in so only, am I interested in the question. But as to the mere dry issue of fact, whether our sires were illiterate or ripely educated, I do not care a fillip, and am not in the least interested to defend one view or the other. So long as I know that to-day the schools of Nantucket stand among the best, and have been of pre-eminent reputation for the past half-century, I have the supremest unconcern as to whether our sturdy and noble sires of two or three centuries ago were well educated or not. They were glorious men, and that's all I care for. Education is very well; very far be it from me to wag my tongue against that. But it is not every thing. There are some things that are far ahead of it. I have lived long enough to know a good many men of quite meagre education, any one of whom in what makes up a man and commands my respect and admiration, I would not swap for a whole score of many persons that I could pick out among the so-called educated classes.

Therefore as to this second question—the question of fact about our sires,—my position among the combatants is only one of attentive neutrality.

It may be proper, perhaps, for me to remark that my authority for making the general statement (except touching Folger) as to the illiteracy of our sires, was the historian of Nantucket, Obed Macy; who says, (page 26,)

"First, the number of inhabitants was yet small; and as each attended to his own business, they did not require much formality in their government; second, *they were so illiterate that the little of their writings that have come down to us is hardly legible or intelligible. The occupation of the people was such as to require little school education.* The farmers, the fishermen and mechanics exchanged their commodities with each other without keeping regular accounts. * * * *A piece of chalk and the inside of a door frequently supplied the place of pen and day-book;* indeed many of their business transactions were trusted wholly to memory."

Again, on page 40: "In the moderate part of the year they were employed in farming, fishing and whaling; and in the winter they prepared material against the coming season, such as vessels, boats, casks and whaling gear; at this time they also schooled their children. But, *little learning was not in those days considered a very dangerous thing. It did not require an extensive education either to prosecute business or to secure a respectable standing in society. What was necessary was attended to; all beyond was unknown or neglected.*"

The mode in which the historian dwelt on the above, and the particulars into which he entered, gave an air of verisimilitude to the statement. It will be observed that Macy does not say, the sires could not read or write, for he alludes to "their writings;" and yet he claims, by the evidence of those writings, that those who penned them were "illiterate." Furthermore, he does not say they were fools. And at the time I prepared the map I had no reason to doubt Macy's authority. For myself, I am simply watching Macy's position, and the recent attacks upon it. I have neither time nor desire to enter into the contest myself. If others were not investigating the question I might perhaps find time to do so, simply in the interest of the map and of truth; especially as I have been a means of perpetuating Macy's testimony. If Macy is proved wrong, of course I shall be very glad to alter the map. But I am in no way interested particularly to defend him. But his position having been called in question, I certainly do stand in the attitude of a skeptic, simply examining carefully the statements of each side, like a juryman, ready and willing to be convinced either way, but by no means disposed to be hasty or to jump at conclusions either way.

Here is Macy on the one hand; he certainly has excellent opportunities for observing what the sires had left behind them in the way of evidences as to their education or want of it, and of making up his mind in the matter, whether he used his opportunities judiciously or not. But he is *a witness*, whom hitherto we have believed; and he is certainly worthy of being still listened to with respect and not hastily set aside without very good reason. Well, on the other hand, here are other persons, who have also examined either what were compositions and writings of the sires, or what purported to be their compositions. The first and best canon touching a new scientific or any other theory or statement calculated thoroughly to upset what has been believed, is to be skeptical about it; to test its every statement, and wait till it solidly proves itself to be true. And I think a little cross-examination just here would be well in the interest of rigid truth. However, without going into the cross-examination, these other persons as honestly come to the conclusion from their examination, that the sires were men of ripe education. I involuntarily ask myself, why are we to believe one of these witnesses more than the other? It doth not, at any rate, appear *as yet*. Macy's position may be threatened, but it does not seem to me that it is as yet positively captured. It may be that neither side in the contest is either entirely right or entirely wrong, but that the truth lies somewhere between the extreme statements of each.

On comes meantime your correspondent, "A Descendant of ——," and I ask myself candidly, what has he really added to the controversy? For instance, one disposed to discuss a little this second question of fact, and perhaps to pettifog a little, might ask what sort of logic is his, who claims that "no better evidence could be adduced that *none* of the sires were illiterate, than the letters written by *some* of them!" Again, in the interest of ferreting out where the exact truth lies, a cautious examiner might cross-question the witness, and ask whether, having some means of judging about the two persons he names, viz., Worth and Peter Coffin, he had any means of making up his mind about the others in question, (and if so, of how many of them, and who they are,) viz.: Tristram, and Richard Swain, and Greenlief, and Pile, and Macy, and Barnard, and Hussey, and John Swain, and Tristram, Jr., and Smith, and Pike, and Barnard, and Coleman, and the Starbucks, and James Coffin, *et al.?* and to state whether testimony, that might be competent to modify a wholesale statement, is necessarily competent to upset it entirely and put in its place a wholesale statement of an opposite character? Also, whether anybody who was in the habit of writing and expressing himself rather poorly ever did such a thing as employ a scribe? Whether Andrew Jackson for instance ever did this? Whether he knows whether or not there was any one on the island that might have lent the aid of his pen in correcting certain formal documents? Whether the writings of the sires, extant in Nantucket in old garrets and examined by Obed Macy, would or would not be just as likely (to say the least) to exhibit a fair indication of the real state of those sires' education, as would formal documents prepared by, or perhaps more or less for, them, to be sent to august authorities abroad? Whether good English, and tolerably well spelled, was written at all in the middle of century XVII? And whether he really thinks the English of such of the sires' documents as he may have seen indicates a degree of ripe education on their part? Such an examiner might be inclined to hand over to the witness Macy's History of Nantucket, open at pages 28 and 29; and ask him, as an expert in good English as rendered by educated men, whether in his judgment the town document there given was composed, spelled, capitalized, punctuated, and finally approved and passed to go on record by well-educated men? To compare it, if he pleases, with documents of other towns (perhaps given by Macy,) written at the same time, and to state whether he sees any difference between the former and the latter? Whether he can conceive of that document, couched as it is, passing town meeting to-day? And whether it would not be a capital thing to give to the urchins on the sixth form of a grammar school to correct? The map excepts Foulger. It *might* be pertinent to ask the witness, who is so sure of the high education of our sires, whether he thinks even that exception is strictly correct? Whether he has ever read a poem, since this discussion has come to the fore, called "A Looking-Glass for the Times?" If so, to be kind enough to look into that looking-glass and state whether he would really regard that as the production of a ripely-educated man? Then, too, one disposed to discuss this matter (as most decidedly I am not) *might* cross-question a little about the matter of "William Worth's records being as intelligent as Peter Folger's." Whether this statement in itself might not prove possibly either one of two things, viz.: that Worth was as well educated as Folger; or that Folger was as illiterate as Worth. And, finally, whether a man of clear head, even though he was not well educated, might not keep an intelligent record."

But, you may say, I am discussing the second question—the question of fact—after all. No. I decline to discuss anything but that which I presented, viz.: that a man may know how to read and write and yet be an illiterate person, and withal a person who is by no means a fool either, but a man who in good sound sense, honesty, kindliness of heart and all that goes to make up character and command respect, may be a square match and indeed vastly the superior of very many college-bred men as the run.

As to the question of fact, whether, namely, our sires *were* educated or not, I repeat, I do not care the toss of a penny, except that the truth one way or the other may emerge, so that the map may not misstate the facts of the case. This latter is all that I care about. I simply have for once, and for the first and last time, expressed aloud some thoughts that naturally run in the head of an attentive neutral as he watches what the correspondents who attack Macy's position say.

And I ought to say here that your correspondent, "A Descendant of ——," seems to have settled the matter as to Peter Coffin at any rate; and, unless rebutting testimony comes in, the presumption is that the said Peter ought to be excepted from the sweeping charge of Macy, repeated on the map. While the correspondents are about it, had they not better rip up Peter Foulger's record also? which for instance is correct,

"The *knowing* Folgers lazy"
or
"The *honest* Folgers lazy?"

If your correspondent can do as well for the other 18 or 19 sires, as he has for Peter Coffin, or even for a moiety of them, then I will gladly accept in the future his kind forgiveness for my share in perpetuating the historian's statement that our sires were far from ripely-educated men, but were illiterate.

F. C. E.

BATHING ROOMS,
No. 2 Fair Street, Nantucket. 1846

THE above central, convenient, and commodious Establishment, is now in *first rate* order, in every respect, for the accommodation of the public. Open on

Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Single Bath, 25 cents. Season Tickets, at a liberal proportionate discount. Tuesdays and Saturdays, from 2 to 7 o'clock, P. M., it will be open for the especial accommodation of Ladies only; when a female will be in attendance.

N. B. The Bathing Rooms are open every morning from 6 to 8 o'clock for Cold Baths. SAMUEL C. HARRIS m2.

A SHOCKING STORY.—We clip from the Boston *Evening Record* the following special dispatch to that paper, dated Halifax, N. S., August 29th. Every resident of Nantucket who is at all acquainted with Capt. Clisby will, we believe, refuse to give credit to the assertions made until he has an opportunity to speak in his own behalf. From our knowledge of Capt. Clisby we cannot believe that he could be guilty of any such inhumanity as is charged to him, and we trust he will at once speak and clear his reputation, which this story places at stake.

A member of the crew of the wrecked whaler Isabella says that the Isabella left New Bedford on May 27, 1884, on a whaling expedition. She had a rough passage and got into the ice on July 8. "We first saw the natives of the country," says he, "on July 15 and remained aboard till the 20th, when the ice stove against us. At 6, A. M., we pumped the ship till 10, P. M. Then the captain and crew left the vessel. We were four days wandering about on the ice. We arrived at Acalier on July 25, and remained there till September 9. The whaling schooner Era of New London picked us up and put us down into the main hold. The weather was from five to eight degrees below zero. They kept us aboard till September 27, and then put us ashore to live under a canvas sail. The weather was about zero till October 8, when the thermometer fell to eight and ten degrees below zero.

"On October 24 Captain Clisby of the Era ordered us aboard, telling us he was homeward bound. After going aboard the captain called the officers together and told them to make up their minds to winter with six months' provisions aboard. He could have sawed out of the ice if he had had a mind to. All hands were put on short allowance. On October 25 the crew of the Era were given much better fare than our men. On December 14 our allowance was cut down. On this date Captain Clisby sent to Forbes Bay for five men who had been left there on November 25. They had had nothing to eat for five days but a mouthful of dog meat. One of them had both feet frozen. On February 15 our allowance was again cut and rice and molasses stopped altogether. We put salt and tea in our coffee to flavor it.

"On April 8 the crew was sent out on the pack ice to get seal meat. Toward noon it began to blow a northwest gale, and the ice began to go out; we were left on the pack ice, and did not know what to do. Finally, by bridging piece to piece we reached the vessel. Of the seal meat caught Captain Clisby gave us but two pounds. The men were so hungry that they ate it raw. Up to July 3 we worked like slaves, getting the meanest fare. On that day we got a big supply of duck eggs, but the captain would give us only four, but gave plenty to the Indians, who would eat only yolks and throw the rest away.

"We were in the ice till July 22, starving and working hard. On that night we made for Buttings Harbor. Reaching there, we remained two weeks. Leaving that harbor, we were struck on August 3 by an immense iceberg, which carried the vessel ashore, grinding on rock. The cable parted and we lost 37 fathoms and our anchor. When the tide began to run the ship went out with it, and by hard work we got back into Buttings Harbor. We left again August 7, and arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, August 23. From there came to Halifax by steamer." 1885

OCEAN HOUSE,
NANTUCKET,.....MASS.

The proprietor respectfully informs the public, that this House having been thoroughly renovated and put in complete order, is now open for the reception of permanent or transient boarders; and he is determined no effort shall be wanting on his part to render it a pleasant home for the traveller.

Persons wishing to retire from the bustle and stifled atmosphere of a crowded, heated city, and to enjoy the benefits of Sea Air, magnificent Ocean Scenery, Sea Bathing, and fine Fishing, will find this a healthful and desirable Summer retreat.

The fine steamer Massachusetts, Capt. James H. Barker, makes three trips a week between Nantucket and New Bedford, as follows:

Leaves Nantucket, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9 A. M.

Leaves New Bedford, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, on the arrival of the morning train of Cars from Boston.

The time occupied in making the passages between Nantucket and New Bedford, including the landings at Holmes Hole and Wood's Hole, is only about 4 1-2 hours.

The passages are delightfully pleasant, in Summer, the passengers being in sight of land the whole distance.

JERVIS ROBINSON.

Nantucket, June 26, 1850.

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THE FAMOUS MACY DOORWAY.

MILL STREET, AT THE FOOT OF "NEW DOLLAR LANE."

LUCRETIA MOTT LANE

Nantucket's By-Ways.

By Merle E. Turner.
Read at Annual Meeting of Nantucket Historical Association and printed by request. 1929

On one of my airplane trips over the town recently, I met an old lady who informed me that she used to live on the island and had not been down here for over forty years. She was enjoying her flight immensely and shouted to me every few minutes about something she saw down below.

"You know," she said, "I saw a whole lot of flowers on Rose Lane the other day. Do you know where that is?" Rose Lane. Where did she mean?

It puzzled me for a while until I thought of the lane that runs up to Voorneveld's greenhouses, just north of the Methodist church. My answer satisfied her and I waited, wondering what she would say next.

Suddenly the lady exclaimed: "And there is Break Neck Alley, where I used to slide down hill when I was a child". Again I was all at sea, but she pointed it out to me, and what should it be but what I know as Sunset Pass which leads from the school grounds to Lily street.

I asked her to tell me more of the old streets and she did her best to make me hear her above the noise of the motors. Before we landed I learned that she, as a girl, had lived on Stone Alley, which was then called "Gunter's Alley."

The charming old lady interested me so much that I visited her the following day, when she told me many enjoyable tales about the old lanes, the names of which I had never heard. Whoever would think now that the street opposite the Post Office (now the bus stand) was formerly named "Coal Lane", or that Hillers Lane off of Fair street used to be known as "Nabby Bailey's Lane?"

During the afternoon she asked me if the old asylum were still on Jail Lane. There I was perplexed. I knew nothing of an asylum and had never heard of Jail Lane. After asking her questions about its locality, I discovered that she meant Vestal street and that the "Asylum" was our old jail.

I spent the next day with her, riding around town, and I learned more about Nantucket as it used to be than I had ever known before. I discovered that Gay street used to be Coffins Court; that Mooer's Lane was always known as "Judith Chase's Lane" or Moose Lane; that Quince street was formerly Crown Court. No one seems to know why it was changed to Quince, for about all the fruit trees seen there have always borne pears. Saratoga street, that borders the Friend's burial ground, used to bear the cheerful name of Grave street. But where did the "Saratoga" come from.

We rode down Coffin's Court to inspect the new school building and then down Clay Lane. Westminster street had been called Clay Lane for years and my friend told me that on a rainy day Clay Lane had always held its own.

Coming down Federal street we stopped at "Black Horse Alley" to look at the old shop south of it where the old Quaker, William Hosier, bought old rope and nails from the Nantucket boys. "Black Horse Alley" is the small court between the Killen House and the Hosier property, both of which estates now belong to the town.

Further down the street, the old lady asked me if I had ever heard of Independence Lane. Upon my saying "no" she told me that it used to extend from Centre to Federal streets, north of the Main street stores, and that the town closed up the Centre street end many years ago, when it built the engine house there.

Madison street still exists, but few people know it. It is the narrow way just wide enough for a cart or auto. that extends from Federal street to Coal Lane, between the news store and the Catholic Church.

Further down Main street, below Coal Lane, was Type Alley. This ran between what is now Lester Ayers' shop and the Wannacomet Water Company's office. It is said that it acquired its name from the fact that many years ago the former newspaper office was in the building on the west side of the alley and that type was often thrown out of the window by the apprentices.

My friend told me lots of other interesting things about the old town. I learned that "Hay Scale Lane" was the lower part of Pine street; that Macy's Court is now called Howard street; and that Angola street is now the western end of South Mill street.

Macy's Court! Why I have been told that it was there that Zaccheus Macy lived, the man who was the noted bone-setter of Nantucket. Why was it changed to Howard street? No one seems to know, and if ever a man deserved to have a street named after him, it was Zaccheus Macy.

My interest in the old streets of Nantucket has grown keen as the days have passed. I learn that Main street was formerly called State street, and that Pearl street was originally India street, said to have been given that name because so many of the sea captains lived there and made voyages to India.

Tattle Court still remains the little narrow way on the west side of Fair street. Tradition says that it was given its name because so much neighborhood gossip transpired there. Whether this be true or not, no one has attempted to change the name and Tattle Court still exists.

And there was once Brown's Lane, which extended from Centre to Federal street, and was closed up when the Friends built their meeting house there (now the Roberts House dining-room).

Even in my day I have heard folks refer to North Liberty street as "Egypt". I wondered why it was so called and was told that it was always a place of total darkness, that up to forty years ago there were only four houses there and people did not travel that way very much at night—hence the local application of the expression "as dark as Egypt".

Who ever heard of Easy street in Nantucket up to a few years ago—the place which is this year to be the center of the water-front carnival for the benefit of the Hospital? That was always known as "the dump", yet it suddenly blossomed out into Easy street and Easy street it will remain, for the County Commissioners have accepted the name and placed it on record. Is there another town in the world with an Easy street? Lots of people endeavor all their lives to live there, but do they?

Step Lane, between Centre and North Water streets, was always Step Lane until the steps were removed when Farmer Chapman and his wife started to run a boarding house there fifty years or so ago, and then for some reason or other it was transformed into "Chapman Avenue". It remained an avenue until later residents petitioned that the old name be restored and Step Lane it is today—without any steps.

New Dollar Lane, extending from Milk to Mill streets, is said to have been given that name because it was there the famous whaling merchant, Joseph Starbuck, lived—the man who built the three brick houses on Main street for his sons. The Nantucketers were always skeptical whether Starbuck ever "saw a new dollar for an old one" in consequence of his ventures. But why New Dollar Lane was changed to Risdale street I cannot state, but it was—and for a number of years people were compelled to live on Risdale street who preferred to live on New Dollar Lane. But a few years ago the town voted to change the name back again and Risdale street blew away, never to return.

In passing, let us take a stroll through Ray's Court, starting at Fair street by the Historical Building and extending through to Main street amid the shade of aged trees. John Ray, who was my grandfather several generations back, was a Scotchman named Macrae, but the Nantucketers found it easier to call him Ray, and Ray he and his descendants have remained ever since. He built the house now owned by Dr. W. P. Graves and settled his children around him, some on one side of the court and some on the other. In 1830, Ray's Court was joined to Turner's Alley, which was the name of the little end of the Court which now empties onto Main street. The name of Turner's Alley is no more—it is all Ray's Court.

Who authorized the change of Rose Jenkin's Lane, between Orange and Union streets, to the meaningless name of Flora street? No one knows who Flora was, but there are many people living today who know all about Rose Jenkins and can well recall why it was called Rose Jenkins Lane.

Just for a moment, let us take a peep at Prospect street. Where did that name come from? Possibly because it had such a fine view of three cemeteries. Originally it was called Cooper street and came rightly by that name because a number of coopers lived there during the days when Nantucket's whaling industry was in its prime. Occasionally deeds refer to this street as Copper street instead of Cooper street, but Cooper was its right name until transformed over night into Prospect street.

And, last but not least, I have found Cat Alley—a narrow passage extending north from Stone Alley, which is important enough, however, to have a sign-board announcing its presence. Let us hope that it will always remain Cat Alley and that future generations will not try to improve it. It should retain its name just as much as "Kite Hill", which remains "Kite Hill" today in spite of the fact that the boys have not flown kites there for a quarter of a century or more.

The streets of Nantucket were given names which had a meaning, although perhaps not always melodious in sound. There is no doubt that Grave Lane meant more to our ancestors than does Saratoga street, and the by-ways which were "lanes" years ago are entitled to retain the names which the good people of Nantucket gave them when they built this gray old town that we all love and in which we all take pride.

The next number was a paper entitled "An Old Time Ship Launching at Nantucket," read by Capt. Oliver G. Fosdick, which is appended herewith: 1899

AN OLD TIME SHIP-LAUNCHING AT NANTUCKET.

During the year 1838 the new ship Joseph Starbuck was to be launched at 12 o'clock noon, from the ways on Brant Point. The occasion was made a gala day; the children were given a half holiday from school; and long before time of launching, it seemed as though the entire population of the island was hurrying toward the water front, to be on hand to witness the inspiring spectacle of a noble ship sliding into the water for the first time. Young James F. Chase was among those who were on hand bright and early. This son of our ocean isle was the cynosure of all eyes; for it was known that he was going with Captain Sanford Wilber in the new ship, and surely that was enough to make a hero of him. Old Joseph Starbuck was the owner of the craft, and oh, how his kind and strongly-marked face lighted up with a smile as, with words of encouragement, he watched the Chase boy vie with others in bringing sail cloth and coils of rope to make comfortable seats for their mothers and sisters who with others were standing on Old North wharf watching the proceedings! What a happy time it was. All seemed to take a personal interest and delight in the launching. Among that large crowd almost everyone had a relative, who in all likelihood, would in time go on the ship or be connected in some manner with her future welfare. What a scene it was. There were old weather-beaten salts, who had made their last voyage with Captain Wilber, and noticeable among them was the veteran Robert Ratliff, the old boss rigger, who had secured a point of vantage on top of one of the long spiles, and who shouted to the populace, "Be all ready to give her three cheers when she strikes the water's edge!" Some of the boys had climbed to the tops of the dismantled hulks that were tied up along the wharves, while others had perched themselves on the point of the old-fashioned wooden davits, and with the rest were eagerly awaiting the striking of the bell in the old south tower, which, at intervals, announced to the assemblage the time of day.

As the appointed hour drew near, the sound of the caulker's mallet ceased; the ring of the blacksmith's anvil was silent; the coopers' hammers were laid away on the top of the oil casks upon which the coopers themselves climbed. The long, old-fashioned oil trucks were hauled near the capstan of the wharves and were utilized as a sort of settee and the post of honor—the horse's back—was gladly made available by the younger sons of the island. The weather was perfect. A gentle southwest wind ruffled slightly the surface of the water in the harbor and caused the ensigns and ship owners' flags, which were flying from the mast-heads of the vessels around the docks, to flutter in the breeze. On board the ship had been rigged a sort of jury-mast over the vessel's taffrail, and attached to it were the national colors, while up forward on the knight-heads were two poles. On one of these poles was the union jack, and on the other was displayed the private signal of the owners—a blue-white-and-blue, vertical striped flag, which today floats over a New York ship, and denotes a Starbuck owner. Here and there, over the deck, were stretched canvas awnings, under which a favored few, in company with Capt. Wilber and the owners of the ship, were seated eagerly watching and awaiting the actions of the ship's carpenters. These were busily at work on the deck attending to the numerous details of the task at hand. Attention must be paid to the numerous guy ropes which were stretched to the projecting spiles of her wooden cradle, and like a fond mother's caress to her child, the men would bestow a parting touch to each rope as they left it. The clanking of the anchor chains as they were arranged in layers around the windlass, in readiness for the virgin plunge into the waters of the harbor, added to the general confusion.

Soon, however, all was ready, and Capt. Wilber, accompanied by his youngest son, proceeded to the bow of the ship, and the captain, uncovering his head, announced to the spectators his son would christen the ship, "The Joseph Starbuck, of Nantucket."

Twelve o'clock now rang out from the belfry. The chocks and cleats were at once knocked away from the ship. At the suggestion of the mate, Mr. Henry Plaskett, a rush aft was made by her passengers which added an impetus to her motion, and ere the clock had ceased striking, the good ship slid from the ways. As her stern shot into the water, it sent a great wave across to the neighboring wharves and caused the small craft in the harbor to rock to and fro like cradles. At the same time a mighty shout was sent up by the multitude. All around a host of marine birds encircled the vessel, as though wondering what strange creature it could be, and one, more daring than the rest, alighted on the tip of the bow-sprit, fluttered for a moment, and flew away.

"Oh, how beautiful," exclaimed the Chase boy's sisters, "She floats like a swan."

Orders came thick and fast from Capt. Wilber: "Run out a rope through the midship chock for a breast line, and have a line ready to throw on the wharf!" he shouted. And then the old rigger's voice could be heard, "Give her three cheers, boys!" And the salutation was given with a will.

The launching was quickly and safely over. Ropes were passed from the ship to the wharf, and she was hauled under the shears at Commercial wharf, preparatory to shipping the masts. Tears came into Mrs. Chase's eyes as she looked from the ship to her boy. "Don't feel bad," was his comforting assurance, "She is a splendid ship, and we are going to have a good voyage, and we will have lots of money when we come home."

Old Captain Wilber had been a life-long friend of Mrs. Chase and of her husband. One day the captain called at the Chase cottage and imparted news to Mrs. Chase which at first tore her heart. A ship had been built for him, he said. He had decided to make one more voyage, and if she would consent, he would take her son to sea with him. The prospect thus opened before her, the long years of separation from her beloved boy, was a sorrowful one indeed, but finally she gave her consent. Any Nantucket mother would have done the same in those days. Joyful indeed was Mrs. Chase when a boy came rushing to her, as was the custom then, to tell her the glad tidings of the ship's return after a short, and one of the most prosperous voyages ever made from Nantucket, and never was the fixed compensation of one dollar given more cheerfully.

AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF MONOMOY

COBBLED MAIN STREET

Nantucket -- Nursery of Whalemen

And so, despite the privation and havoc of two critical war-periods, the plucky Nantucketers built up the greatest whaling fleet in the world. Every one is familiar with Edmund Burke's tribute to their peculiar genius in his great speech in Parliament, but it is not generally understood that the Nantucketers became the pioneers for all the whalemen of the globe—making the island the home of the whale fishery and the nursery of maritime adventurers for more than a century and a half. Her ships sailed into every sea discovering new whaling grounds. There was not a spot in the watery globe where the Nantucket ships did not poke their busy bows in a restless and successful search for the greatest game ever hunted. 1815 to 1843, industry increased steadily. In 1843, the population was estimated at 9,712 souls, and the whale fleet at eighty-six ships, with many small sloops and coasters which kept up a constant commerce with the largest cities of the eastern seaboard. Nantucket-town had become a stable community, humming with industry, thriving with life befitting a race of superior maritime folk.

1913

Interesting Facts Regarding the "Big Shop and its Old-time Habitues.

A correspondent of The Inquirer and Mirror, about thirty years ago, gave the following details regarding the "Big Shop." Interesting at that time, the facts are doubly so now, for the passing decades have left little, if anything, which would remind one of the "Big Shop" as it used to be. It is now a modern dwelling house, standing on a different site, with a piazza across its front, and with neither an inward nor outward sign of its former character. The correspondent in 1880 wrote:

"The announcement in your last issue that negotiations were in progress for the sale of the 'Big Shop,' carries me back in imagination fifty years, when the old building was in its prime, and the noise of busy industry could be heard within from early morn till sundown. Whaleboats and candle boxes were then being turned out in great numbers by Messrs. George and Reuben Coffin, the proprietors, and after tea it was always the rendezvous for most men dwelling in the western section of the town, who met to discuss the questions of the day—local, state and national.

As the great majortiy of the visitors were sheep owners, it was here that all questions relative to the management of the sheep were settled, the days for yarding, washing and shearing fixed upon, drivers appointed, etc. Here the hides of all sheep found dead upon the commons were brought, the finder cutting out one fore quarter as his share, and leaving the rest for the owner.

But it was on shearing days that the old shop was a glorious place for us boys, who assembled there bright and early on those mornings, and as the carts of the various owners came along, they invariably pulled up at the shop to take a fresh departure, engaged some of us to catch sheep for them, and gave the smaller boys a ride to the pens. During the day the great plethoric sacks of wool were sent to town, and hoisted into the shop for storage until sold to the dealers, who were generally here at the time of purchase.

During the late fall and early spring, when business was not driving, and many men were out of work and went fishing from the South Shore, the fish were brought to town, tipped up in front of the shop, and here divided. In those days the fish, when plenty, were freely given to any person who happened to be there at the time, who picked out one of the size that suited him, and went off with it. Barrels of eels from the ditch were also tipped out on the grass and the neighbors came with their buckets to pick out a mess of 'good sized' ones for their dinner, or of small ones to boil for the pig. Times have changed since then. The idea of giving away a fresh cod or bucket of eels is never entertained, and Madaket ditch itself has recently been the subject of more home talk than all others combined.

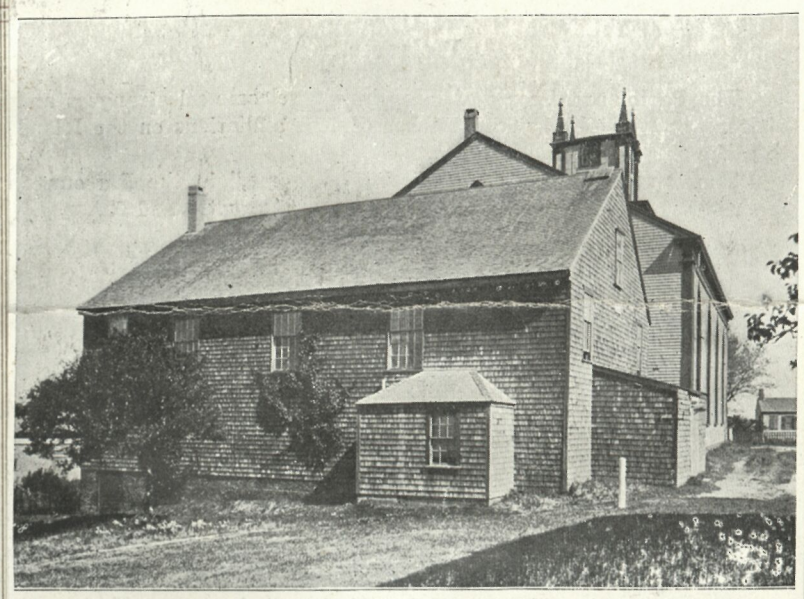
During a terrific gale of wind, somewhere about 1833, the great sperm whale which did duty as a weathercock on the south end of the building was blown down and broken off at the "small." An ingenious artisan who used to manufacture work boxes for the ladies in the shop, fitted a new set of "flukes" from sheet copper, and the whale was again hoisted to his position and did duty for many years. The place was finally supplied by a smaller one, which I believe is still "running to windward" on a neighboring building.

At the time of the abolition excitement, about forty years ago, when the lecturers had been refused some of the halls to lecture in, the owners of the buildings being apprehensive of damage to their property by the mob who had driven them from the Town Hall, the proprietors of the "Big Shop" offered them the use of their building, and protection if they chose to take it. They accepted the offer, and were not troubled, as the rioters well knew that the men who assembled there—ardent lovers of liberty and free speech—could not be trifled with, and their offer of protection would be carried out, even if somebody got hurt. But the abolition excitement soon subsided, and their lecturers could hold forth in the Atheneum or either of the churches without fear of being disturbed, or need of protection.

But a change came over the business carried on there, with the decline of whaling. No boats were needed, and the manufacture of sperm candles being stopped, no more boxes were called for. The south half of the shop was made into a dwelling house for the junior partner, who resided there until his death, some thirty years ago. The north half, belonging to the senior, was still used as a place of resort, but many of the older visitors had passed away, new men had taken their places; the remnant of the old ones wanted some place where a fire could be had in cold weather, and "Liberty Hall," where the store of Albert C. Bunker (now Whittemore Gardner) stands, was fitted up and occupied for many years. But time has rolled on; the last of the men who met there fifty years ago has passed away, and it is meet that now the old shop should go too."

"North Church."

"The Old North Congregational Church edifice, in the rear of and adjoining the modern structure, was erected in 1711. When originally constructed it was some two miles or more west from where it now stands, at a spot now rural and spacious, surrounded by and extending into miles of unoccupied moorlands. Its first erection marks the site where the town of Sherburne was primitively begun, but where it never grew to any considerable size. A granite monument, suitably inscribed, giving facts of the erection of that building, names of the original settlers of the island, and other information, memorializes the place where it first stood.



It was moved in to the eastward in the year 1765, and occupied the land whereon now stands the present church building on Centre Street. In 1834 it was moved backward, the new building was erected, and the two were later joined together, with doorway connecting. Within the church is a tablet giving data of the distinguished existence of that ancient edifice. It is a rare relic of a far-back past, and attractively reposes where it has now for so many years been historically conspicuous. It is an old wooden building, substantially framed and wrought from solid oak timber grown on the island. Of such growth of timber there has been none there for more than a hundred and fifty years."

—By permission, from Joseph E. C. Farnham's "Brief Historical Data and Memories."

This picture was taken on Main street in the days when "Frank Crosby's" was the leading grocery store in town. William Holland, who was in the employ of Crosby for many years and then succeeded him in the business, is standing in the door-way, with the delivery boy beside him. The picture was taken at a period when strawberries were selling "two baskets for a quarter" and watermelons and musk-melons were much cheaper than they are today. As a grocery store this place has vanished and is now only a memory. The picture came to light last week in the house on Fair street where Mr. Crosby made his home many years, and although faded and worn it reproduced fairly well, as may be realized from this illustration. 1930

Photo Fee-Haddon

MADAKET BEACH

NANTUCKET'S NEW "$40,000 BRIDGE" ACROSS HITHER CREEK AT MADAKET

AN INTERESTING TYPE OF DWELLING AT WEST END OF TOWN

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A Message to "Friends" on The Island of Nantucket. 1944

Early this year, the Nantucket Monthly Meeting of Friends, which as an organization had been in existence "off-island" for the past seventy-five years, was "laid down," and its members, reduced to a few, had become affiliated with the Providence Monthly Meeting. The few members, led by the Fosters of Apponaug, R. I., in the township of Warwick, had been faithfully maintaining the Nantucket Monthly Meeting for a long period, but felt the time had come to "lay down" the Meeting and join the group in the Providence Meeting.

The Nantucket Monthly Meeting had been in existence since organized under the leadership of Mary Starbuck on Nantucket at the turn of the 18th century, continuing here for a century and a quarter. The invaluable Quaker records were transferred from the island at the time the Monthly Meeting moved away to Lynn. It was suggested by the interested present custodians of the records that the Friends who are holding meetings here in the summer months re-form a Nantucket Monthly Meeting, so that the priceless records might be returned to the island, to be stored at the Pacific National Bank. The proposition is now under serious consideration by the interested parties.

On Monday a young man named Robert J. Leach came to the island to study some of the early records now in the possession of the Nantucket Historical Association. While staying here he was the guest of Mrs. Dorothy Richmond, a member of the Philadelphia Meeting of Friends. Mr. Leach, also a Friend, brought the following message from the New England Yearly Meeting, held at Westerly, Rhode Island, from the 21st to the 23rd of Tenth Month (October), 1944:

To Friends on the Island of Nantucket:

We send you this greeting by our Friend, Robert J. Leach, who has told us of his intended visit to Nantucket. We continue our affection for your island, carried through the long years when the Nantucket Friends' Meeting was maintained off island after the deaths of all resident members. This year this organized Meeting was merged with other groups into a new Providence Meeting because the members felt that the demands of their present-day Christian fellowship were more important than unbroken historical continuity.

If Robert Leach's visit in any measure binds closer the ties that unite you to each other and to God, we shall be satisfied. Our hope for you, as for all the smaller or more distant communities in New England, is that you may know a spiritual life together that will give your young people more confidence to work out their future at home.

With love we are your friends.

Signed on behalf of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends,

Henry H. Perry, Clerk.

"Folger's Coffee" Begins Its Second Century. 1950

From "The Argonaut," San Francisco., California, Feb. 24, 1950.

The Folger Coffee Company, originally known as J. A. Folger & Co., established in San Francisco in 1850, this year begins its second century of business in the great city with whose development it has kept active pace.

This is due to the vision and foresight of the three young men—the Folger brothers from Nantucket—who arrived here in the memorable year following the discovery of gold, and who, after their rigorous journey from New England to Panama, across the jungle-grown and fever-ridden isthmus, and up the long Pacific Coast, instantly recognized San Francisco as the coming center of western trade.

* * * * *

Finds New Markets.

They did not at first confine their activities to the raw, new community beside the great harbor, but carried their products to the people in the many flourishing towns in the mining country.

James A. Folger, youngest of the brothers, himself not above a little prospecting, traveled from Yreka to San Diego, to Santa Barbara, Stockton, Sacramento, and Vallejo, as well as to the roaring communities of the Mother Lode, many of them now ghost towns, such as Devil's Gulch, Sucker's Flat, Cherokee, Rough and Ready, Ophir, and many others.

* * * * *

Favored Honest Trader.

He appears, however, to have found more satisfaction, and steadier if less spectacular gain, in honest trading. For a time he ran a grocery store in the town of Yankee Jim's, named for a notorious horse thief.

Returning to San Francisco in 1851, he conceived the idea of making wider use of the fine Central American coffees then beginning to be available here, though not generally known, since they had previously gone mostly to Europe, and the coffee most widely used in North America came from Brazil via New York and New Orleans.

* * * * *

First Advertising Campaign.

To make his product known, accepted and appreciated, James Folger put on what was for those days an extensive advertising campaign. In the lobby of the present Folger Company offices is a wooden panel, painted and decorated with skill and taste, announcing the "Coffee & Spice Mills" of J. A. Folger & Co., at 123 Front Street, with a representation of the Folger Coffee can, so familiar today, in one corner.

This was probably one of the first advertising pieces to appear in San Francisco. Mr. Folger also saw to it that samples of Folger's Coffee went to all the thriving communities with which he hoped to do business.

But more than enterprise went into the Folger activities. In July, 1888, James A. Folger, then on vacation in his native Nantucket, wrote to his sales manager in San Francisco:

"I am more than delighted that our sales keep up so grandly. Do not know how to account for it except on the theory that we have struggled so long and so hard to show our customers that we wanted to deal squarely and that money making was always secondary to a good reputation."

* * * * *

Business Flourishes Under The Folger Policy.

That theory has continued to shape the attitude and guide the policies of the Folger concern, so that today it is one of the most flourishing businesses in the west, with headquarters in San Francisco, branches in many other cities and towns, and a world-wide reputation for the excellence of its product.

An Island Paradise.

From The Washington Post.
June 11, 1950
By Glendy Culligan

An island, whether it's tailor made for two or mass-produced for millions, has an irresistible appeal to the average escapist. Folks can chase you there, sure enough, with all these new-fangled inventions, such as boats. But somehow worries are generally allergic to islands. Hence the expression "tropical paradise" even for barren beaches with no view and no plumbing—both obvious necessities in any first-rate heaven today.

A nice medium-sized island which has both view and pipes is therefore much sought after nowadays. Nantucket, the one we recommend, is so much so that not even a whale would be silly enough to travel there this summer without an advance reservation.

Folks who lived in Nantucket in the great whaling boom days of the early nineteenth century could tell you a thing or two about island paradises, since no seafarers were more daring, none more far-roaming than the Quaker whaleman. Yet they always came back, from their tropical fishing grounds, where sunsets were the color of hibiscus to prim, grey sturdy Nantucket, where prim, grey sturdy wives waited with buckets of chowder and blueberry pie.

Today you'll have to go to the Whaling Museum on Broad street to see ary a sign of whaling in Nantucket. The whalers' great-grandchildren run boarding houses and roll out crust for blueberry pies all summer long, so that city slickers like you and me can get a taste of New England.

And what a taste! Like a fly in amber, the lovely grey town is caught in a timeless, incorruptible perfection. Economic forces brought once proud Nantucket, third largest port in the United States, to her knees when the whale oil industry died. On her knees, unstreamlined and unmechanized, she has graciously remained the joy of all seekers after the picturesque. (In this position, she picks up quite a few pennies.)

Your first sight of the town, the curved arms of her harbor akimbo, her church spires worn like golden hairpins, will push you back a century. You will even feel rewarded for the almost interminable journey by train and packet boat, along a route which no sober crow would fly. (Naturally you take the ground route the first time, at least. How else are you going to know you're on an island, if you don't get there in a boat? Next time, if rich or in a hurry, you can go by plane.)

Her cobblestoned streets, curving and narrow and lined with authentic architectural gems, will preserve the spell. So will her ring of white beaches, strewn with marsh grass and wild sweet-peas and pounded smooth by the surf.

Cycling, swimming, fishing and sailing are the main pastimes of the summer colony on Nantucket. At night, there's a movie twice a week until mid-June, after which, every night. Smart hotels dust out their cocktail lounges for the July 4 weekend, and encourage sipping until September, when they all close up again.

But Nantucket prides itself on the fact that its summer colony is only moderately gay. The saying goes that folks looking for big evenings better move on to Martha's Vineyard. (Also an island retreat, by the way, but under different management since 1687, when Thomas Mayhew sold Nantucket for two beaver hats.)

Nantucket does, by its atmosphere and example, attract peaceable souls, escaping from noise and neon signs. These do not know, perhaps, that no matter how quiet they remain nor how long they stay, they are still unswervingly referred to by the white-haired island librarian as "our excursionists".

No matter! She will guard your dollar deposit and direct your summer reading as scrupulously as though you were not irremedially and forever "off-island".

Nantucket Whaling in the Past.

In the year of 1886, which was several years after the whaling industry of Nantucket had ceased, a few inhabitants of Tuckernuck sighted, one day in May, a large school of right whales about one mile south of that island. Knowing the value of their bone (at that time) they decided to come to the town of Nantucket and interview Mr. Joseph Macy, who kept a supply store on Straight wharf.

Mr. Macy in his earlier days was in the whaling industry. Therefore, it was their good fortune to equip themselves with the necessary articles used in capturing whales. They secured from Mr. Macy a whaleboat, harpoons, lances, towlines, and other equipment.

They started for the island of Tuckernuck and arrived there at sundown, but were too late to start that day. The next morning they left at break of day. They launched their boats and rowed out through Smith's Point opening, reaching the whaling ground at sunrise. After cruising around for about an hour, Capt. Timothy Clisby, in charge of the boat, called to Mr. George Coffin, in the bow: "I believe I see something on our left which might possibly be a whale submerged."

"Sure enough", cried Mr. Coffin.

Capt. Clisby headed the boat in that direction and cautioned his crew not to make any more noise with their oars than they possibly could help.

"Now pull ahead easy, boys", cautioned the Captain. Within a short time they were quite handy to the whale. "Be ready now, Mr. Coffin", said Captain Clisby.

Mr. Coffin stood up with a harpoon in his hand. By this time the bow of the boat touched the side of the whale. Mr. Coffin braced himself and with all his strength plunged the harpoon deep into the whale's body. Instantly he grasped another harpoon and plunged that into the whale. At the same time he ordered the men with the oars to back water, which was done none too quickly.

The big whale submerged head-first to the bottom of the ocean, throwing his big flukes out of the water. Mr. Coffin then left his place in the bow and took the Captain's position. By this time, the whale was getting under way. The towline which was fastened to the harpoon in the whale was running at a terrific speed through the chocks in the bow.

This line was coiled in a big tub in the after-part of the boat, with a turn around the loggerhead. Every once in a while they would check the speed of the line, taking an extra turn around it. By tending the line very carefully, they were able to obtain control of the boat.

The whale was now carrying them at a terrific rate of speed. It was not long before they were several miles off shore, then the towline slackened.

They knew then that the whale was getting ready to come to the surface. Soon the big whale jumped half its length out of water, and thrashed it with his big fluke. It wasn't until the whale had quieted that the Captain said, "Now is our time, boys, pull ahead." Captain Clisby stood up with his big lance and when he was near enough, plunged the lance into the whale's heart.

"Back water, boys", cried the Captain.

The big whale submerged again but only for a short time. He came to the surface and began spouting blood. The big whale turned over on his side and went through many flurries and died. They towed the whale in on the east side of Tuckernuck. Then they built try works and cut the whale up. This yielded many barrels of oil and a great deal of valuable bone.

Whales have been sighted several times since and several unsuccessful attempts have been made to capture them.

—*Marriott Fisher.*

[Editor's Note: The author wrote this when she was in the seventh grade.] 1924

ACROSS THE MARSHES

Photo by Davidson

"CHURCHHAVEN" ON THE LEFT. "WALLACE HALL" ON THE RIGHT.

MAIN STREET HAS SOME ATTRACTIVE BACK-YARD GARDENS.

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Nantucket Fifty Years Ago.

By Henry B. Worth.

The historic value of an old landscape photograph is the fact that it shows what contemporary objects existed at that time and if the date is ascertained the value is greatly enhanced. This picture has no mark identifying either the age or the maker, but fortunately there is sufficient internal evidence to determine the date.

It is the view from the tower of the Unitarian Church, looking northeast, and presents the situation about the wharves and harbor at some time before Brant Point was the location of any summer cottage. At the Straight wharf was a steamer painted black, which middle-aged men would not hesitate to identify as the lighthouse tender "Verbena", but a question might be raised by older men who remembered that the preceding tender named the "Cactus" resembled the "Verbena" so closely in appearance that they were unable to distinguish which was shown in the picture. This doubt, however, is restricted to a well defined period, because the steamer must be one or the other.

Before December 1, 1865, the lighthouse tenders were the schooners "Active" and "Ranger". At that date the "Cactus" had been used in the Navy and was transferred as tender for this district. She remained on this station until her machinery became so worn that a new boat was built, named the "Verbena" and placed in the local service March 4, 1870. The picture must have been taken after December 1, 1865.

On the west side of Union street, between Main and Stone Alley, were three dwellings—the residence of Dr. J. B. King, with a conspicuous "walk" on the roof; then a large old-fashioned house with central chimney, and southermost the boarding house of Mrs. Enas. The middle house was taken down in April, 1874, which fixes the period in which the picture could have been taken.

In the region north of Hayden's Bath Rooms was a group of buildings, probably the oil and candle factories owned by Joseph S. Barney and John W. Barrett. According to the recollection of the writer, they had been removed before 1872.

At the Straight wharf was a brig and it may safely be assumed that she was a Nantucket whaler, for it is not conceivable that during that period any merchant brig could have been at Nantucket.

The only whaler of that description, then owned at Nantucket, was the "Eunice H. Adams", originally a schooner and in 1867 changed to a brig. After that alteration she made two whaling voyages and about January 1, 1871, was transferred to New Bedford. As a brig she was at home in Nantucket from Sept. 1868, to March, 1869, and from June 14, 1870, until transferred to New Bedford.

At the Commercial wharf was a schooner which probably was the whaler "Abby Bradford". In April, 1870, a dead whale was found near Chatham, towed to Nantucket and sold to Joseph B. Macy. It was taken to the Commercial Wharf and the blubber tried out on the whaling schooner "Abby Bradford", lying at that wharf. The venture yielded twenty-two (22) barrels. This vessel was at home with the "E. H. Adams" the whole of both periods.

Across the end of the Straight wharf was a passenger steamboat and another of the same type at the Steamboat wharf. The latter was the "Island Home". The former must have been an excursion boat, which excludes from further consideration the period between September, 1868, and March, 1869, because excursion steamers never visited Nantucket during those months.

If these deductions are correct, the picture was taken in the summer of 1870. The horse in the foreground is identified as one that Elisha Parker owned and kept in that stable after 1867.

Excursion boats were not frequent arrivals and always brought tourists from the Vineyard, New Bedford or Rhode Island. An examination of the arrivals for that summer reported in The Inquirer and Mirror, discloses only one excursion boat, the "W. W. Coit" which brought seventy (70) persons from Oak Bluffs and returned the same afternoon, August 26, 1870.

The regular boat between the Vineyard and New Bedford was the "Monohansett" and in August of that year a second boat was chartered,named the "Canonicus". The "W. W. Coit" came as an opposition boat on that route during the last half of August and she conducted an occasional side excursion. The regular companies would not tolerate a rival boat at their landing places, so she lay at the Straight wharf.

On the south side of the Straight wharf was a schooner, either the "Onward" or "W. O. Nettleton"—more likely the former. Both were then at Nantucket. The mast of a sloop was visible at the head of the Straight wharf, about in front of the office of E. W. Perry & Co. Without doubt it was the "Tawtemeo," which arrived that day from New Bedford. The "Verbena" started that morning on a cruise over the district, but her arrival was not reported in the "Inquirer", although her identity is beyond question.

If the sound conclusion has been gathered from all these facts, the photograph was taken Friday afternoon, August 26, 1870, between the arrival of the "Island Home" and the departure of the "W. W. Coit".

The testimony of the old picture is clear and remarkably minute,but while it is possible to determine almost the hour when the photographer adjusted his camera in the northeast window of the South Tower, it is not so certain who was the operator. C. H. Shute & Son, of Edgartown, took many Nantucket views, but none before 1872. Kilburn Bros. of Littleton, N. H., and Josiah Freeman, of Nantucket, were taking pictures at an earlier date, but this part of the problem must remain unsolved.

Two days later was the great Camp-meeting Sunday of that year and on Monday the "Canonicus" returned to Rhode Island and the "W. W. Coit" to Boston.

House at 4 Mill Street Given To Historical Association

The Nantucket Historical Association is this week in receipt of a truly fine gift of an old Nantucket house from Mrs. Allan Melhado. It is located at 4 Mill Street, just to the westward of the large residence property of the Melhados which is on the corner of Pleasant and Mill Streets and is known as Moors End.

The Melhados have for many years been seasonal residents of Nantucket, living during the winter in New York. They purchased 4 Mill Street some time since as a protection to their own property and the neighborhood, and are therefore glad to have it come into such good ownership and occupancy as that of the Historical Association.

The latter has for years been desirous of having a resident property of the period of the whaling prosperity, namely from about 1800 to 1850, which could be furnished appropriately as was done in the houses of that time. The Association owns and exhibits the Oldest House, which was the kind built by the earlier settlers, and it has proper primitive furnishings, as supplied from the Fair Street Museum. Now a house of the type of a hundred or more years later can again be furnished from the suitable possessions of the Association, and it is expected that accessions will come from many who will be interested to donate furniture and furnishings, particularly of the Colonial and Federal periods.

There is no intention to have this another museum, there being two current ones possessed by the Association, namely the Whaling Museum and the Fair Street Museum.

The house is in bad condition and is being rehabilitated with the hope of having at least part of it in use for exhibition purposes next summer. It is beautifully panelled on the chimney walls of each of the three rooms on each floor, and has panelled wainscoting throughout all the rooms, with wide board pine floors. It was built in 1801 by Richard L. Coleman and came into ownership of Jeremiah Lawrence, High Sheriff of the County, six years later. Subsequently it was owned successively by Love Calder, James M. Bunker, and Leonora E. James.

1951

Nantucket's Whales. 1902

The sea serpent is one of the most familiar ornaments of seashore resorts, according to reports, more or less well authenticated, which are telegraphed to the newspapers every summer. But the whale is scarce, at any rate, in these latitudes. Therefore hotel keepers and cottage owners in Nantucket have great reason to rejoice on account of the appearance this week of three right whales, sighted at a little distance off shore, of which one was captured. That capture would have prevented any possibility of rational skepticism, even if there was not still living on the island a number of venerable sea captains, whose knowledge of what a whale looks like was acquired in the days when the whale industry of Nantucket brought wealth to the islanders, and made the island famous all over the world.

It might be an exaggeration to say that if whales were surely to be seen, and likely to be caught, there every summer, such a state of things would yield to Nantucketers annual revenues from vacationists as great as were gained in the good old times from oil and whalebone. But undoubtedly such later attractions would go far to restore the population and prosperity that began to decline when the introdution of kerosene struck a fatal blow to the whaling industry.

There have been some indications during the past decade that the number of whales in northern waters is considerably increasing. That is what might be expected, in consequence of their comparative immunity from harpoons. It is just possible that the time may come when whales will be so plentiful as to cause a revival, in some degree, of an industry which at one time was a source of no inconsiderable part of New England's wealth. —Boston Advertiser.

The "right" whales above referred to were probably the school of blackfish which were disporting about the island last week, one of which was captured by steamer Petrel.

Whalemen, Attention!

HISTORY

—OF THE—

AMERICAN WHALE FISHERY.

Price Reduced!

A Book of nearly 800 pages, giving a concise history of the business—the arrivals, departures, and voyages of every ascertainable whaling vessel from the year 1800, and other valuable statistics.

In order to close out the few copies now on hand, they will be sold at

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" 24	" Sales B. F. Oil	245	864 11				
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The Inquirer and Mirror

SUPPLEMENT — NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., JULY 22, 1933 — VOL. 113—NO. 4

The Macy House With Its Famous Doorway

Nantucket Island

New England's Best Known Health and Vacation Resort.

By Edouard A. Stackpole.

NANTUCKET ISLAND is unquestionably the happiest combination of a health resort and a summer playground on the Atlantic coast. Thirty miles out to sea, off the New England coast, the little island lies snugly secure in its ocean bed, the last link that binds the splendid past in our nation's development to the great and moving present of its progress. A few hours' passage, in one of the graceful steamers that connect with trains from the largest cities, takes one across the wide sound, and with the startled swiftness of the modern age one is left in a little island-world—a world where the past is more vividly alive with the present than anywhere else in all historic New England.

Nantucket Has its Heritage

Tourists travel thousands of miles to view the capitols of the old world; vacationists go hundreds of miles to reach a cool summer haven; and yet on Nantucket Island searchers for both will find all they had planned or hoped they would discover. The shrines of the Old World have become historical by-words, while the monuments to patriotism in America are well-known, also. Nantucket, however, has only recently begun to receive due recognition. Students of history are amazed at its stirring story, fascinated by its glorious past—for this little island in the sea once possessed the greatest whaling port in the entire world!

The Old Grey Town in the Sea

Here, nestled in the hollows at the western end of the long, land-locked harbor, is the grey town the whalemen built. From the wharfs, the lanes straggle from the cobbled Main street, where rows of sober mansions eye the present gay passers-by with the

Corner of Main and Federal Streets.

GARDINER

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A Harbor Scene

ASHLEY'S MARKET

The Best at Moderate Prices

CHOICE MEATS

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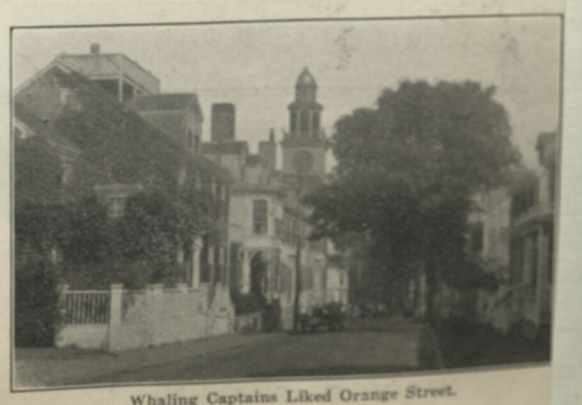

Whaling Captains Liked Orange Street.

QUINCE STREET—ONE OF NANTUCKET'S INTERESTING THOROUGHFARES.

A View Down North Shore Hill.

dignity of mellowing years. The elm-shaded streets and winding lanes lead the way through the shingled houses to low hills and wide sheep-commons beyond.

Nantucket's Wide Appeal is Merited

It is a unique experience to spend a season in Nantucket. The old-fashioned town, so filled with history and tradition, also possesses every convenience of these wonderful modern days. The resulting combination is one that means unqualified satisfaction. Large hotels and comfortable boarding houses, restaurants, tearooms and shops, a post-office, telegraph, telephone, banks, running water, gas and electricity, a weekly newspaper, the latest type of screen pictures, stage plays, a beautiful yacht club, a library, golf clubs, a modern hospital, yachting, horse-back riding, motoring—all that helps us to enjoy life may be found in this graceful old town in the sea.

The every-day life of those who come to Nantucket is as varied as that of the most cosmopolitan city or resort. To those who desire rest and comfort the island's quiet has always appealed. Then there are the nervous and over-worked folk and the invalids who find the town and its outlying cottages unequalled in its health-giving properties. A large percentage of the vacationists enjoy the pleasures centered about the famous Nantucket Yacht Club, with its yachting, tennis, dancing and social events. The artists and the writers, also, find little colonies of their craft who have journeyed to the island year after year and tasted of its inspiration.

Nantucket's Splendid Future Made Possible by its Glorious Past

To fully appreciate the true atmosphere of this island beauty-spot, it is necessary to understand its past glories as well as its present charms. When we consider this vast and far-reaching globe and remember that Nantucket-Town once supplied half the capitols of the civilized world with oil and candles for light and comfort, the natural thought is: "How did this isolated island ever occupy such an important position?"

The story of the island's rise to fame is a bit of American history that is not fully appreciated by the text-book historian. It is a story that contains all the natural qualities of courage, love of home and devotion to principles that underlie the founding of other great historical centers.

Along the South Shore.

JOHN TERRY & SON
Taxi Service and Baggage Transfer
Open and Closed Cars
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"Altar Rock" Surmounts "Sauls Hills".

First NATIONAL Stores
Meats - Vegetables - Groceries
"Where Quality Reigns Supreme"
A. A. Fee R. S. Brison

Old Nantucket Houses Face The South.

A VIEW FROM THE SOUTH TOWER. Photo by Boyer.

Franklin Memorial Fountain.

The Norsemen undoubtedly sighted Nantucket, for their Vineland is not far from its shores, and the Cabots must have steered carefully off-shore from its fringe of shoals, but the first navigating explorer to approach the island was Bartholomew Gosnold in 1602. The name Nantucket is the original Indian name, and although many meanings were suggested the translation "The Far-Away Land" is the most plausible.

It was a little less than 300 years ago that the native Indians became aware of their white neighbors, although, oddly enough, the island had been sold in 1641 by Lord Sterling to Thomas Mayhew and son, merchants of Watertown. In 1659, Mayhew senior sold the island to a company of nine for the sum of 30 pounds and *two beaver hats*—one for Mr. Mayhew and one for his wife—reserving 1-20th share of the island for himself. Of these original purchases, eight took partners, and subsequently others were admitted to a half-share partnership. Among these latter was Peter Folger, grandfather of the illustrious Benjamin Franklin.

These early settlers were of the class known as farmer-fishermen. They were courageous, far-sighted men and women who desired to establish a community far from the narrow-minded confines of the Puritan mainland settlements. Several of them had occupied responsible positions in Massachusetts Bay and one, Thomas Macy, had suffered Puritan severity because he had harbored some Quakers during a storm.

Whale Oil and Quakers

Two great influences soon shaped the destinies of the sons and daughters of the first band of settlers to Nantucket—the sea and religion; or, specifically, *whaling and the Quakers*.

Whaling began prior to 1670. Although Nantucketers were not the first to chase whales in boats from shore they were the first in the colonies to proceed off-shore on the search and in time, became the best whalemen in America. From the incident of the first catch, when a small whale called a "scragg" ventured into Wesco harbor and the Indians showed the white men how to catch the mammal, whaling became the settlers' chief industry. From farmer-fishermen, working the shallow soil and fetching in cod from a short distance off-shore, they made the transition to whalers with the swiftness of deter-

The South Tower "From Under The Bank".

PIVIROTTO STUDIO

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earl Street Nantucket

The Maria Mitchell Homestead.

CONGDON'S PHARMACY

Pure Drugs

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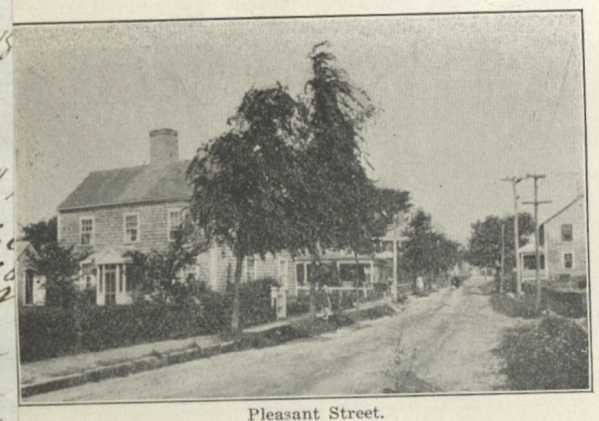
Sankaty Head Golf Club.

AT THE BEND OF THE ROAD ON UNION STREET.



Pleasant Street.

mined and far-sighted purpose. One of the original patriarchs, standing on Squam Head, bent his venerable gaze sea-ward and exclaimed, "There are the green pastures where our children's children will go for their bread!" Such was prophecy's truism.

Pioneers to The Seven Seas

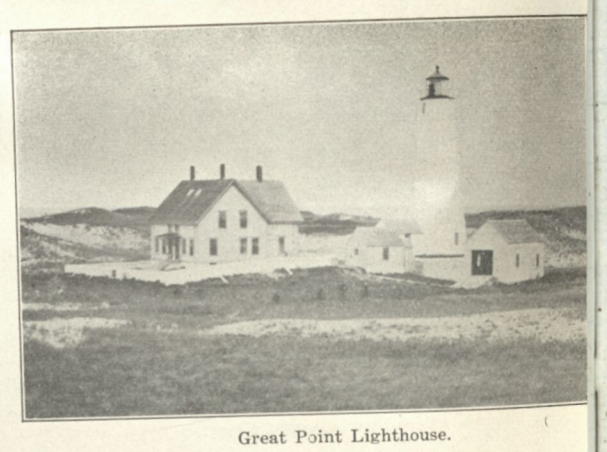
About 1712, it is recorded that small sloops began making sea-voyages for whales. Sherburne-village began to grow. Confidence in their ability caused the islanders to have more sloops built and their success brought the erection of more dwellings on Wesco's little hills. In 1719, the town had a population of 721, and in a decade twenty-five whaling vessels were added to the fleet. Then Captain Macy, blown far out in the Atlantic by a fierce gale, captured the first sperm whale and Nantucket's greatest industry was under way. It was at this period that the Society of Friends found the islanders ready to accept the faith.

Quietly Came the Friends

For nearly fifty years after the settlers came, Nantucket had no especial religion. This does not mean that they had lost sight of God, rather the reverse, for it was but a period of preparation for the coming of the Friends. When we think of these early pioneers, living in the heart of the sea and going out upon the moving waters to "do business", then we can understand how the presence of Providence was something of which they were always conscious. In 1698, Thomas Chalkey, an English Friend, came to the island and held meetings. Other ministers of various faiths followed. But it remained for an island woman to solidify the growing religious tendencies of the people—Mary Coffin Starbuck—a wise, discreet woman who organized the first meetings in the Quaker faith. In 1704, a "meeting" was established. From then on, for 150 years, the Society kept a powerful hold on the people.

Nantucket Whalemen Led the Way

The island's whale fishermen ventured further and further to sea in search of the great sea-creatures. From Labrador to the Bahamas they cruised. In 1746, Nantucket ships were exploring



Great Point Lighthouse.

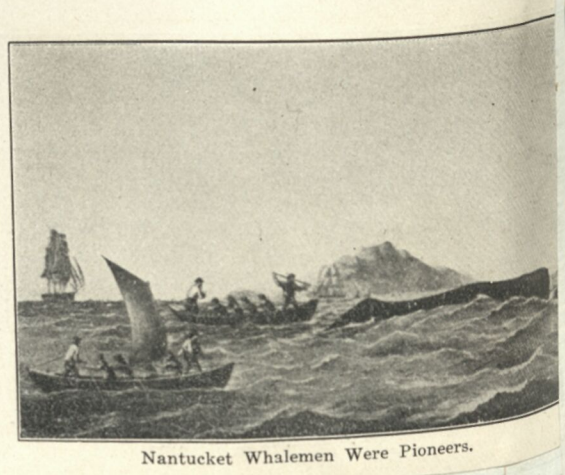
THE CORNER STORE

TELEPHONE 75.

Fancy Groceries and Staples

SERVICE---QUALITY

Cast Up By The Tide.



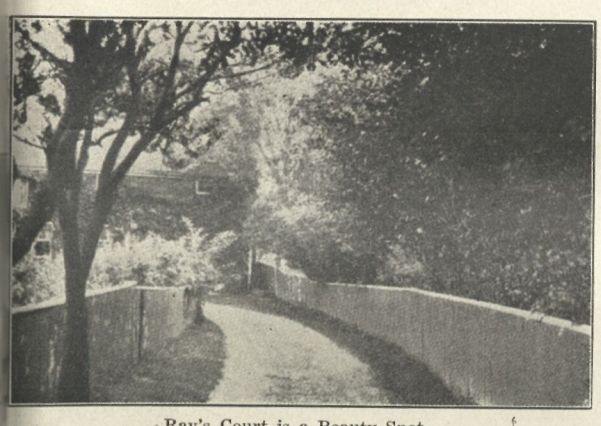
Nantucket Whalemen Were Pioneers.

WALTER COFFIN

HARDWARE

Main Street

ROUNDING BRANT POINT.



Ray's Court is a Beauty Spot.

The Albert G. Brock Co.

INSURANCE

FOR FORTY-SEVEN YEARS

Main Street Nantucket

Nantucket Architecture.

the icy seas of the far north. Soon after, the Western Islands became a favorite spot. Toward the close of 1774, the fleet numbered one hundred and fifty sail. During this year, a venturesome skipper discovered the Brazil whaling grounds, the second great cruising section located by Nantucket men.

The Greatest Whaling Port in the World

Sherburne-Town was a busy place. Cooper-shops built the oaken oil casks, rope-walks wove the cordage, sail-lofts cut the canvas, blacksmith shops shaped harpoon and lance, candle-factories manufactured sperm-oil candles; tradesmen furnished the necessary supplies for the long voyages. Oil was shipped direct to London and to all the large American cities and towns.

The Revolution was Nantucket's Crisis

On the day that the first ship returned with the news of the discovery of the "Brazil Banks", a startling communication was received from Boston which told of Lexington and Concord—the first New England bonfire. The island merchants felt the impending disaster and attempted a strict neutrality. Most of the people were Quakers and opposed to war, but they feared the worst and all their fears came to pass. Caught between the millstone of British war-ships and Continental privateers, Nantucket paid dearly for the colonies' independence. Of the once proud whaling fleet, only a scant dozen escaped the blockade. Out of a total tonnage of 14,867 tons the loss was 12,467 tons. Over 1,600 men lost their lives in one way or another. Bands of Tory refugees terrorized the coast and threatened to burn the town. Half-starved, reduced to the lowest form of poverty, in danger of freezing during the long winters from lack of wood, the islanders barely survived the dreary struggle.

A New Period of Prosperity

With the same undaunted courage that actuated their forefathers, the Nantucketers re-built their whaling fleet and, despite the narrow policies at home and abroad, they gradually recouped their scattered fortunes. But it was a hard fight. Many of the best whalemen had moved away, establishing

A View From Lily Street.

Killen Bros. Inc.

ICE - COAL - WOOD

GASOLINE - OILS

42nd Year

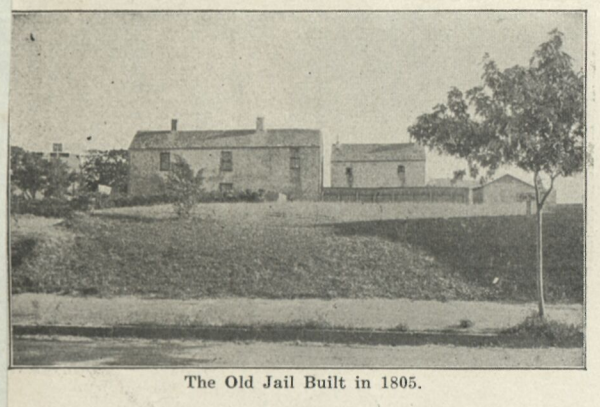
Lower Main Street Nantucket

Rutted Roads Lead to Massasoit Bridge

ONE OF MAIN STREET'S "BACK YARD GARDENS".

Boyer Studio

EVERYTHING PHOTOGRAPHIC



The Old Jail Built in 1805.

colonies in other parts of the world. King Louis XIV of France offered special inducements to the Nantucket whalemen. In the first years of the 19th century almost all of the English and French whaleships were captained by Nantucketers. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were alarmed at the situation and tried to aid the home industry. These veteran statesmen knew that Europe could not take what Nantucketers loved most—their island home.

The War of 1812 found Nantucket again attempting to protect herself by remaining neutral. It was a daring and successful move, for even though the whale fleet was again decimated by capture and destruction, the far-sighted Quaker leaders did save the town from pillage and ruin.

Nantucket -- Nursery of Whalemen

And so, despite the privation and havoc of two critical war-periods, the plucky Nantucketers built up the greatest whaling fleet in the world. Every one is familiar with Edmund Burke's tribute to their peculiar genius in his great speech in Parliament, but it is not generally understood that the Nantucketers became the pioneers for all the whalemen of the globe—making the island the home of the whale fishery and the nursery of maritime adventurers for more than a century and a half. Her ships sailed into every sea discovering new whaling grounds. There was not a spot in the watery globe where the Nantucket ships did not poke their busy bows in a restless and successful search for the greatest game ever hunted. 1815 to 1843, industry increased steadily. In 1843, the population was estimated at 9,712 souls, and the whale fleet at eighty-six ships, with many small sloops and coasters which kept up a constant commerce with the largest cities of the eastern seaboard. Nantucket-town had become a stable community, humming with industry, thriving with life befitting a race of superior maritime folk.

The Great Decline

So many communities had entered upon the business of whaling on various scales that, although the

A Difficult Landing.

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Insurance

Think of

Congdon & Coleman

5 Center St. Phone 344

"Breakneck Alley" now "Sunset Pass".

Joe Cadrain

Auto and Marine Service

Machine Work and Welding

South Beach St. Nantucket

The South Head of Long Pond.

"PLUMB LANE MARKS THE HIGHEST POINT IN TOWN.

"Listen My Children".

island was the only place to make the industry its sole means of livelihood, Nantucket began to feel the competition. First it gave its title for having the largest fleet to one of its own offsprings—New Bedford. In 1846, the town lost its entire business section when a terrible fire broke out, causing damage estimated at more than $1,000,000. Then came the discovery of refining petroleum; the gold rush of '49 to California; an exodus of emigrants to other parts of the country. These various calamities prostrated Nantucket.

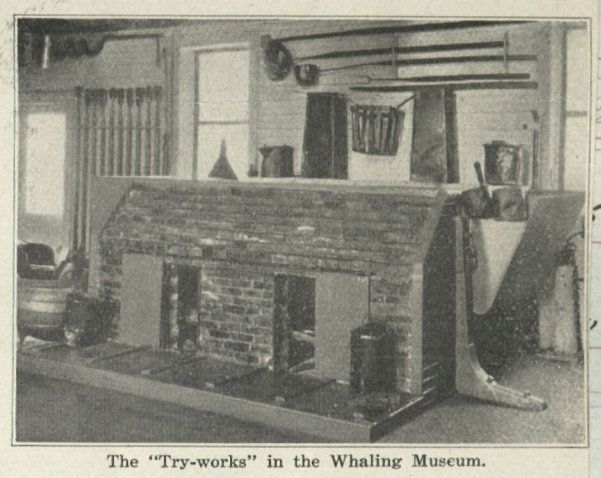
In 1869, the last whaler crossed the bar—outward bound. In 1873, the last ship owned by this port was sold. A feeling of gloom fell over the island, desolation touched the town with its devastating finger. But the black appearance of the future was like the darkness preceding the dawn of a new era of prosperity.

Nantucket Becomes a Health Resort

The first summer visitors were the descendants of the original settlers of the island. This may sound odd but came about in an easily understood way. When Nantucket's sons and daughters wandered away from the home-port they became spread over the wide continent from Massachusetts to California. Those who acquired wealth felt the urge to re-visit the island-home of their people. When they found the town in the ocean, sleeping peacefully among its past glories, their hearts were filled with a great wonder. It was like stepping into the past—a past they could well appreciate.

A Summer Playground

Those people who wanted to enjoy a vacation far from the hustle and noise of city life discovered Nantucket. Cottages began to spring up; families found one visit meant another, to be continued indefinitely. Every phase of delightful summer life is found—the purest of sea air; the ocean's stimulating waters; the rolling moors, with amazing variety of rare and lovely wild flowers; the pleasant harbor, offering the amateur and professional yachtsman unlimited pleasure; the beautiful old town, serene and comforting in its alluring appeal.



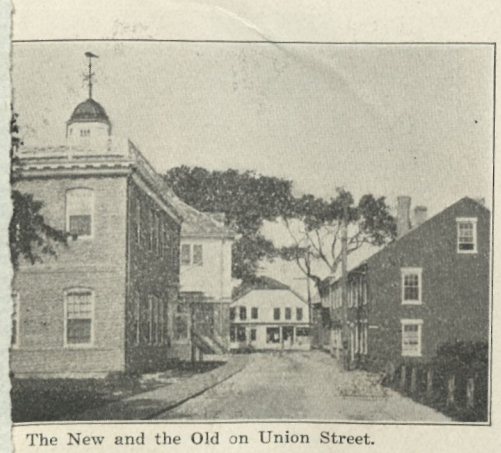
The "Try-works" in the Whaling Museum.

R. G. Coffin & Co.

Pharmacists

and Federal Sts. Nantucket

Call 130---Watch Results



The New and the Old on Union Street.

The Little Book House

The Best New Books

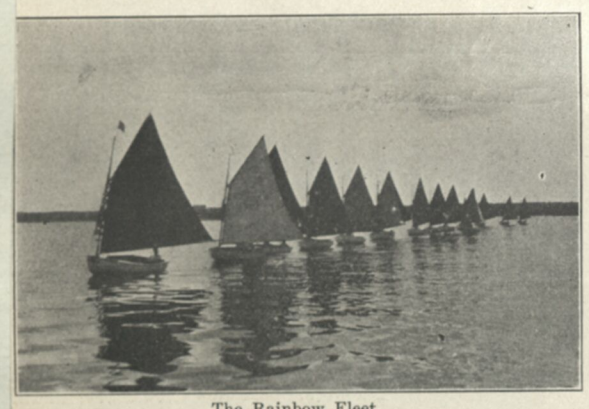
Rare Books Old Prints

Modern Etchings

Autographs

Cliff Bath House.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER.



The Rainbow Fleet.

Nantucket
Gas & Electric Company

SERVICE

Fine Fleet of Sight-seeing Busses Tour Island.

Modern Nantucket is a Thriving Community

Today, Nantucket is not just another place for a summer holiday. It has become the season's home of thousands who have adopted the little purple island in the sea. Many cottages are offered for rent, while hotels and boarding houses have excellent accommodations. Most families own their summer homes. Of late, a goodly number of the old houses in town have been bought by summer residents, who have restored them and fitted them with all modern improvements, so that they now own year-'round homes.

Climate and Sea Bathing

The two unrivaled attractions which contribute the most to Nantucket's growing popularity are the climate and the sea-bathing. Because of the sea's tempering breezes and the close approach of the Gulf Stream to its shores, the island possesses a climate unequalled anywhere on the coast. A day with a temperature in the 80's is a rare, hot day for Nantucket. The nights are always cool. Refreshing days under the blue sky, bathing, boating, fishing, walking or riding over the moorland, make for a perfect vacation. Malaria and other fevers are absolutely unknown—the island's natural situation rejecting such ills.

The still-water bathing beaches within the town limits provide one of the island's delightful gifts to the vacationists. One of these is a public park preserved by legislation. A children's beach, "Clean-Shore", on the harbor, is an important asset in convenience and safety to the young bathers. At all the beaches, clean, sandy stretches combine with invigorating water to give a keen sense of well-being to the bather. Nantucket water is not chilling, as in many coastal places, nor is it too warm. Modern bath houses look to the comfort of the patrons.

Surf-bathing is provided at a stretch of beach nearly twenty miles long. At the little hamlets of Wauwinet, Quidnet, 'Sconset, Surfside, and Madaket, it is a part of the daily routine to spend some time on the clean beaches and in the waters of Old Ocean.

The "Commons"

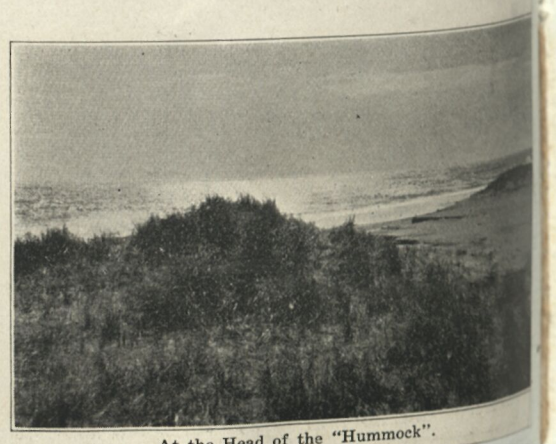
From the first settlement of the island, sheep-raising was an important industry. In 1838, there were more than 10,000 sheep roaming the rolling

Main Street

The C. F. Wing Co.

"We Furnish Homes"

Main Street



At the Head of the "Hummock".

DEER ROAM AT WILL ON NANTUCKET.

A 'Sconset Street.

Ladies' and Children's Furnishings

at

Miss Long's

On Petticoat Row

moorlands of the island. Today a single flock is left to mark the passing of time. The sheep-plains are the delight of nature lovers. Retaining their old-time name of "commons", they are an island possession that no other place can hope to equal. Ponds of various size fill the little valleys, and in the wide meadows and fields wild roses, violets, arbutus and purple asters lend a distinct enchantment to the scene.

The commons, running to the south and east, give way to a cluster of low hills known as Shawkemo, Shimmo and Saul's Hills. From Altar Rock in Saul's Hills, stretches a charming vista of mealy-plum and bayberry, pine grove and scrub oak, green and yellow broom, swamp tangle and thicket—while, on the other hand, the blue harbor stretches away within the protecting grasp of the silvery fingers of Coatue.

'Sconset is a Village of Renown

On the southeastern shore of the island along a bank cut with gulleys, is the unique village of Siasconset, known far and wide as "'Sconset". Once a fishing hamlet and a "country-place" for the well-to-do in Nantucket-town, the rambling fishermen's huts, of all shapes in their one-story heights, presented an unusual picture to the first off-island visitors and very soon the place began to receive its quota of vacationists. Today, it is a compact community, with a large hotel, many mansions, a water-system, electric lights and other modern conveniences.

The "Laws" of 'Sconset.

The original laws of 'Sconset were "rest" and "simplicity". When one gazes at the little houses and big houses that share back-yards in the village, these "laws" may be well understood. It is a place where all conventionalities are laid aside; where true neighborliness and charming simplicity reign.

Summer life at 'Sconset finds an ideal setting at the Casino, where "talkies", bridge, teas, dancing, and other choice bits of social life are enjoyed. The tennis courts here are well patronized. A large hotel occupies a nice location on the bluff overlooking the ocean, while on the edge of the moorland a famous tavern is a gathering place for writers, artists, free-thinkers, socialists (pink and red) and other inter-

Gull Island.

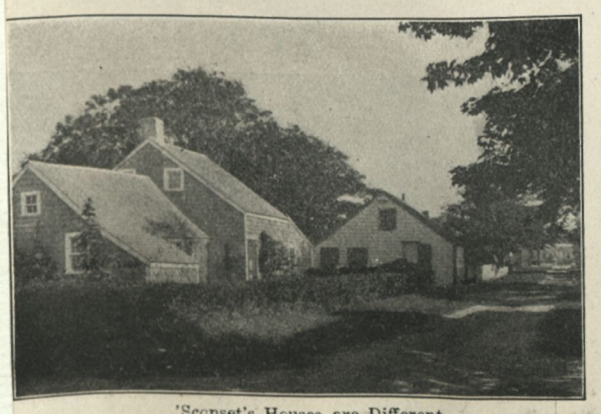
GIFTS - BOOKS - NOVELTIES

Stationery and Supplies

Miss Stevens

on

Petticoat Row



'Sconset's Houses are Different

Winding Rutted Road to Sankaty.

ONE OF 'SCONSET'S QUIET STREETS.

A View from the Tower.

esting folk. Numerous tea-rooms offer tempting dishes, and, altogether, the little village is a pleasant spot for all who desire a vacation that is different.

'Sconset's beach is famous. Here, the surf-bather and the sun-bather find pleasure and health. The beach stretches for miles in either direction, offering sand dunes and sea-scape as well as rolling surf. A sign reads and points, "Three thousand miles to Spain", which is the nearest land to the east-southeast. Always, the varying moods of Old Ocean present an ever-changing aspect—often calm, glinting in the bright sun, as restful as the watcher; then rippling in the off-shore breeze; or roaring in before a grey sou'easter. The mysterious sea is a form of nature one may never hope to quite understand, but at 'Sconset one may feel the moods and interpret them just as one wishes.

Sankaty Head Golf Club

A few minutes' walk from the village, along the bluff to the north, brings one to Sankaty Lighthouse, one of the Government's finest pieces of property. Close by, cottages bask in quiet bliss, as if guarded by the white and red-banded sentinel on the headland. In back from the shore, crowning Mayflower Hill, is Sankaty Head Golf Club. Here is one of the best golf courses in the world, one in which the designer has utilized all the island's characteristic landscape, adapting the rolling ground to a best advantage in an eighteen hole, full-range course. An older course is situated on the western fringe of 'Sconset, which has its patrons also.

The Nantucket Golf Club

A short distance from Nantucket-town is the Nantucket Golf Club, one of the first courses in this country. It was patterned after the famous St. Andrews in Scotland, and has many of the features of the old-country course. But, as golfers will testify, this course is unlike any other. Its playing surface is composed of rolling fairways, oddly-shaped greens, sand dunes, bayberry patches—a veritable lot of natural hazards which will keep the professional as well as the amateur keenly interested in the old and fascinating Scotch pastime.

Rutted Roads Lead to Altar Rock.

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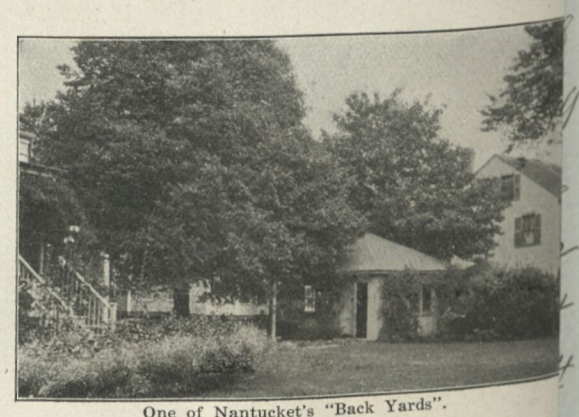
Optometrist and Jeweler

Corner Center and Chestnut Streets



One of Nantucket's "Back Yards".

OLD NORTH WHARF.

Houses in 'Sconset's "Actors' Colony".

Quidnet Sits on a Hillside

A large pond at the east end of the island, called 'Sachacha, is a favorite fishing spot where both white and yellow perch are caught. A narrow sand-bar separates the pond from the ocean, while on a hillside, overlooking ocean and pond, is the little hamlet of Quidnet which sits in the sun and grows grey in the salt breeze. During old whaling and codfishing days, Quidnet was a fishing stage. Now it is growing steadily in deserving popularity as a summer's restful haven.

Squam and Wauwinet

On, alongshore to the east, we come to Squam Head, a high bluff, where a number of cottages cluster about an old landmark known as "Chadwick's Folly". Beyond this bluff, the head of Nantucket's long harbor is reached. The green harbor shore meets Coatue beach to merge into Great Point's long, sandy stretch. It is here, at the harbor-top, that the small but distinctive community of Wauwinet nestles among trees, high shrubs and sand dunes.

Built on the site of an old Indian village, and named for its chief, Wauwinet is a favored spot. A grove of Japanese pines, planted by the late Bassett Jones Sr., gives the entrance to the village a charming appearance. All about a small but modern hotel are the numerous cottages. At Wauwinet one may enjoy both surf and still-water bathing within a minute's walk of each other, and if one desires a convenient wharf offers a mooring for sailing craft.

The "Great Harbor" is a Sailing Pond

Up and down the six-mile length of the harbor, the sail boats spread their canvas to the breeze. All manner of craft are there—small skiffs, dinghys, catboats, and various rigged modern craft. The youngsters and oldsters sail here. Once out in the harbor a sense of the fitness of God's bountiful hand is felt keenly—the old town rising out of the waters; the green hills of Shimmo stretching away; the white bluff of Pocomo catching the sun's rays; and the long barrier of Coatue holding back the blue sound.

But, like all summer yachting places, Nantucket also has those craft which are built for the longer reaches in deeper water. Outside the jetties, the wide sound offers all that may be wished by those

Nantucket's Motorized Fire Department.

The Comfort Shop

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All Branches of Beauty Culture

dest Establishment on the Island

JULIETTE CURRIE

Chestnut Street Telephone 49

Easy Street With Its Napoleon Willow.

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Busses Make Frequent Trips to The Beach.

IMPOSING RESIDENCES ON UPPER MAIN STREET.

A Harbor Scene

experienced skippers who race over a charted course.

On the harbor-shore are clusters of houses at Monomoy, near town, and Shimmo. Quaise point has cottages built around the place where the famous woman smuggler Keziah Coffin had her "country-house". A little bay, under the shelter of Pocomo, is known as Polpis harbor. A small settlement stands close to this harbor, containing some new homes as well as old farm-houses.

Along the South Shore

From 'Sconset, alongshore to the west'ard, the beach extends in a long curve. The high headland of Tom Nevers is a favorite spot for picnickers. Little valleys open onto the sea and still carry their Indian names of Maddaquecham and Nobadeer. Further on, Surfside has a number of cottages and also a Navy radio-compass station. Point-o'-Breakers is a place where many a blue-fish has been hauled through the surf. The shore curves from west to west by north, past Miacomet pond where, on a gentle slope, in days now gone, the islanders erected sheep-pens to hold their sheep before driving them to the pond for washing on "shearing day". Between Miacomet and Hummock ponds, the commons have a clear sweep, an unchanged aspect from the days when the Indians trod the carpet of mealy-plum or the sheep browsed contentedly. Today, this is a section devoted to farming and cattle-grazing.

Madaket Bids the Sun Goodnight

At the western extremity of the island, the settlement of Madaket spreads itself up the side of Hither Creek and straggles along Smith's point. It was here the white men landed when they first came to Nantucket. Madaket ditch is a busy place when the herring are running, while across the harbor at the point, bluefishermen often gather.

The two islands of Tuckernuck and Muskeget are off-shore from Madaket, and are both well-known to gunners and sailing parties. While Tuckernuck has farming land, meadows and wood, Muskeget is a little sandy isle which has been made a sanctuary for tern and gulls.

Through Crooked Lane.

LOUIS COFFIN & CO.

DRY GOODS

Main St. Phone 4

Cross Rip Marks the Watery Turnpike.

William Holland

REAL ESTATE

Telephone 1255 Nantucket

At The Beach

THE SETTLEMENT ALONG HITHER CREEK AT MADAKET.

The Pacific National Bank.

The Pacific National Bank

Established
129 Years
Ago

Looking up "The Square".

Old Sites Where the Settlers Lived

The site of the old town where the settlers first built their homes is just west of Nantucket-town, near the pretty little pond of Capaum. Where Tristram Coffin erected his home "under the hill", a grey, lichen-covered marker has been set into the earth. The first homes of Edward Starbuck, Thomas Macy and others were in this vicinity, also. No sign is now left but one can better visualize with only the rolling hills and fields to mark the ancient habitations. The spot where Abiah Folger, mother of Benjamin Franklin, was born is indicated by a tablet on the roadside. Above Maxcy's pond, the oldest burying ground surmounts "Forefathers' Hill", and across the road to the south is the justly famous Elihu Coleman House, built in 1722, where Elihu, an Elder in the Society of Friends, drew up the first anti-slavery document published in America.

All Roads Return to Nantucket Town

All roads lead back to the town. Well-kept and dignified, with colorful gardens, tree-shaded streets and narrow lanes, the town welcomes the wanderers' return. There is a magic charm to the place, a distinct spell which holds the wanderer in pleasant bondage all the while. To stroll through the many winding streets and narrow lanes, between the rows of grey shingled houses, is like walking with past memories of this historic town—a stroll into by-ways of years which have all the richness that full understanding may bring to them.

The Old Mill on the Hill

At the outskirts of the town, outlined against the sky, is the Old Mill, built in 1746. This ancient landmark is the last of four mills which once topped the hills in this vicinity and looked over the town to the harbor and the sound. The marble temples of Mecca had no stronger appeal to the Mohammedan than did these mills to the Nantucket whaler. Returning home after a voyage of three years or more, the whaleman's straining eyes would sight for these familiar mills before the town could take shape, and the joy coming into the voyager's heart at the beckoning vanes was the full joy of home-coming—of greeting wife, mother, children, sweetheart.

The Nantucket Institution for Savings

Nantucket Institution for Savings

OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS
IN BUSINESS
AND
STILL GOING STRONG!

Deposits over $2,800,000

The Old Mill Still Grinds Corn.

Photo by Boyer

"PETTICOAT ROW".

Quidnet's Gate-way of Whale Ribs.

C. S. PROODIAN

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Centre St., Nantucket

Established 1904.

The Whaling Museum.

Through Street and Lane

Every street has its interesting old houses. On Vestal street, the Maria Mitchell House and Observatory welcome visitors. Main street, from the old Friends' burying ground down to the end of Straight wharf is an inspiring walk. Old houses, fine mansions, fragrant gardens, all combine to make this elm-shaded street one of the most notable examples of historic survival in the long list of New England towns. At lower Main street, the Pacific National Bank and the Rotch Warehouse and Capn's Room gravely regard each other from opposite ends of the "Square". Here, the business life of the town finds its hub, with "Petticoat Row", on Centre street, an interesting "spoke". One of the pillars of Nantucket education is the Atheneum Library on Federal street. Towns-folk and summer residents are tendered the same privileges in this private institution.

There are a few horse-drawn carriages left to take the visitor for a pleasant drive through the streets of the town or over the rolling commons. The drivers are old, experienced "hands"—the few survivors of the old "carriage days", when the automobile was banned from the island.

The Whaling Museum and other Interesting Places

The Nantucket Historical Association has a valuable collection in a fire-proof building on Fair street, close by the Old Quaker Meeting House there. The Whaling Museum has the most complete library of local log-books of any museum in the world, and is rapidly becoming a world-famous institution. On Sunset Hill is the oldest house, built in 1686. It is a fine old structure in a perfect state of preservation, with many interesting stories connected. The Old North Vestry, the Major Coffin House, the South Tower, Brant Point light, the Joseph Starbuck houses on Main street and New Dollar Lane, "Moor's End", are only a few of the places well worth seeing.

Down "Hair Pin Turn" to "Codfish Park".

THE TONER DRUG CO.

"The Service Store"

21 Centre Street, Nantucket

A Glimpse of Wauwinet Village.

THE OLDEST HOUSE—BUILT IN 1686.

An Old "Three-deck" Nantucket Mansion.

True Freedom is Found

A sail up the harbor; a walk over the commons; a ride through the rutted roads; a swim in still water or surf—all give that great blessing of freedom in nature. Nantucket gives that fine sense of happy vacation, away from the trials of our busy lives. The breath of the sea sweeps away worry and fear; the fragrance of the commons instills new hope and strength; the charming spell of the old grey town brings understanding of mankind's progress; and when the busy days or the restful days swing into the sunset, the old Portuguese bell in the golden-domed tower, sounding out its curfew, lulls the wanderer to sleep and promises another pleasant day awaiting the rising sun on the morrow.

An Island Fireplace.

ROGER'S

The News and Periodical Store

Ice Cream ***Candy*** ***Sodas***

Corner Main and Federal Streets

How to Reach Nantucket Island

An ocean voyage in miniature takes one to Nantucket. Connections are easy and convenient between island steamers and trains at Woods Hole and New Bedford. Those coming by way of Boston or New York, from either the south or west, will find Nantucket an easy place to reach, as the island steamers make good connections several times a day, especially with steamers plying from New York over the Fall River or New Bedford lines. Automobiles are transported on the steamers at reasonable rates. Either the N. Y., N. H., & H. Railroad, the New England Steamship Company, or the N. B., M. V. & N. Steamboat Company will render all the information and necessary assistance in order to help the traveller reach Nantucket from any point.

Nantucket Spa and Spa Cafe

"Everything That's Good to Eat"

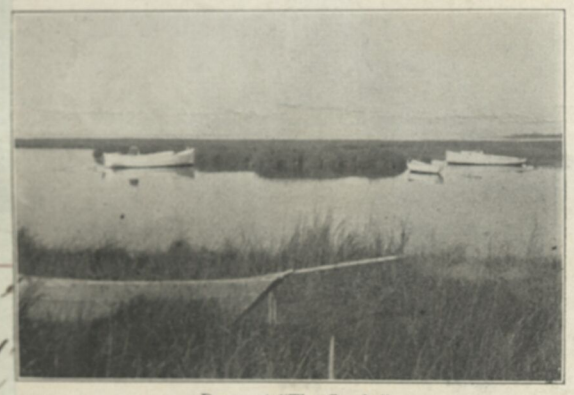
26 Main St. Phone 187

The William Rotch Ware-house.

A Harbor Scene in Mid-summer.

"Tell The World About Nantucket---The Garden Spot of The North Atlantic"

ALONG THE SOUTH SHORE. Photo by Boyer.



Down at "The Creeks".

The Starbuck Houses

An old-fashioned town, rich in history and traditions, Nantucket possesses modern improvements and conveniences

Large hotels and comfortable boarding-houses.
Numerous restaurants and tea rooms.
Fascinating shops and souvenir stores.
Second-class postoffice with carrier delivery and collections from street letter boxes.
Cable and telegraph service to all parts of the world.
Electric lights and gas.
Local and long distance telephone.
Modern system of sewerage.
Pure water supply from driven wells.
Motorized fire department.
Churches of all denominations.
Public library with 25,000 volumes.
Two thriving banks.
Stock brokerage office.
A weekly newspaper.
Sound pictures.
Well-fitted stores and markets.
Modern hospital.
Delightful invigorating surf and still-water bathing.
Land-locked harbor for sailing and motor-boating.
Finest and best equipped yacht club on the coast.
Saddle and carriage riding over the commons.
Good roads for motoring.
Delightful climate, tempered by the Gulf Stream.
Cool, comfortable, restful nights.
No mosquitoes. No malaria.

A welcome to those who desire rest, comfort and recreation far away from the hustle and bustle of modern city life.

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THE NANTUCKET CO.

REAL ESTATE

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38 Centre Street Tel. 1000

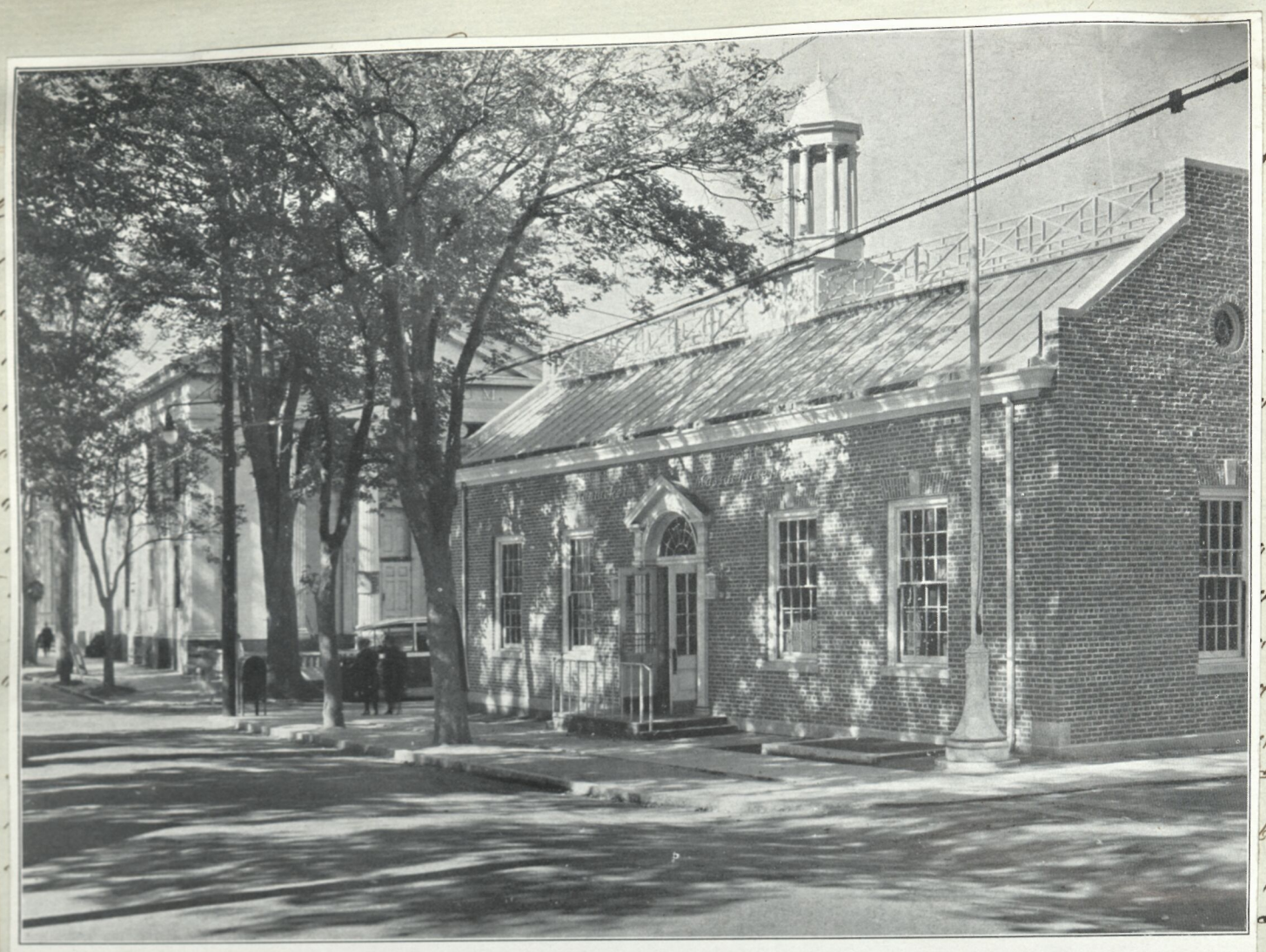
Brant Point at the Harbor Entrance.

A Good Haul of Bluefish.

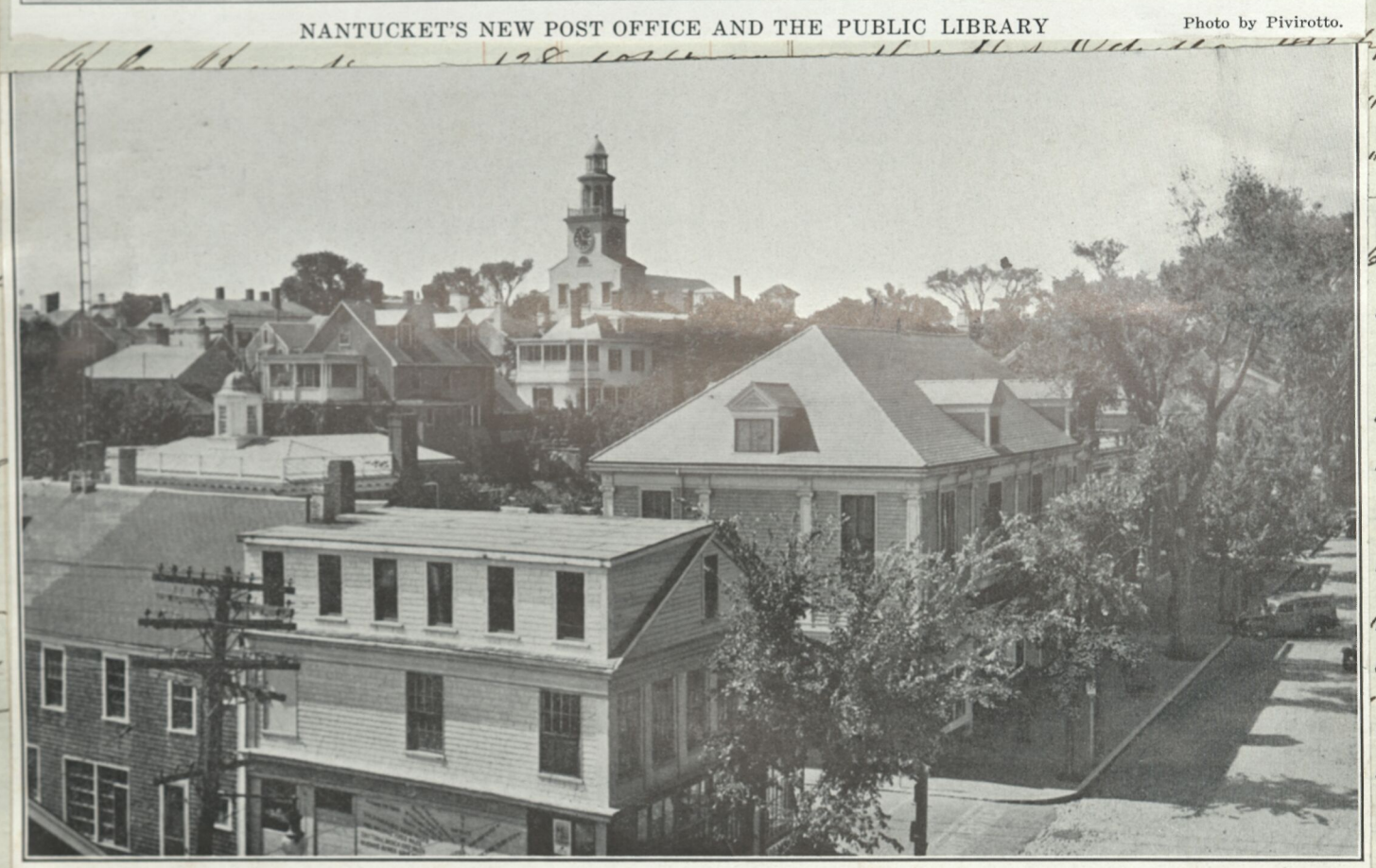
THE MACY PROPERTY ON FEDERAL STREET—A POSSIBLE SITE FOR NANTUCKET'S NEW POSTOFFICE.

NANTUCKET TOWN FROM MONOMOY

MIACOMET POND FLOWING OUT TO THE SEA



NANTUCKET'S NEW POST OFFICE AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY — Photo by Pivirotto.



A VIEW FROM THE "WALK" ON THE PACIFIC CLUB BUILDING

That Whale. 1895

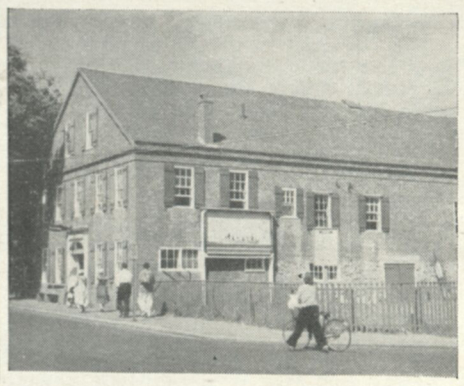
When Hiram Swain's harpoon was thrown into a whale in 1853, it was hardly supposed that a half century later it would be yielded up by the cetacean to the fishermen of Nahant. But such is the case, and the following is the story of the capture as reported in the daily press:

A right whale, about seventy-five feet in length, and evidently an old settler, was killed off Nahant Saturday by a picked crew of experienced men, made up in Nahant for the purpose. The whale had been reported by several parties during the past few weeks, and Friday night two fishermen who were out in their boats were forced to make a hurried retreat to the shore to escape undue familiarity on the part of his whaleship.

Saturday's whaling party sighted the monster about a quarter of a mile off

FATE OF AN OLD NANTUCKET SHIP.—By late advices from the Arctic, we learn that the ship Three Brothers of New Bedford, formerly owned by and named for the Starbuck brothers of this town, was abandoned in the ice fields near Point Barrow in September, and has doubtless ended her career. The Three Brothers was engaged in the whaling service from this port through a period of more than thirty years, and nearly all of her voyages were very successful ones. She was built in 1833, and sailed on her first voyage in August of that year, under command of the late Capt. George Alley. Her second voyage was in charge of Capt. Henry Phelon; and Capt. Joseph Mitchell, 2d, still living, commanded her on two successive voyages between 1841 and 1850. While under command of Capt. Charles Cleveland from 1855 to 1858 inclusive, she made four successful seasons in the Northern Seas, obtaining about 6000 barrels of oil. She continued in the business from this port until 1865, when she was sold to New Bedford owners. Until now, her good luck has followed her, and she was one of the very few ships that escaped the general wreck in the Arctic season of 1876. 11/3—1877

THE DARING DAYS OF WHALING



WHALING MUSEUM

Nantucket in the 1840's was the most successful whaling port in the world.

To this old "candle house" the whale ships brought thousands of barrels of crude sperm and spermaceti oil which was turned into candles and refined oil for lamps.

Here today we relive the dangerous adventure of chasing and harpooning the whale (some "bull sperms" were over 90 feet long). Here we see the small boat used in attacking the whale. here we see the huge vats in which the blubber was boiled.

The library and reading room contain the great stories of the sea, and hundreds of log-books puts one on board the whale ships in their long four year voyages on the boundless sea.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT: This is one of a series of articles written expressly for "THIS WEEK IN NANTUCKET" by Will Gardner, author of *Three Bricks and Three Brothers* and *The Coffin Saga*.

The picture was taken by Louis S. Davidson, a distinguished member of the summer colony.

Architectural prides of Nantucket are on cobbled Main Street: the neo-Greek Barney and Wright houses (*above*), the brick Starbuck houses across the street (*right*). The Barney house, on the corner, was built in 1845 and later owned by Nathaniel Barney, rich candlemaker. The Wright house is its contemporary. The Starbuck houses, called East Brick, Middle Brick, West Brick, were built in 1838 by Joseph Starbuck for his three sons. A Starbuck lives today in Middle Brick. A great Nantucket family, which made money in whaling, Starbucks were original settlers. About 1700, Mary Starbuck converted most of the island to Quakerism. The Quakers built simple gray shingled houses on narrow streets. A century ago, golden whaling wealth was pouring into Nantucket and islanders built great mansions like the Barney house. Then the Quakers knew they had lost the island to worldly folk. Their influence and number have faded away but their modest gray houses give the island much of its unself-conscious charm.

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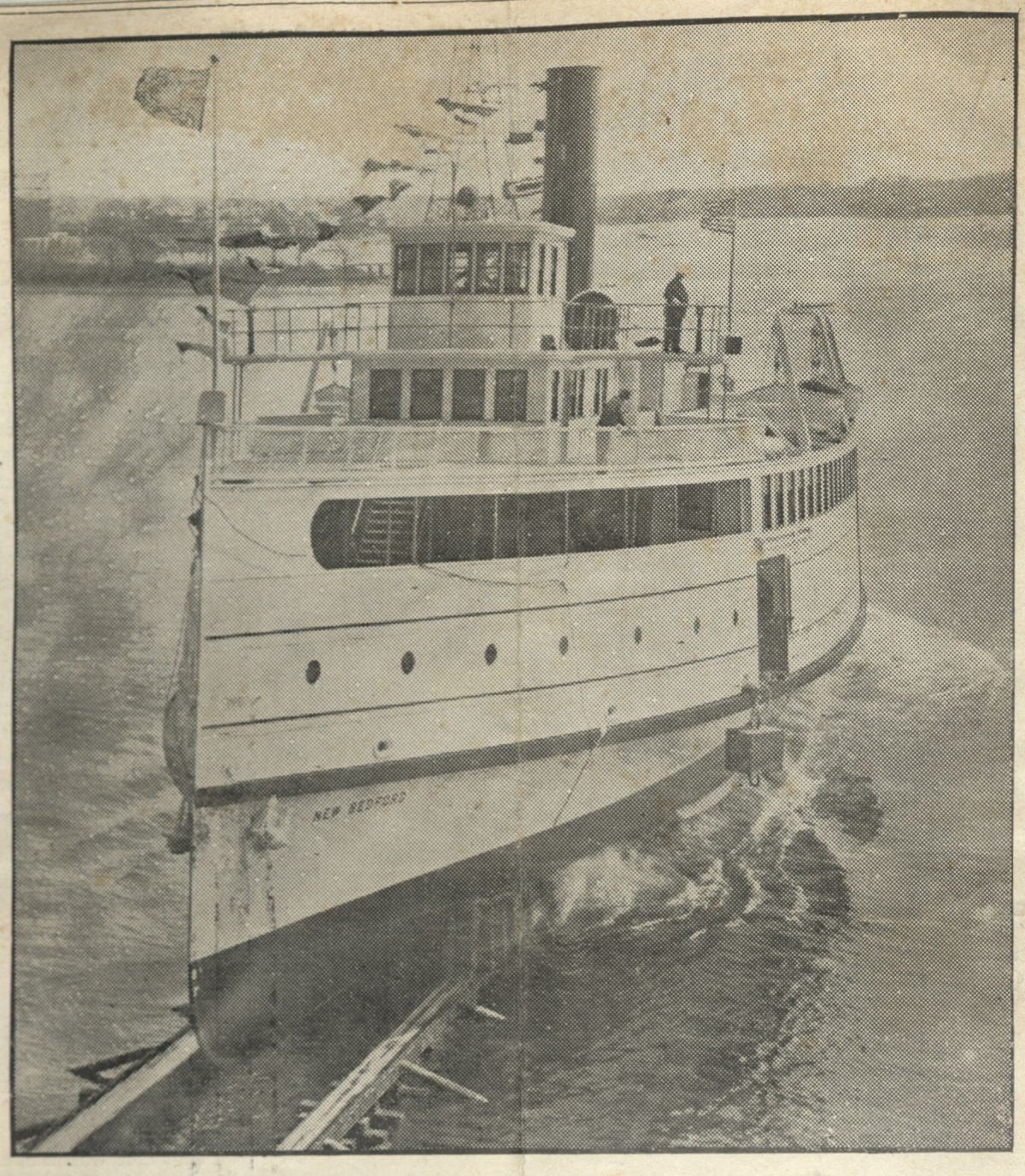


STEAMER *NEW BEDFORD* WHEN SHE TOOK TO THE WATER IN MAY, 1928. SHE MADE HER FIRST TRIP TO NANTUCKET MAY 22, 1928, AND HER LAST TRIP, AUGUST 3, 1942.

Steamer *New Bedford* was built in six months' time at the Fore River plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company in Quincy. She was launched on the 5th of May, 1928, and made her first trip to Nantucket on the 22nd of the month, in command of the late Capt. Francis J. Marshall.

The *New Bedford* was built on the same lines as the steamers *Nantucket* and *Martha's Vineyard*, but with greater freight capacity. She is 210 feet overall, 50 feet beam and a depth of 14 feet, 3 inches. Her maximum passenger capacity was 2,000 persons and her freight space 5,450 square feet. Owing to this fact the *New Bedford*, although not popular as a passenger boat, has been of great value to the island service as a freight carrier.

NANTUCKETERS ARE NEVER TOO BUSY TO STOP FOR A "GAM"

Photo by Dorothy Webster

THE NEW STEAMER NAUSHON ROUNDING BRANT POINT.

OLD NORTH WHARF.

STEAMER *NAUSHON* BID FAREWELL TO NANTUCKET JULY 9, 1942

A QUIET LANE LEADS TO THE "OLD NORTH" CHURCH

Photo by Snap Shop

LOOKING SOUTH FROM "NORTH SHORE HILL."

THE "GOLDEN DOME" LOOKS DOWN UPON ORANGE STREET

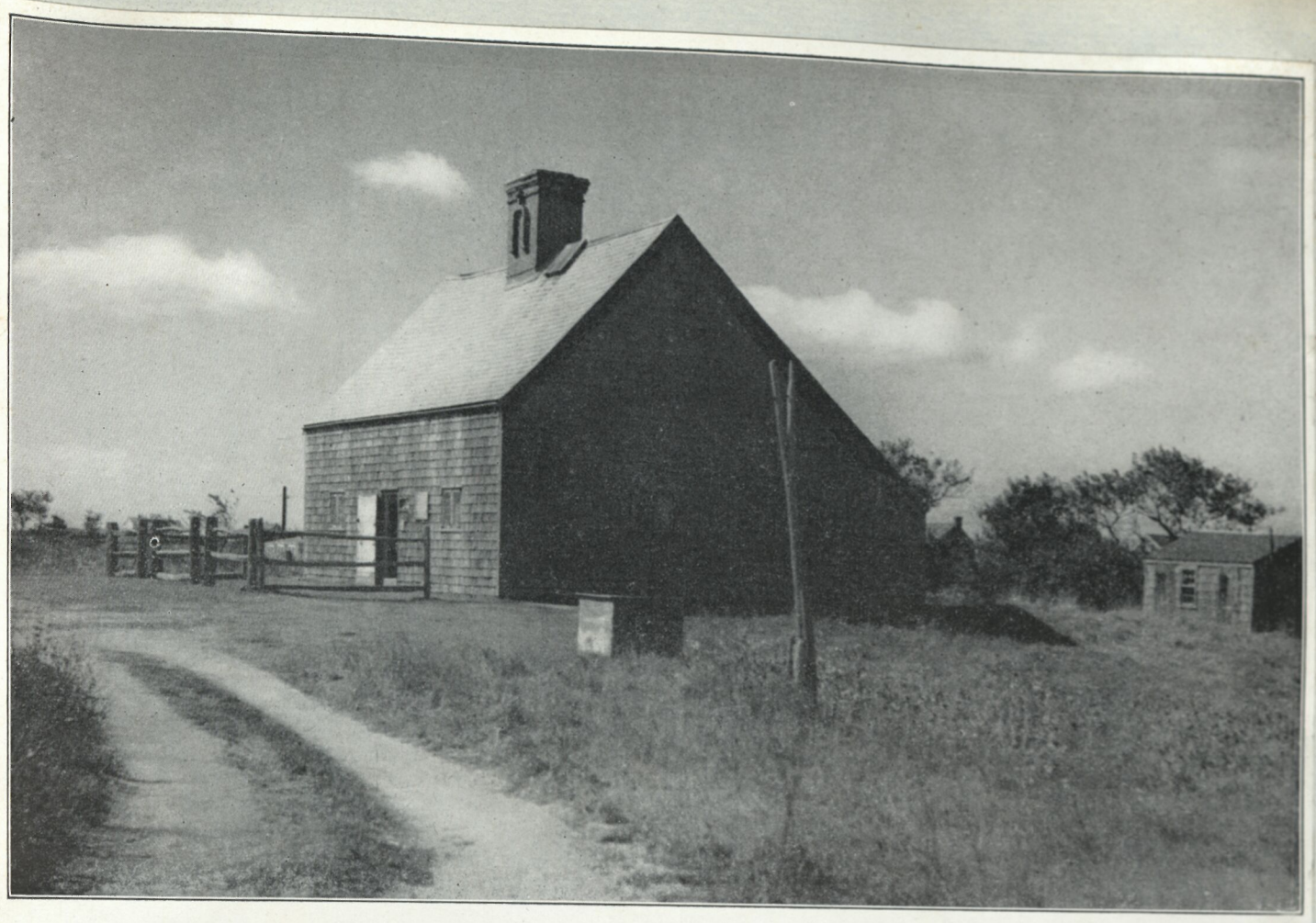
ORANGE STREET FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL.

THE "HORSE-SHOE CHIMNEY" LOOMS OVER THE GRASSY HILL.

THE SURF BREAKS UPON NANTUCKET'S SOUTH SHORE WITH FOUR "ROLLERS"

THE ROAD WINDS ALONG THROUGH SHIMMO VALLEY

THE SCALLOPERS IN MADAKET HARBOR



THE OLDEST HOUSE ON NANTUCKET, BUILT IN 1686. Photo by Fee

AN OLD-TIME HAYING SCENE IN LILY POND MEADOW.

TWO POPULAR STEAMERS OF OTHER DAYS.

Steamer *Sankaty* (on the left) was popular on account of her speed and the fact that she could "go to windward" and maintain her schedule in spite of head wind and tide. The *Gay Head* was always popular and aside from her long years of service in the waters of Nantucket sound, each season for several successive years, she was chartered by the New York Yacht Club to take parties to the international yacht races. The *Sankaty* was burned at her dock in New Bedford on the night of June 30, 1924, was subsequently re-built for ferry-boat service at Stamford, Conn. In February, 1940, she was sold to the Northumberland Ferries, Ltd., of Canada, and is now a ferry running to Prince Edward Island. The *Gay Head* had her name changed to *Pastime* and served for a number of years as an excursion boat along the Connecticut shore, but was finally condemned several years ago. The *Gay Head* made her first trip to Nantucket July 8, 1891. The *Sankaty's* first trip was May 2, 1911.

Photo by Blackshaw

A WINDING ROAD PASSES SITE OF OLD SHERBURNE

ORANGE STREET HILL, LOOKING TOWARD MAIN STREET

"PLUMB LANE MARKS THE HIGHEST POINT IN TOWN.

COBBLED MAIN STREET BRINGS DIGNITY TO THE UPPER SQUARE

166

LV

1861
Jun 21 Lo.

Photo by Louis Davidson "THREE THOUSAND MILES TO SPAIN" AS SEEN FROM SANKATY.

UNION STREET, LOOKING TOWARDS MAIN. THE NEW TELEPHONE BUILDING ON LEFT.
THE OLD TOWN OFFICE BUILDING ON RIGHT.

WHALING

Illustrated Talks
by
William Henry Tripp
Curator
Whaling Museum
New Bedford, Massachusetts

N. B. & T. Rail Road

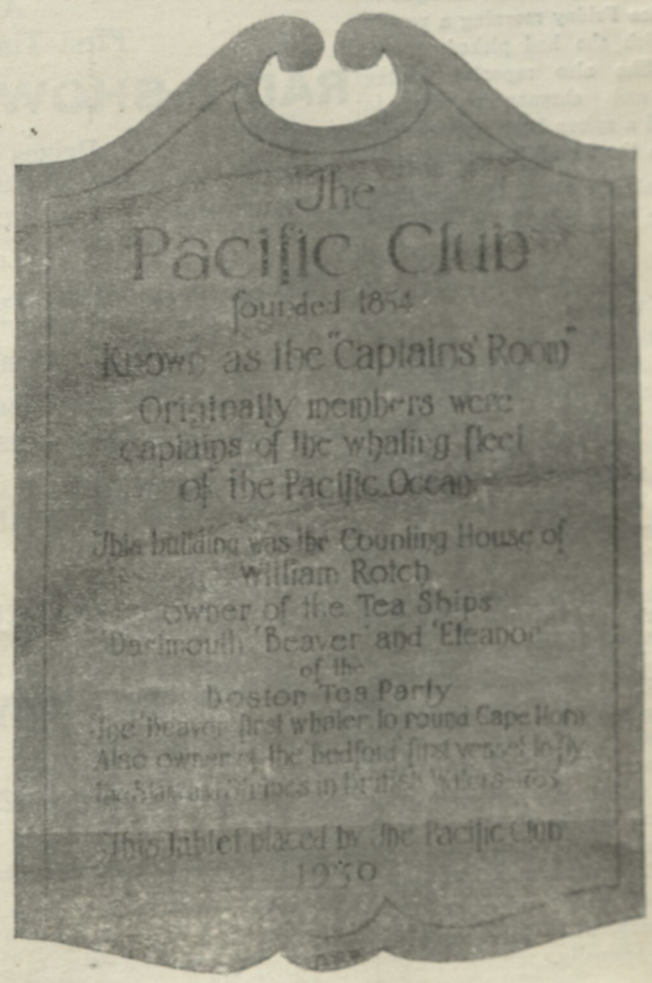
3		Lunt	129	3863	1861 Jun 18	By Shoje Zephyr	122	386	

OLD SALTS KEEP SAILING TRADITION ALIVE—In the Pacific Club, Nantucket, men who sailed the Seven Seas, and more, gather daily to talk of the old days of clippers and square-riggers. In the photo, from left to right, standing, are James H. Wood, Jr., and Ernest R. Terry holding "Jerry;" seated, Captain Benjamin W. Joy, Captain J. M. Winslow, Captain Joseph T. Remsen and James H. Wood, Sr.

THE PACIFIC CLUB

This historic structure was built by William Rotch in 1772 and for 170 years it has watched over the happenings on lower Main street. From its windows Nantucket's whaling captains of long ago viewed the passing of the industry which made the town famous and the advent of the island as a summer resort. Now the captains are all gone, but the Pacific Club continues to prosper and now has a large membership, all of whom believe in Nantucket and want its people to carry on.

THE PACIFIC CLUB IS AN ISLAND LANDMARK.
The old elm was removed a dozen years ago after a span of 85 years.


The
Pacific Club
founded 1854
Known as the "Captains' Room"
Originally members were
captains of the whaling fleet
of the Pacific Ocean
This building was the Counting House of
William Rotch
owner of the Tea Ships
Dartmouth 'Beaver' and 'Eleanor'
of the
Boston Tea Party
The 'Beaver' first whaler to round Cape Horn
Also owner of the Bedford first vessel to fly
the Stars and Stripes in foreign waters
This tablet placed by the Pacific Club
1930

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THE ROBERTS HOUSE

Photo by Davidson

Pames M. Snow

AN UNUSUAL PICTURE LOOKING UP "STONE ALLEY"

A NORTHERLY APPROACH TO SANKATY BLUFF Photo Courtesy Eagle's Wing Studio

A MID-SUMMER SCENE AT THE SOUTH WHARF.

Photo by Williams

SUNSET SILHOUETTE

Capt. John Paul Jones And His Nantucket "Sea-Fighters."

1936

By Edouard A. Stackpole

Perhaps no period in the history of our country is more romantic than that embracing the Revolutionary War. Certainly, it was a critical and stirring test for true patriotism, and it established a number of national heroes who have become almost legendary in this age. Such a man was John Paul Jones, justly ranked by historians as the "father of our navy."

Nantucket has an interesting connection with the famous activities of Capt. Jones—a connection by which a small group of island seamen have a share in the glorious exploits that occupy favorite pages in history.

The Society of the Sons of the Revolution is represented in Nantucket by the "Thomas Turner Chapter," which has the honor of being the only chapter in Massachusetts outside of the Boston society. This Nantucket Chapter was formed in December, 1932, and met in the historic Pacific Club for organization, receiving its name from Thomas Turner, a petty officer, who was killed in the action between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*, on September 23, 1777.

At the time of the Revolution the island of Nantucket was a Quaker community controlling the greatest whaling fleet in the world. For the most part the men were opposed to war on principle, and it was only the young and impetuous among the seamen who joined the Continental navy and army. These volunteers were promptly disowned by the Society of Friends. Due to the fact that the Quakers would make no record of the erring ex-member, aside from the bare statement "disowned for going to sea in an armed vessel," it makes it an almost impossible task to find out what these Nantucket sea-fighters actually did, or in what engagements they took part.

The descendants of many of the soldiers and sailors of Nantucket who fought in the Revolution are well represented in our island Chapter, the deeds of their illustrious forbears giving them proud possession of a heritage which they prize. However, as a unit, this Chapter is especially proud of that band of courageous Nantucketers who fought under John Paul Jones on the famous *Ranger* and the *Bon Homme Richard*. This group included the following:

Reuben Chase, midshipmen; Henry Martin, Thomas Turner, Reuben Joy, Nathan Aldrich, James Nicholson, Seth Folger, Freeman Lufkin, Henry Gardner, Barzillai Folger, Nelson Aldrich, William Roberts, James Chase, Alfred Cogswell, Latham Gardner, Owen Starbuck, William Nye, Paul Worth, Matthew Starbuck, Stephen Folger, Charles Crampton, Jerry Evans, Daniel Swain and John Pinkham.

Just when these Nantucketers joined the infant United States Navy is not known, but Owen Chase, Henry Gardner and Owen Starbuck were with Jones on the *Alfred*, and the archives of the government show that the entire group listed above were with the great sea-fighter. It is safe to assume that several others served on the *Providence*, a sloop-of-war on which Jones made a successful cruise after leaving the *Alfred* and before he was placed in command of the *Ranger*.

* * * * *

There was nothing about the early life of John Paul to indicate that he should become the outstanding naval hero of the Revolution. Neither were there any of the traits developed that some of his biographers would have us believe made him a man of great personal charm, a court gallant, linguist, and so on. He was primarily a man of action, a sea-fighter, hot-headed, stubborn, crafty, and a born leader of seamen.

The struggles of John Paul from his early childhood, and his first exploits are not to be treated in this paper. But all who are acquainted with those first years, when he spent most of his life at sea from the age of 12 to 26, when he served in the capacities of merchant seaman, slave-trader, and Virginia planter,, when he won the friendship of valuable Americans, know that the spirit of the man became slowly developed for the destiny that was ultimate. His life, following his triumphs, reads like fiction, and when he died at the age of forty-five he had crowded a dozen vigorous lifetimes into the soaring flight that marked his own.

It will be remembered that when John Paul Jones entered the young Navy of the thirteen embattled colonies he was forced to accept a first lieutenant's berth, instead of the captaincy to which he was entitled. This was due to the fact that Massachusetts, chief among the maritime colonies, through John Adams, felt that it was to the best interest of the colony to have as many captains represent it as possible. And so Jones became a senior officer aboard the ship *Alfred*, under Captain Saltonstall, which sailed out of Philadelphia February 17, 1776.

The *Alfred* was one of a squadron of four ships—the first squadron to represent the United States (declared free states in '76). The tiny fleet made its first cruise down to the Bahamas and returned to New London, Conn., in April, with the crews to a man disgusted with their commanders. Commodore Hopkins was subsequently dismissed, so it would seem that those officers who realized his inefficiency prevailed upon Congres to act.

The fleet commands were eventually broken up, with considerable illfeeling among the chief officers. Then Congress finally was forced to realize that politics must not enter into the construction of the navy if the war was to be won, and so Jones' record was recognized and he was given a ship.

Aboard the *Alfred*, during this desultory and unfortunate cruise, were two young Nantucket seamen—Henry Gardner and Owen Starbuck. Lieut. John Paul must have talked with them and gained their confidence. It was a characteristic with him to become intimate with his men.

When Jones assumed command of his new ship—the sloop-of-war *Providence*, 14 guns and 110 men—he took with him but nine from the crew of the *Alfred*, and among these nine were the two Nantucketers before mentioned.

* * * * *

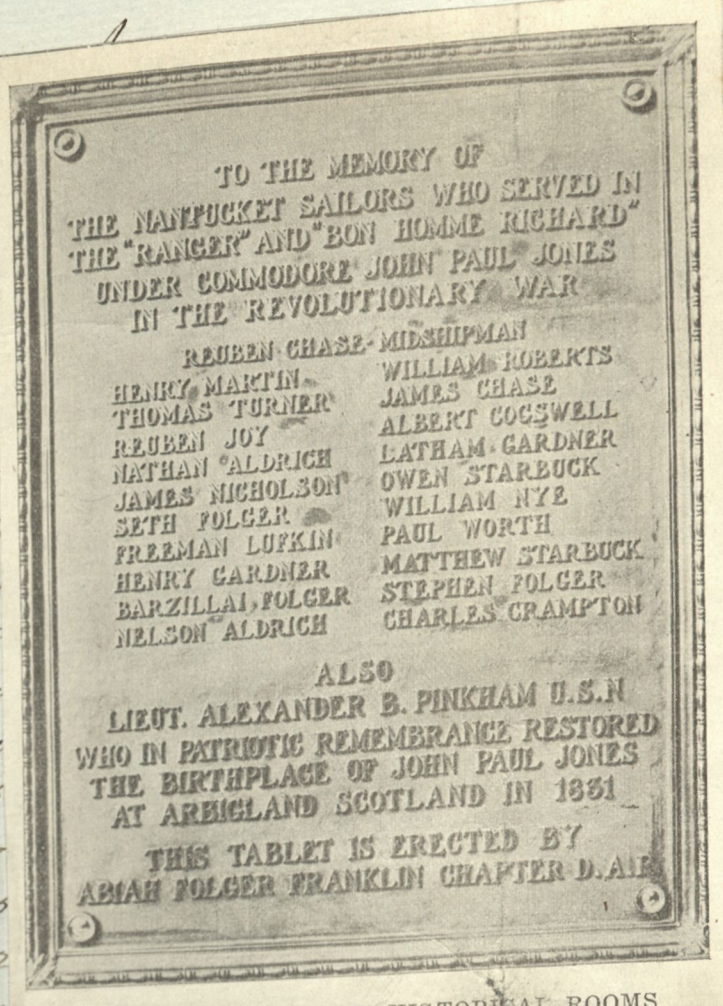
The *Providence* sailed for New York, put aboard a new crew (for Jones knew its crew at the time was composed mainly of landsmen), returned through the sound to Newport, and put to sea on the 14th of June, 1776.

The cruise of the *Providence* was as successful as it was daring. Jones returned to sail again, this time with the *Alfred* as consort. Once more his work so impressed the Congress that it lost no time in making its gratitude known in a resolution.

On the 14th day of June, 1777, the Congress adopted the thirteen stars and thirteen stripes as the official flag of the United States. On that same day it also did something that was was more important—it placed Capt. John Paul Jones in command of the ship *Ranger*. This famous ship was built for speed, being 116 feet long, 28 feet beam, with a hull 13 feet deep. She was newly coppered, but was a little too over-sparred, although her crew overcame her uneasiness in her work to windward by its fine seamanship.

The crew of the ship *Ranger* was considered the finest ever to sail under the illustrious John Paul; in fact, he declared so in as many words: "The best crew I ever had." The Nantucket men in this crew numbered twenty-one.

Jones was forced to delay his departure from Portsmouth for two months, the ship's outfitting being unnecessarily long. Just before sailing the news arrived that Burgoyne, who had been trapped on the upper Hudson, had surrended. It had been arranged by Franklin and his assistants that the news of any favorable military action transpiring in America should



THE TABLET IN THE HISTORICAL ROOMS

at once be rushed to the nearest seaport, placed in the hands of trusted government agents, and taken aboard ships sailing directly to French ports, thus hastening the impending French alliance. Upon receipt of official word Jones sailed from Portsmouth harbor on the last day of October, 1777. On the 2nd of December, 1777—33 days later—he had the news in France being spread throughout the seaports. The fast time made by this ship-of-war shows what sort of crew manned her. But the honor of bringing the first news of the surrender went to a merchant ship, bearing a courier, which had sailed from Boston two days before the *Ranger* left Portsmouth, arriving in France less than 24 hours ahead of Jones.

* * * * *

When Jones sailed the *Ranger* into the harbor of Brest on Feb. 13, 1778, he inquired of Rear-Admiral Piquet, of the French fleet laying there, if a salute to the new American flag would be returned if he saluted the French. The reply was favorable, and when the *Ranger* sailed through the French fleet the next day, firing a salute to the French, the Stars and Stripes at mast-head were saluted in turn, marking the first time a foreign power had so acknowledged the banner of our country.

The cruise of the *Ranger* which followed is already familiar to us. How she ravaged the British shipping in the English channel, terrorized the coastal towns on the North and Irish seas; and how her name became a spark to light thousands of hearts in American breasts has been recounted in many books. It must thrill us all to realize how prominent a part was played by that band of Nantucketers on the *Ranger*.

Because the *Ranger* was able to elude the English frigates so easily, and because Jones was crafty enough to make his presence known all about the British coast were the reasons why the Admiralty became alarmed to the extent of losing confidence. For the first time the British nation began to realize they were meeting a class of sea-fighters equal to their own. This cruise was also of the utmost importance in that it established a morale and spirit in the breasts of the American seamen everywhere. Jones was able to accomplish these results because he had a picked crew—men who, without exception, proved to be outstanding seamen not only under Jones but under other commands.

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However, it is not so well known that Jones had to war against not only the British but against that misguided American, Arthur Lee, who through official bungling allowed spies to inform the British Admiralty of the *Ranger's* proposed cruise. In view of the information, the Admiralty dispatched the 20-gun sloop-of-war *Drake* to search for the Yankee raider. It was not until after Jones had made his daring raid upon the town of Whitehaven that the *Drake* finally met her quarry, but in a much different manner that had been expected. Jones, learning that the other vessel was in Belfast Lough, calmly hove too off the mouth of the roadstead and waited for her to come out.

During the action that followed (on April 24, 1778) the *Ranger's* superior gunnery completely routed the gun-crews aboard the Englishman. It is a matter of pride to record that the 2nd Master-Gunner in command was none other than Henry Gardner of Nantucket, while one of the Quater-Gunners was Owen Starbuck. In a letter to his friend Joseph Hewes, Commodore Jones himself wrote: "I have never seen men handle guns as they (his gunners) handled the *Ranger's* nine-pounders."

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But even more illustrative of our Nantucketers' grit is an anecdote of that engagement by Captain Jones himself. He noticed that his quarter-gunners had caught the *Drake's* roll exactly and were timing their shots so as to hull the Englishman continually below the water-line. Being anxious to make a prize of the vessel, Jones inquired of Quarter-Gunner Owen Starbuck why they fired so low.

Jones writes: "Starbuck replied, 'To sink the d—— Englishman, sir!'"

The Commodore then informed his gunners of his plan to make a prize of the *Drake*, and so they changed their timing so as to cripple her spars and so prevent her escape. The idea of defeat never entered those Yankee hearts. With such supreme confidence shared by a commander and his men, the great success of the *Ranger's* cruise is understandable.

Matthew Starbuck was severely wounded while engaging the *Drake*, but recovered in time to take part in the action against the *Serapis* on the *Bon Homme Richard*.

Upon capturing a whaler bound for Hull, with a valuable cargo of whale oil, Capt. Jones put Henry Gardner aboard her as prize master, and he took her into Brest safely, notwithstanding the fact that British cruisers were scouring the English channel for Jones and any American privateers that hove into sight.

* * * * *

It is hard to understand why a man of Jones' apparent ability should have had to literally fight as hard while ashore to retain his position in the United States Navy as he did at sea against the enemy. Time and again,

enraged at the jealousy and intrigue with which he was faced, he was ready to kill Lee and his hireling secretaries, but the wise Franklin always persuaded him to meet such tactics with similar gile, thus saving Lee's life and Jones' commission.

Jones had picked up a smattering of languages during his years at sea, becoming a linguist of ability. He was able to travel in both France and Holland on errands for Franklin, always seeking á frigate—a ship large enough for him to meet one of England's great ships and, by defeating her, establish his command securely as well as the prestige of the young Navy.

Jones had a long and dreary wait in France. Many of his men deserted, but, as he wrote, "twenty-seven of the *Ranger's* old crew....have volunteered to stay with me."

It must be realized that the crew had shipped for a year only from October 1, 1777. Some were anxious to return home, while others, due to the reputation of the *Ranger*, were in demand as officers aboard privateers. It is to the credit of the gallant Nantucketers to record that they put aside opportunity to return home and remained in European waters, serving on various privateers.

Among officers under Jones whom he considered outstanding were Nathaniel Fanning, Elijah Hall, Henry Gardner, Owen Starbuck, Reuben Chase, Charles Hill, John Mayrant, and Richard Dale. The Nantucketers in this group were Gardner, Chase and Starbuck.

* * * * *

We all know how Jones was finally informed that the new frigate being built for him in Holland had been seized by the Dutch government; and how, disappointed and bitter, he was given command of an old East Indiaman, the *Bon Homme Richard*— a craft of 700 tons more burthen than the 308-ton *Ranger*, but possessing nothing else than sheer bulk. In a crew of 375 men Jones, the linguist, had shipped one hundred and ninety-odd aliens, made up of British prisoners of war, French navy-men and Portuguese sailors, and 122 French soldiers and marines. No more than 50 of the entire 375 men aboard were Yankees, and of these (including officers) 10 were from Nantucket. It has generally been supposed that the entire 21 who served on the *Ranger* also served on the *Richard*, but this is not borne out by the facts. It must be remembered that several months elapsed before Jones received the command of the *Richard*, and during that time his men were scattered in the privateering service.

With the *Alliance*, *Pallas* and *Vengeance* composing his fleet, Jones led the way out of the harbor of L'Orient on the *Richard* on June 19, 1779, but two days later the *Alliance* fouled the *Richard* and the fleet put back. Repairs and other matters consumer six weeks before the squadron sailed again.

The accident had a fortunate sequel. A number of American prisoners had arrived in France in exchange for a British cartel. Jones immediately arranged for the transfer of 100 of these ex-privateersmen to his ship, discharging a like number of aliens, and put 35 Americans aboard the *Alliance*. Among those re-joining Jones on the *Richard* was Henry Gardner, of Nantucket, just released from an English prison.

At daybreak on the 14th of August the fleet again set sail.

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The story of the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis* is too well-known to be recounted here. Suffice to say that in the moonlight off Flamborough Head on the 23rd of September, 1779, John Paul Jones and his crew won undying fame in capturing the new British "forty-four," the *Serapis*. Despite the treachery of Capt. Landais of the *Alliance;* despite his poor old unwieldy *Richard* and the great peril of mutinous prisoners, the real qualities of Jones, the sea-fighter, tempered by the blood and powder of a terrific battle, reached their greatest peak, and he was able to lead his men to the most glorious naval victory of the war.

But the most significant factor that this sea-fight brought out has been forgotten by our historians—the manner in which the crew of the *Bon Homme Richard* fought was a great and prophetic criterion of the spirit of freedom that fired the brave hearts of loyal men of all races under the flag of our yonng country. The French marine and the Portuguese and Scandinavian seamen who kept the deck of the *Richard* fought bravely side by side with their Yankee shipmates.

The young officer Thomas Turner was the first Nantucketer to die. During the engagement Chief Gunner Randall became mutinous and the task of directing the *Richard's* guns was given to Henry Gardner. The gun-deck of the ship had long since been smashed into silence by the broadsides of the *Serapis*. Taking advantage of a clumsy maneuver on the part of the British commander, Jones ran the bowsprit of his sinking ship over the lee quarter of the *Serapis*. Grappling irons lashed the ships together and Jones prepared to board in one last desperate effort to turn defeat into victory.

What determined the course of the battle was the discharge of a small hand grenade in the lower tier of the hold of the *Serapis*. In obedience to the Commodore's order, Henry Gardner had a couple of buckets of hand grenades sent up to the main top, where three men proceeded out along the main-yard of the *Richard*. Directly above the main hatch of the *Serapis* a triangular opening, about two feet wide at its widest point, could be seen through the smoke. The three men were Lieut. Fanning, Jerry Evans, of Nantucket, and Peter Nolte, a Scandinavian sailor. All were able to disable a number of gun-crews on the Britisher's deck, but the opening made by the hatch-cover became their target. Finally one thrown by Fanning went down through the hatch to cause an explosion which almost tore the gun-deck into shreds—creating a situation which forced the Britisher Captain Pearson to surrender his ship. Henry Gardner, in his memoirs, substantiates these facts.

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The Nantucket group on board suffered the loss of three men by death, Thomas Turner, Henry Martin and James Nicholson. Henry Gardner, the Acting Gunner, and Daniel Swain were wounded.

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It has generally been conceded that Lieut. Reuben Chase was the outstanding Nantucket man to fight for the embattled Colonies during the Revolution. The cold archives of the government disprove this, however. Henry Gardner, master gunner, is clearly entitled to that honor. But there is glory enough in the record of those islanders for all, and the six foot four-inch figure of the sturdy Reuben Chase remains one of the most romantic in this group of adventure-seeking Nantucket heroes.

Reuben Chase was cheated out of the chance to take part in the victory over the *Serapis*. It seems that, just before dusk, Lieut. Henry Lunt and 14 men were placed in charge of a captured pilot-boat, and she was sent toward shore to reconnoiter. Reuben Chase was second in command of this craft.

At some distance from the *Richard* the captured pilot-boat was becalmed off the headland of Flamborough. A breeze came up. In reply to signals, the boat headed for the ship, being a mile or more from the *Richard* when a or more from the *Richard* when a second calm fell over the face of the North Sea. Night came, and the little party of Americans were forced to watch their ship come to death-grips with the *Serapis*. It was not until the battle was won that Lunt's party arrived on the scene in time to board the *Serapis*, with the final broadsides still echoing in their ears.

* * * * *

Two other Nantucketers were also denied an opportunity to be present during the sea-fight. While off the Irish coast a month before, August 23, the *Richard* was becalmed in a position too close to shore for comfort. Jones sent a launch and boat's-crew out to tow the vessel. Ten of the twelve men aboard were former English navy-men, and when the boat was some distance from the ship these sailors overpowered the two officers and escaped to shore. The master of the ship, Cutting Lunt, took a small boat and some men and set out after the pursuers. This reckless act was accomplished without orders from Jones, and resulted in the pursuers being forced ashore when they were fired on by one of the French vessels in the fleet. Lunt's party was soon after captured. Two of the men made prisoner were Nantucketers—William Roberts and John Pinkham.

* * * * *

Upon the return of the *Richard* to France, a number of her officers were given command of two new French privateers, receiving the permission of Commodore Jones to make the transfer. Lieut. Fanning became commander of *La Bonne Adventure*, with Reuben Chase, of Nantucket, as second in command. Lieut. John Mayrant took out the *L'Eclipse*, with Henry Gardner, of Nantucket, second in command. Both these privateers made outstanding voyages, the former bringing in the most valuable cargo ever taken into a French port by a privateer during the war.

Aside from his fighting qualities, which won the personal praise of Jones, Reuben Chase was a navigator of the first rank, and for many years subsequent to the war, he was a successful packet captain in the New York to London trade. It has been said that Chase was the man James Fenimore Cooper had in mind in the character of "Long Tom Coffin" in *The Pilot*.

* * * * *

Henry Gardner, "the best master gunner I ever had," said Jones, was commissioned by his Commodore to take charge of the armament of the new ship *America*, at Portsmouth, in 1782. This was the largest seventy-four gun ship ever built in this country and was afterwards presented to France as a gift from this nation to her old ally.

In connection with this important assignment, Commodore Jones wrote in his journal:

"I had anticipated much difficulty in mounting the battery. But just in the nick of time was joined by my old gunner, Henry Gardner, who had then recently returned from a great privateering cruise with Fanning and Mayrant in French ships. Had I been permitted to choose I would have selected Mr. Gardner, in preference to all others I knew, for this particular service. I at once secured his aid; rated him an acting gunner of the *America*, with assurance that he be warranted full, regular gunner when the ship was manned; if, indeed, I could not succeed in obtaining a lieutenant's commission for him. Mr. Gardner took entire charge of mounting the battery....he also took supervision of the internal fittings of the magazine; besides attending to the racks for small arms. His services were invaluable, and much of the good condition of the *America* when finished was due to his skill and diligence."

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It remained for a Nantucket man, Lieut. Alexander B. Pinkham, to have the honor of restoring the birthplace of Jones in Arbigland, Scotland—but that is another story.

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It will be fitting to close with words from that Master-Gunner of the *Bon Homme Richard*—Henry Gardner, of Nantucket. He wrote:

"I sailed, in my time, with many captains; but with only one John Paul Jones. He was the captain of captains. Any other commander I sailed with had some kind of method or fixed rule which he exerted towards all those under him alike. It suited some and others not; but it was the same rule and all the time toward everybody. Not so John Paul Jones. He always knew every officer and man in his crew as one friend knows another.

"He was very strict....Above all things, however, he hated a cat-o-nine-tails. He told his men that, many years before, he had seen a man die under the lash, being 'flogged through the fleet' at Jamaica. 'I tell you, my men,' he said, 'that when I become convinced that a sailor of mine must be killed, I will not leave it to be done by the boatswain's mate under slow torture of the lash. But I will do it myself, and so d—— quick that it will make your heads swim!'"

That characterizes Jones the "sea-dog," the man of action. May his stirring story, as well as the deeds of those loyal Nantucketers who helped make history under him, remain a living memory, and make us eager to preserve the record as "Sons of the Revolution."

* * * * *

[Read at the Annual Meeting of the Nantucket Historical Association, Thursday, July 30.]

"Nantucket Fine Vacation Spot," Says Enterprise.

From the Falmouth Enterprise.

On Nantucket, probably more than any other place, the old New England, the New England of whaling ship days, blends its quaint charm with modern conveniences to make one of the finest vacation spots in the United States.

Nantucket has been known by many names. Among them, "The Grey Lady of the Sea", was the favorite for whaling ship captains. Daniel Webster called this island, "The Unknown City in the Ocean". To the Indians it was known as "Accomac"—"Beyond the Water". And an advertising copywriter might well dub it—"The Island of Yesteryear—With Today's Accessories".

On Nantucket has been preserved, despite these modern conveniences, the old Yankee flavor, rich, full and simple. Here are the rugged architecture and handicraft, the hospitality and atmosphere of Colonial America. This island has kept her colorful traditions and the treasured antiquities of two centuries.

To wander the elm shaded twisting streets, paved in ancient cobblestones, past fragrant, white-picketed gardens, by crooked lanes which bear names as curious as the stories behind them, is to step back into a different era—an era when America began.

Eighty miles of broad golden sandy beaches rim the island. Its yacht club harbors internationally known craft and some of the best Atlantic sailing and racing is held here. Here is the Hunt Club, famous as the only summer Hunt Club in the country. The Wharf Rat Club, whose members number many of America's foremost statesmen and yachtsmen. The Pacific Club, whose roster include men who are descendants of Nantucketers who have sailed in the Pacific.

Two smart, top-flight golf courses spread out onto the sweeping moors, or The Commons of the Island. Famous-name dance bands bring gaiety to the evenings at the 'Sconset Casino, which also boasts a half-dozen first quality clay tennis courts.

Nantucket's surf fishing is second to none in the world. Tuna, swordfish, bluefish, striped bass, bonito—they are all there for the fishing enthusiast. Miles of rolling dunes and moors make the island an ideal horseback riding area, with the blue ocean framed by pines as a background. Top-rank artists and writers have found Nantucket and its villages of Siasconset ('Sconset), Wauwinet, Polpis, Quidnet, Surfside, Quaise, Monomoy and Point O' Breakers, a dream island.

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Memory of Nantucket Indians Retained by Island Names.

Closely reminiscent of its early Indian inhabitants are the names still retained for most of the points of location on the Island of Nantucket, such as Muskeget, Tuckernuck, Madaket, Miacomet, Shimmo, Monomoy, Shawkemo, Quaise, Sankaty, Pocomo, Coatue, Wauwinet, Coskata, Squam, Quidnet, Sesachacha, Polpis, Siasconset and Wannacomet, yet very little is actually known regarding the history of its early Indian settlers.

Records kept by the early white settlers were very brief and sometimes hard to understand, particularly with reference to their contacts with the Indians; and in the great fire in 1846 many of the town's records are said to have been destroyed; most of that which has been written has been handed down by tradition.

Some writers have said that the Indians were treated honorably by the whites, but that "fire-water" was the Indians' greatest enemy and was responsible for their undoing and final extinction.

Other writers on this subject claim the white settlers many times took unfair advantage of the Indians' ignorance to practice fraud upon them and were mostly responsible for the Indians being able to get rum, as the Indians' desire for strong drink was such the whites took advantage of it to get possession of their corn as soon as it was ripe. It was also used as a means of hiring the Indians planting lands, which was often a device used by the white settlers for getting permanent possession of them.

Indians are said to have petitioned Governor Bellemont, protesting the English were claiming their land and converting their cattle to their own use on a pretense of trespassing; that they got no justice from the courts as the judges were interested, they being claimants of the land.

There are records of the courts condemning Indians to be branded on the hands for stealing and of their being sold into slavery if unable to pay a fine. In the many instances in the numerous trials over disputed land it is plain that white settlers did not always make it clear to the Indians just what they were signing.

There are also instances on record where the Indians are said to have put it over on the white settlers. One was when Wanackmamack and Nickanoose, Indian sachems, deeded all the lands on the western end of the island to the English, when the only land rightfully theirs was on the eastern end. The land on the western end of the island belonged to Autopscot and his tribe.

When the first white family, Thomas Macy, wife and five children, sailed to the island in an open boat and arrived in the year 1659, there is supposed to have been between 600 and 800 Indians living on the island who had come in canoes, hopping from the mainland and island to island until they at last reached the "Far Away Island" where they decided to stay and make their home.

The Indians who settled on Nantucket were of the Wamponoag tribe, governed by chief Massasoit, who was their ruler from 1580 to 1661. He was very friendly with the whites and made a treaty with them which was not broken for fifty years.

At his death his son Metacomet succeeded him as chief of the tribe and as their ruler was known as King Philip. Becoming suspicious of the whites, he planned an outbreak which filled the colonies for a long time with burnings and massacres.

Some time about 1670 King Philip is said to have visited the island, seeking the help of the Indians on Nantucket in his revolt against the whites, but, being unsuccessful, he sought to slay John Gibbs, an Indian preacher, who persuaded the Indians not to join the revolt. John Gibbs, it is said, was saved by white settlers who secreted him in their homes.

There is an Indian legend, oft-repeated, that chief Autopscot ruled the tribe on the western end and Wauwinet was sachem of the tribe on the eastern end of the island. Wauwinet had a daughter who was very beautiful and had a reputation for successfully healing the sick.

The western tribe was afflicted with a pestilence and Autopscot sent for Wonoma, who came and administered to them successfully. Autopscot and Wonoma fell in love. Later a quarrel arose between the two tribes over ownership of land, and Wauwinet planned a surprise attack on Autopscot, but Wonoma, hearing of the plan, was sorely harassed between her duty to her father and to her tribe and her love for Autopscot. Love finally prevailed and she departed in the night, made the trip and warned Autopscot.

When Wauwinet found Autopscot prepared he called the attack off. Later the young chief sought Wauwinet, told him of his daughter's devotion and asked her hand in marriage. Wauwinet consented, the land question was settled and the two tribes lived peacefully ever after.

In 1763 a mysterious epidemic smote the Indians but spared the whites and out of 300 or more who had not already succumbed to John Barleycorn, it is said 222 died, 34 recovered, 36 escaped disease and 18 were saved by being at sea. Abram Quary, who died in 1854, is credited by many as being the last man with Indian blood in him, but I have met several who claim to trace lineage back to their Indian ancestors.

It is the claim of some that Indians should be given credit for the start of the whaling industry. It is related that in 1672 a small whale called a "scragg" came into the Wesco harbour, and tradition says the Indians showed their white neighbors how to go after it with a harpoon and how to try out the blubber and salvage the bone.

Many Nantucket Indians are known to have sailed the seas and to all parts of the world in Nantucket's famous whaleships.

John R. Barreau.
49 Mechanics Lane.
New Bedford, Mass.

1944

The September Hurricane.

On September the fourteenth of forty-four
A terrible storm lashed over our shore;
I gazed at the sky just before the gale.
As I think of it now my checks turn pale.

I tho't of the crew on a gallant ship,
The "Gladys & Mary" on her maiden trip;
They had left their berth ten days before
And had set their nets thirty miles offshore.

The sea had been calm; the day was warm,
They had no hint of approaching storm—
'Till darkness fell and the wind raised a chop,
The barometer showed a decided drop.

Then Captain "Jack" with a troubled eye
Said to Stojak his mate "I think we'll try
To reach deep water"—but before they could go,
The first sea struck with a sickening blow.

The forecastle shook and threw Norcross, the cook.
The look on his face was quite grim,
While dishes and pans and kettles and cans
Went clattering after him.

Their craft hove down with a murderous sound
As Davy Jones' locker they sighted;
They opened their eyes with wild surprise,
And found that their ship slowly righted.

The captain crawled aft along the dark craft;
Half conscious, mumblin' and jabbin,'
When the mountainous seas struck him square on his knees
And knocked him head first down the cabin.

The furious breeze and the strength of the seas
Tossed their poor helpless craft so unruly,
'Twas then they found Capt. "Jack" would have drowned
Were it not for Bill Knowles and "Pete" Dooley.

The "mate" and John Betts, young seafaring vets
Held fast to the wheel but in vain;
With a crash and a roar she hove down as before,
But righted herself once again.

With lips white with fear as death hovered near
Each man prayed to God up above—
"Oh! Lord in Thy might please spare us this night,"
As they begged for His mercy and love.

For three anguished hours it seemed that the powers
Would pitch her again on her beams,
They could feel every strain as she tossed on the main
And they feared she would open her seams.

As darkness was waning with dawn in its grip—
The hurricane loosened her hold on their ship.
Though her decks were a shamble her dories were gone,
They thanked the good Lord on that God-given morn.

Her hatches had sprung when the hurricane smote her,
So the crew manned the pumps and toiled with her motor;
Her engines had died with the first sea that caught her,
Now they loosened her base plates to free her of water.

They worked all that day until night came around,
Then headed her in for the Nantucket Sound;
They opened her up for all she was worth,
And guided her home to her Nantucket berth.

What human could stay that hurricane's course,
As she whistled and howled in her glee—
These things men share—yet, somehow they dare
Return to the treacherous sea.

E. N.

29 Sept

BER 10 1908

Happened Sixty-Six Years Ago.

An event which occurred on the 20th of November, 1842, and which few of our readers will be able to recall, was the loss of the ship Joseph Starbuck on Nantucket bar, the details of which were related to the writer a few days ago by Capt. William M. Eldredge of this town, who is probably the only survivor of the band of persons who were on the vessel at the time of the disaster. Captain Eldredge was a lad of tender years and was leaving Nantucket on his first voyage, which, as it proved, was a short but eventful one. Since that time, however, he has made seventeen voyages "around the Horn," and today is a gray-haired man nearing the end of life's voyage, but still retaining a clear memory and possessed of remarkable vigor for one of his years, although laboring under the affliction of failing eyesight. He is an interesting conversationalist and the details of the loss of the ship Joseph Starbuck are still fresh in his mind, although six decades have passed since the event occurred.

This ship was built on Brant point and was considered one of the finest craft afloat. On Sunday, November 20, 1842, the ship left Nantucket with a favorable breeze, in tow of steamer Telegraph, bound for Edgartown, where she was to load supplies and proceed on a whaling voyage. In addition to the full complement of crew, of which Captain Eldredge was one of the youngest, there were on board a number of ladies, who intended to accompany their friends to Edgartown and there witness the departure of the vessel.

Soon after the ship left Nantucket the wind shifted to dead ahead, and blew so strong that the steamer was unable to make any head-way, so the tow-lines were loosened and the ship brought to an anchor about a mile from the Tuckernuck shoal lightship, the steamer returning to the wharf, leaving the ship to ride out the gale as best she might. During the afternoon the wind increased in force until it was blowing a hurricane, and the ship being light, she rode so violently that one chain after another parted and she finally broke adrift and was swept before the storm in an easterly direction.

To prevent going to sea in her then unprepared condition, the mizzen-mast was cut away, the fore-sail set and every effort made to return to port, but so furiously was the gale blowing from the northwest that the attempt failed and the ship swept on towards the eastern extremity of the Nantucket bar, which all on board knew was an impending disaster. About midnight the ship struck on the shoal, and as she was without much ballast or cargo, almost immediately rolled over into the trough of the sea, with the waves breaking over her continually and sending volumes of spray far above the mast-head.

A fearful night was experienced by those on board, but at day-break her predicament was discovered by a person who climbed the tower at Nantucket, on the look-out for something of the sort. The ship, lying on her beam ends with her single sail still offering a mark for the hurricane, could be seen rising and falling on the bar with crushing force, and no time was lost by the islanders in going to the relief of their distressed fellows. About 9 o'clock the steamer Massachusetts, manned by a volunteer crew, was on her way to the wrecked vessel, although to many it seemed a hopeless effort, as the storm was still blowing fiercely and the conditions near the bar were most hazardous.

The Joseph Starbuck was lying on the shoal about four miles from the town and two miles from the nearest shore, while the seas were running mountains high for miles around.

Notwithstanding the danger, the steamer ploughed on to the relief of those on board the ship, and within an hour had made fast to her lea side by a warp necessarily of considerable length, her engine being kept in motion to hold the line taut. There were thirty-five persons on board the ill-fated ship, all of whom were taken off by means of a single whale-boat, which made no less than five perilous trips between the ship and the steamer.

The weather was extremely cold at the time and the decks and rigging of the ship were coated with ice, making a somewhat ghostly picture as she lay there on the bar sheathed in white, and she finally broke up with nothing of any material value being saved.

She was built at the ship-yards on Brant point in 1828, with a hull of live oak, and was copper-fastened and considered a very staunch craft. Her owners had her insured for $24,000, and she had already made one very successful voyage, being about ready to start on her second when she went to her doom.

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Death of Moses Joy, Jr. in New York. 1937

Moses Joy, Jr., one of the last of the Nantucket families connected with the old whaling days, died in Bellevue Hospital, New York city, on Friday morning week, from injuries received when he was struck by a trolley car the previous day. Mr. Joy was on his way to the Camera Club at 68th street and Broadway from his residence at 143 East 15th street, going by street car to the 42nd street and Third Avenue station, where he was to transfer to a car which would take him to his destination. It was while waiting for the car to come along that he was struck down by a Third Avenue trolley. He was taken to the Bellevue hospital where it was found he had received a fractured skull, and he passed away a few hours later without regaining consciousness.

The remains were brought to Nantucket on Monday and brief services were held in the Unitarian Church on Tuesday, conducted by the Rev. Harold L. Pickett. Interment was in the family lot in the North Cemetery.

Born on Nantucket, June 18, 1853, Moses Joy, Jr., was the son of Moses and Ann C. Joy, and, although spending many years of his long life on the mainland, he has always been identified with the island. In fact, it was through Mr. Joy's enterprise, when a young man of twenty-five, that the Wannacomet Water Company was established in 1878 and 1879 and running water led into the town from the pond—a development that encountered all sorts of opposition.

In spite of the feeling that Moses Joy's "crazy scheme" would never amount to anything, "for water could not be made to run up-hill", the young

The Late Moses Joy in a characteristic pose.

promoter continued his efforts and secured the right kind of backing to bring the project to a head. The present up-to-date water supply which Nantucket enjoys (considered one of the best in the state) is a monument to the perseverance and energy of Moses Joy when as a young man he conceived the idea of a town water supply nearly sixty years ago.

In reminiscing while here last summer, He said to the writer:

"I had all sorts of stumbling blocks placed in my way and the public refused to give me the least encouragement in carrying out the project. In fact, even after I had the pipes laid into town, so pronounced was the spirit against the water system, that the firewards would not permit me to use the town's hose in order to show to the people of Nantucket that water could be thrown onto the Unitarian church. I wanted to connect hose to the hydrant on Orange street, near the James Easton house, but the firewards would not loan me the hose for the demonstration. I went to New Bedford and borrowed the necessary lengths of hose from the fire department of that city. Some folks hooted at me when I connected the hose to the hydrant, but it was only a few minutes before they broke into cheers, for I had a good stream of water going over the church. I did not have any more trouble—after that the islanders were willing to help."

* * * * * *

When a lad of seventeen Moses Joy went to New York city and worked as an apprentice and as a student at the Cooper Union Institute. He made a special study, in subsequent years, of community water systems and the project which he developed at Nantucket was one of the first which he actually materialized.

In 1880 he built the water system at Milford and Hopedale, Mass; in 1884-5 he successfully launched a similar enterprise at Lexington, Mass.; and in 1885 he completed a water line for fire service at Cottage City (now Oak Bluffs). The next two years he developed the water system at Bennington, Vt., associated with H. W. Purnam, and also the hydraulic electric light system at Petersburg, Va.

In 1898 he established a water supply for Milford, Ct., and in 1899 a water system for the towns of Guilford, East River, Madison, Clinton, Westbrook, Saybrook, Essex, Deep River and Chester—eighty-five miles of pipe lines.

In 1901 he projected the electric light system for Clinton, Conn., and in more recent years represented various mining and industrial interests. During his active life he travelled extensively in connection with his various developments.

Moses Joy was something of an inventive genius, as well as a machinist. He was a skilled workman in whatever he undertook and whether working on metal or on whales' teeth, the result showed his remarkable skill.

* * * * * *

Mr. Joy, although a machinist and civil engineer, throughout his long life had made a hobby of photography. His first efforts were with an old style box camera and he afterwards invented a number of gadgets for photographers, including focusing devices and moving picture cameras.

He did not own a camera himself until 1874, although for some time prior to that he had assisted William Summerhayes, the island photographer, in his work. His inventions connected with photography thereafter became numerous, although he never entered the business as a profession. He made the first pictures for the old Edison biograph studio in the Bronx, one of the first in this country, and also advised the biograph studios in Fourteenth street. That was in 1897.

For the biograph camera he invented a device which allowed the focus, then fixed, to be changed at the will of the photographer. He also improved the shutter. Just before the turn of the century he made one of the first "reversed" films, showing a girl diving into the ocean at Coney Island and then, in defiance of gravity, rising from the water back to the diving board. It was a sensation.

His 1898 news reel was made at a shipwreck on the beach at Deal, N. J. The reel ran two minutes and was sold to the Sylvester Z. Poli chain of theatres in New England. He admitted years later that a part of its lightning and wave effects were faked.

Mr. Joy also invented a new type of motion picture camera, which, however, never was put into extensive use.

In recent years he passed almost every night at the Camera Club, consulted by its younger members. He was an indefatigable recruiter of new members for the club.

* * * * * *

He possessed an amazing memory and delighted to talk about Nantucket's past, for he lived in the days of old. He took pleasure in recalling the days of his boyhood, of his association with men and women of a generation now gone. He was proud of Nantucket's history and its traditions and was an active member of the Historical Association.

Always maintaining the atmosphere of the Society of Friends, he remained true to the belief of his ancestors throughout his long life and while in New York he was a regular attendant at the Friend's meeting-house at 221 East 15th street. Since 1890 he had been a member of the Camera Club of New York city, whose members found in him a genial companion and an interesting associate. He became a life member in 1896 and was a constant attendant at the club to the day of the accident.

For a number of years, since increasing age compelled him to retire from an active life, Mr. Joy always spent the summers on Nantucket and found keen pleasure in chatting with friends and acquaintances whom he met on the street, in the Pacific Club-room, or when seated in a chair in front of an antique shop. He enjoyed conversation, especially when about Nantucket, and it was his one delight to meet and talk with someone who was interested in events, people and conditions of days agone.

He was unmarried, his nearest relative being David A. Greene, of Milford, Conn., who, with Mrs. Greene, accompanied the remains to Nantucket. He also leaves three grand-nephews—Herbert A., Norman J., and Frederick M. Greene, of Philadelphia.

Nantucket's New Museum. 1930

From the New York Herald-Tribune.

Few of the local memorials that are timed to concur with the Massachusetts Bay Centenary have such flavor of salt as the new Whaling Museum which Nantucket is about to open in a brick building, itself a relic, long used for the manufacture of sperm candles. The collection, of course, is of the past, for it is sixty years since the last Nantucket whalers sailed. It is a glorious past, going back to the years when the harpooners of the little island were supreme. They had to yield in the end to the men of New Bedford, a port with the natural advantages that Nantucket lacked—and New Bedford has a fascinating whaling museum of its own—but from early in the eighteenth century for a full hundred years and more the island's whaling fleet maintained its lead with marvelous tenacity.

The ascendancy of Nantucket in whaling had a touch almost of mystery and magic. William F. Macy, president of the Nantucket Historical Association, writing in "The Boston Transcript" recalls the handicaps that the islanders had to over-come, "including distance from markets for their product, a bar across the mouth of their harbor showing less than eight feet of water at low tide—about half the average draft of their larger ships—the lack of any of the raw materials for building or outfitting these ships and the frequent closing of their harbor for weeks or even months at a time by ice in winter." With all these disadvantages Nantucket in the heyday of her trade in oil and whalebone nearly rivaled Boston and Salem in population, wealth and commerce. It is little wonder that the people of the island, descendants of those dauntless sea-farers, are proud to have displayed in an appropriate setting the material reminders of Nantucket's great epoch.

The new museum houses the whaling relics which the historical association has hitherto exhibited with its other collections, and in addition a rich store of recent accessions comprising the complete whaling collection of a private doner. Short of a life-size whale ship every implement of the industry is on view. An old whaleboat tried and true, equipped for action, is one of the exhibits. There are "curios" in abundance brought home by Nantucket sailors from strange seas; rare paintings of whale ships and whaling scenes; a gallery of portraits of captains and shipowners and a whaling library quiet and apart. And the custodian is George Grant, who spent thirty-five years on a whale ship. "A tour of the museum under his tutelage," Mr. Macy says, "is a 'voyage awhaling' without its discomforts and privations." There are not many museum retrospects of American enterprise to compare in quality with that of the indomitable whalers of Nantucket.

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Breckinridge Long and His Ships at Nantucket.

Willard DeLue, the special writer of the Boston Globe, is presenting a series of interesting articles upon persons who are at vacation resorts this year, Mr. DeLue making the rounds of the New England resorts. A couple of weeks ago he came to Nantucket and found quite a number of subjects of interest here. Last Saturday the Globe printed his article relating an interview with Hon. Breckinridge Long at his summer home "Sea Crest" on the north sore, which we are re-printing herewith: 1927

Properly this should be three distinct stories—one about Breckinridge Long, Missourian and Assistant Secretary of State in Wilson's day, another about Mr. Long's home here, which has a history all its own, and the third about the ship models and marine curios which Mr. Long has gathered in his years of summering on the island. But space does not permit of any such ambitious program, so this story will have to be a hash.

A word about Sea Crest, the fine old house which stands on a high bluff overlooking the sea, about a mile from the center of the town. This was the Nantucket residence of Charles O'Conor, a man who (as Long puts it) has passed on to that oblivion we all reach eventually, but in his day a great leader of the American bar." O'Conor, a New Yorker, was the only Roman Catholic ever candidate for the Presidency of the United States. That was back in the forgotten '70's, when Horace Greeley, a Republican of long standing, opposed General Grant, and accepted a Democratic nomination in order to carry the fight to the electorate. The "straight Democrats", who could not stomach the new candidate, deserted the party standard and nominated Charles O'Conor to make the run as an out-and-out Democrat. Though O'Conor refused the nomination, his name was placed upon the ballot and he received something like 30,000 votes.

Somwhere around 1880, O'Conor's health broke down, and his doctor ordered him to reside in Bermuda.

"Bermuda," said he, "I can't practice law in Bermuda."

So he came down here to mild-wintered Nantucket, built himself this house, with a big library building which still stands beside it, sent his great legal library down aboard a schooner, and became a Nantucketer.

"He and my grandfather were great friends," Mr. Long explained, "and he induced grandfather to come down here. Then when Charles O'Conor died, my grandfather eventually took the house. I knew the island from a child. I expect I am the oldest summer resident. I've been here since 1887—that's 40 years. I've almost grown web feet."

We were sitting in one of the big drawing rooms, with its massive marble fireplaces, brought over from Europe by O'Conor, when he built the place. But these today are of lesser interest than the things which Mr. Long has gathered—ancient ship models, carved whales teeth, implements of the whale fisheries. Sea Crest today is more than a summer home. It is a great marine museum.

On one of the mantles is a French frigate modeled entirely of bone by some prisoner of the Napoleonic Wars. In the hall (where a huge binnacle forward gives a true nautical atmosphere) is a ship of the period of 100 years ago. "And really a good model." Mr. Long looks her over with an experienced eye. "Built from the hull up, that one; just look at the depth of her." There are half models on the walls, models on tables here and there, pictures and curios everywhere.

"I just picked them up," Mr. Long explained, "I got to be interested in the fisheries and whaling, and I gradually accumulated these models. Back 15 or 20 years ago, and more, there was scarcely any interest in ship models. Folks were throwing them out. Why I bought one for $5.00 that someone had picked off the dump, here. For every dollar that I've paid for models, I literally could get hundreds now."

He led the way into another room. "There," he said, pointing to a big ship that reposes in a glassed-off section of the room, "there, that's the last word in ship modeling. I don't know exactly where she originated but she was down in Philadelphia at the centennial, and I judge it was built about that time. She represents the highest development of the clipper ship—the period of about 1860."

He got a key from another room and opened the full-sized glass door at the end of the enclosure.

"Look here," he said, pointing to her stern deck. There was a brass plate there, with the name of the ship engraved on it—"Ship Royal Gem."

"She evidently was built in Boston, because the painting on the stern shows Boston from a point just about where Lawley's yard is today—possibly that's where the original was built. But of the Royal Gem herself, I don't know anything. Some day I'm going to have her looked up.

"Oh, it's a gem," said Long, idling into the case, between the model and the wall. "Look at that door, for instance, it's made in three pieces. The hatch closes against it, and locks it.

"Everything works—everything. We have had all her sails set. Those topmasts can be lowered—we had to lower them to get her down here from Boston. The anchors drop when the cathead pin is knocked out, and the capstan raises them. Every block is a real block, and her compass is a real compass.

"Look down into her cabin, and you will find a doll dressed in the period of the '50's seated at a table on which tiny cups and saucers are laid.

"I had a man down here who knows models," Mr. Long went on, "and he said he never seen anything like it, except in the Louvre, where there is one particularly fine model. Of course, he added, "I don't mean that there aren't prettier models. Some of the English models are beautiful. But for the care in which every detail has been worked out, this one will be hard to beat."

He told of an acquaintance of his, a member of the Ship Model Society of New York, after seeing this model decided to build one like it. "And when he had finished the materials alone had cost him $21,000."

Mr. Long discovered the model in Boston five years ago, after a two-year search. Bernard Hunt, of Malden, who takes care of all rigging and repairs for Mr. Long, first picked up the trail.

In the same room are many other models—one a contemporary model of the sloop of war Baltimore, of about 1810, two feet long, and another contemporary model of the privateer Robert Tate, a foot long.

"But that big baby is six feet long," said Mr. Long turning again to his treasure.

And so we went from room to room in this museum, which is the Long summer home; chatted for an hour on the broad veranda overlooking the sea; and came away with a hearty invitation from host and hostess alike to drop in again next time we're on the island.

Resolutions.

At the quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Coffin School, the following resolution was offered, and passed by a unanimous vote, the full board being present:

"Resolved: That in the death of Alanson Swain Barney the Coffin School has lost a valued and esteemed friend who served it well and faithfully as president of its Board of Trustees for nearly sixteen years when failing health compelled him to tender his resignation in October, 1926.

This Board wishes to publicly express its appreciation of the many fine qualities that were conspicuous in Alanson Swain Barney's life and to place on record its sorrow at his loss which is individually felt by each member of the Board.

Resilved: That to the family of our departed associate and good friend, we extend our deepest sympathy and that the foregoing be spread upon the minutes of this meeting."

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

DIED, last evening, Capt. Benjamin Lawrence, aged 80 years, 1 month, and 3 days.

Capt. Lawrence had become a historic character. He was almost the last survivor of the ill-fated ship Essex, which ship sailed from here in August, 1819, for Pacific Ocean, whaling, in command of George Pollard, Jr. After reaching the whaling ground, Off Shore, on the Equator, longitude 120 west, they raised whales, early on the morning of November 20, 1820. All three of their boats were in pursuit. Mr. Chase, the mate, struck a whale, but in harpooning or striking, the whale stove the boat, making it necessary to cut away and go to the ship to repair. While attending to this duty, another whale made for the ship and struck her upon the bow. Such was the concussion, that she shook as though she had struck a rock, almost bringing every man down upon his face. They tried the pumps and found the ship was making water. Kept the pumps going while the mate was putting a patch of canvas over the stoven boat, when the whale was seen making again for the ship, seemingly much enraged. The ship was going through the water at the rate of 3 miles an hour, the whale coming with 6 miles' velocity, and meeting and striking the ship on the bow just below the cat head, staving in a fearful place. The ship immediately filled and rolled over upon her side a complete wreck. When Capt. Pollard came to the ship, Mr. Joy, the second mate, followed, the consternation can hardly be realized. Mr. Chase related the appalling circumstances to them. There was no time to be lost, and it was decided to cut a hole in the ship's side, and get out provisions, water, &c., which they accomplished. While doing this the ship broke up in her decks, and the oil made the sea smooth for miles around the wreck. They finally made ready, and rather than go to any near island, owing to the supposed savage man-eaters of the Marquesas, or Easter Islands, which were the nearest, it was decided to go to the Coast of Chili, some three thousand miles off. On the 22d of November, 1820, they divided their number, twenty souls in the three boats, and with sad hearts left their once happy home, and proceeded upon the fearful voyage. Mr. Matthew Joy, second mate, died soon after leaving the wreck. When the disaster took place, the ship was nearly full of sperm oil, they having up to that time been very successful. December 20th they made the uninhabited Ducie's Island, latitude 24 40 south, 124 40 west longitude. Here they refreshed themselves as best they could, for a day or two; when about to leave, three of the number preferred to take their chances upon this lone sand heap Subsequently Commodore John Downes sent, or agreed with an Englishman to stop in his way to Sydney, and take them off. This was accomplished; he found the men in a very wild state; took them to Sydney, where everything was done for them; thence to London. Thomas Chappel was an Englishman, and he was left in London; Seth Weeks, of Barnstable, Mass., and William Wright, of the same town, were taken on board the ship London Packet, and landed in Boston, June, 1822.

After leaving Ducie's island, the three boats kept company for some time, but in time one boat was lost sight of and never heard from, supposed to have foundered or been sunk by some strange fish. Capt. Pollard and Mr. Chase continued together for a time, making for the coast of Chili, but finally parted and lost sight of each other, and what took place in these two boats on the passage, would freeze your readers, blood, were I to recapitulate them here; suffice it for me to say, they suffered as none had before that ever sailed from this place. One of the boats gave out and came near sinking. The mate's boat was attacked by some sort of bill fish, making a wound which was for the time stopped by stuffing it full of old clothes. It was found necessary to go under the bottom to hold up an axe to clinch the nails. Mr. Benjamin Lawrence volunteered to do it, clinched the nails as they were driven from inside successfully, and made the boat tight; a feat he could not have performed a month later, on account of weakness and want of food. February 25th, 1821, after unsurpassed sufferings, lasting 90 days, and having sailed in these frail boats upwards of 3000 miles, Mr. Owen Chase, with Benjamin Lawrence and Thomas G Nickerson, were taken up by Capt. Crozier, of brig Indian, of London, then in sight of Massafuero, almost in a dying state. With the most tender care and good nursing, they were all three restored and sent to Valparaiso, where they met many friends and most generous treatment from all in the port.

Capt. Pollard was picked up a few days after by ship Dauphin, Capt. Zimri Coffin, of Nantucket. He and Charles Ramsdell were all that were left of that boat's crew. They too, were most generously cared for, and all took passage for Nantucket We can never forget the Sunday, August 5th, 1821, the day the ship Two Brothers was announced in sight from the watch tower, for she had Capt. Pollard a passenger. In looking back to *that day*, with all its excitements, for there were full fifteen hundred people upon our wharves, we remember the interest manifested by our citizens for these afflicted men of the sea, suffering as remarked before, as none had in any of our long career of whaling lite. Capt. Lawrence continued following the sea, whaling; then in the Liverpool service, and finally whaling again, and commanded a ship till he had a competency, when he retired to a "cottage by the sea" at the east end of the island, where he could see and enjoy the sea in all its sublimity. Recently he has been living in town, where he has died among his own people. Thomas G. Nickerson, the seventeen year old lad at the time, and a playmate in my youth, is now 74 years old, the only survivor of the ill-fated "Essex." He is looking as fine as any of us. May he enjoy in peace and comfort the remainder of an eventful and checkered life.

NOTE.

One case like the foregoing occurred to ship Ann Alexander, of New Bedford, in 1851, without any suffering.

The same day that the ship Two Brothers arrived at the bar, with Capt. Pollard as passenger, the ship Hero, Capt. Obed Starbuck, arrived without her captain, James Russell, who had been killed by the Spaniards at the island of Massafuero, This was of course adding to our excitements of the hour.

The Essex was a China ship from Salem; she came through Gasper Straits in company with our ship Lady Adams, Obed Fitch, from Canton, in 1814, and was then purchased by our folks. S.

Nantucket, March 28th, 1879. 1879

LONG.—Capt. Valentine C. Long, one of the few remaining veteran whaling captains, died suddenly Sunday evening. He had been sweeping snow from the walk in front of his home on Orange street, and had exchanged playful remarks with several passers-by, when on entering the house he fell dead in the hall. Capt. Long was about 76 years of age. He followed the whaling business during life, rising to the command of a ship—the Young Hero of this port, in which he sailed in 1855. The ship was burned at the Sandwich Islands in 1858. Capt. Long, on retiring from the sea, took up his residence at New Bedford, but later returned to Nantucket, where he has since resided. He leaves a widow. A large circle of friends will mourn his loss. 1895

Mate of Whaler Arrested. 1907

Frank Long, formerly mate of the whaler Bowhead, was taken into custody at San Francisco on March 13th by United States Marshal Elliot on the charge of having beaten and wounded a sailor, Karl Faber. The arrest was the result of an indictment found against Long by the recent federal grand jury.

It is alleged that during 1904, while the Bowhead was in the Arctic, Long administered three beatings to Faber, who says that he left the boat in the Arctic, the captain giving him a dollar and a sack of flour. Thus equipped he traveled over hundreds of miles of Arctic country, finally reaching Edmondson, Canada. Long was released on $2,000 bonds.

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218 Gracious Ladies. 1947

By Natalie Gordon in Boston Traveler

Painting, music and dancing are three fields in which Mrs. J. Randolph Jelleme of Dedham and Siasconset on picturesque Nantucket Island excels, and now, to add to her interests, she is studying Russian.... On Nantucket she has her own gallery, "The Hope Chest", and tells us the name came with the building and she would no more dare change it than she would venture to drop an atomic bomb in the locality....In painting, her forte is water color, and she likes to paint action pictures, particularly the action of a string quartette or the action of children....The former Julia Merchant, this petite blond mother of two sons and a daughter, was born in Warren, R. I., was graduated from the Lincoln School in Providence, where she next spent a year studying ballet and piano, and then came to Boston and was graduated from the Designers Art School .....Following her marriage she taught dancing for a while in Cambridge and last year was on the staff of the Dedham Country Day School. Her young daughter has evidently inherited her mother's artistic talents and at the age of 12 has already sold some of her paintings...The Jellemes (pronounced "Jellymee") first made their home on Beacon Hill, later in Cambridge, and now divide their time between their charming Dedham and 'Sconset" homes....Both Mrs. Jelleme and her husband have a passion for rehabilitating old houses and to date have completed four in Nantucket plus their own home in Dedham, which boasts its own studio workshop and such artistic touches as ballet dancers painted in oil on the kitchen cabinets....Mrs. Jelleme is a member of the Dedham Association of Artists and Craftsmen, and studies piano with Elsa Currier....She has exhibited her work, together with the work of other artists, in her studios in Dedham and Nantucket....Musically she leans to the compositions of Brahms, Shostakovitch and Gershwin; but where art is concerned she takes no stand on the conservative vs. the modern, because she feels that a work should be judged on its merit and not on the school it represents.

3/5 **Obituary.** 1904

Captain William Lewis, one of the leading whaling agents in the United States, died at 8 30 Sunday morning, at his home, corner of County and Pope streets. Captain Lewis has been in poor health for the past two years, and was very ill when he made his last trip from California, a year ago. He has been confined to his home since early this winter. Death was due to a general breaking down of the system occasioned by heart attacks.

Captain William Lewis was born in Woolwich, Me., Jan. 25, 1834. Coming to this city as a boy, he began his seafaring life by running away, shipping as a cabin boy when about twelve years of age. In 1859 he was shipped as mate of the small brig Eben Dodge, of which Benjamin Franklin Howland was agent. On the day before the vessel was to sail, the man who had been shipped as captain started for a trip down on the Cape to pay a farewell visit to his family He did not appear when the hour for sailing arrived, and the agent asked Mate Lewis if he wished to go out in command of the Dodge. The offer was accepted, and Captain Lewis made the voyage, returning in 1861. —N. B. Standard.

Capt. Lewis sailed many other voyages, on one of which his ship, the Lafayette, was captured and burned by the Rebel privateer Alabama, Capt. Semmes. Early in the seventies he began his career as an outfitter and agent, in which he gained enviable distinction, being instrumental in the building of six steam whalers, and becoming known as the "whalebone man," it being through him that the world's largest supply of this commodity has been secured.

OBITUARY.—The decease of another of our veteran seamen, Capt. Benjamin Lawrence, at the age of eighty years, again revives the recollection of that melancholy tragedy, growing out of the destruction of the ship Essex of this port by a sperm whale, in the year 1820. Capt. Lawrence was one of the few survivors of the crew of the doomed ship, and his decease now reduces the number to a single one. The story has been told in full, and having been often referred to in our columns, is quite familiar to most of our readers. The Essex, under the command of the late Capt. George Pollard, sailed for the Pacific Ocean in August, 1819, and was sunk November 20, 1820, leaving her crew of twenty-one men adrift on the ocean in three whale-boats, with very little besides what they stood in, many hundreds of miles from the nearest land and with no other sail in sight. The whale which destroyed the ship by using his head as a battering-ram, appears to have done so deliberately and with malice prepense, and so quickly did she fill and sink, that there was no time to save anything but a very small stock of water and provisions. The tale of long-protracted suffering need not be told again here. Capt. Lawrence was a boatsteerer at that time, and was one of the three still left alive in the mate's boat when she was picked up on the 17th of February, 1821, by the English brig Indian. His two companions were the late Capt. Owen Chase, then first officer of the Essex, and Capt. Thomas J. Nickerson of this town, who is now, so far as we know, the sole survivor of the Essex crew. Three men were left on a barren island in the Pacific, known as Ducie's Island, and were afterwards taken off by a government vessel. In the captain's boat, which was picked up February 23d, 1821, only two men were living,—Capt. Pollard himself and the late Capt. Charles Ramsdell. It is somewhat remarkable as showing the indomitable character of these young seaman that, despite their terrible experiences, they all continued to follow their chosen profession, all rose to the command of ships, and all lived to a good old age. This remark applies to the five men saved in the two boats, who were all natives of Nantucket.

Youth and a strong constitution soon triumphed over physical sufferings, and Capt. Lawrence pursued his sea-faring career with the usual ups and downs of varying success. When the little fleet of whalers was fitted out from Hudson, N. Y., he, with many others of his townsmen, found employment there, and from 1832 to 1836 he was in command of the bark Huron from that port. Soon after his return from this voyage he purchased an interest in the brig Dromo, in which he made several whaling voyages in the Atlantic ocean. Since retiring from the sea he has employed himself busily in farming, fishing and other pursuits, residing a portion of the time at Siasconset, and was also for several years keeper of the Asylum. His sturdy virtues commanded the esteem of all who knew him, and he leaves behind the best possible record—that of an honest man doing his whole duty. One of his sons was lost at sea many years since, but his widow, three daughters, and two sons both residing in California, are left to mourn his loss and to cherish the memory of the true husband and father. 4/5/1879

DEATH OF A WHALING MASTER.—Capt. Isaac Ludlow died suddenly at Bridgehampton, L. I., on the 7th inst., in his 65th year. He performed twenty voyages in whaling ships—cruising in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, chiefly; the last eight of which he commanded the ships in which he sailed. They were the ships Gen. Hamilton, Arabella, Oscar, Monmouth, and Union. While cruising in the ship Monmouth, in August, 1853, he sailed near the rough and rocky island of Amsterdam, in the Indian ocean, whereon had been wrecked the British bark Meridian bound to Sydney in New South Wales. Unhesitatingly, generously, humanely, and with great pecuniary sacrifice, (as it involved the failure of his voyage,) he rescued from impending death the one hundred and five souls wrecked in the Meridian, took them from the island, cared for, and nursed them tenderly, and conveyed them in safety to Mauritius. In recognition of his generous and noble act, the passengers and officers of the wrecked vessel presented him with a watch, with an inscription appropriately acknowledging the merits of their preserver. The inhabitants of Sydney, New South Wales, "The Royal National Institution for the preservation of life from shipwreck," and the Royal Admiralty, presented Capt. Ludlow with gold medals with like inscriptions and adorned with numerous and expressive devices, and the Royal Amiralty presented him with a valuable and beautiful chronometer.—*N. B. Standard.* 1871

English Painter Says He Intends Making Home on Nantucket.

A native English painter made a trip to Nantucket in 1941 and liked the island so much that he stayed there for several months painting scenes, according to the article in a recent issue of the New Bedford Standard.

Now friends report that Leslie Lane, 42-year-old naturalized American citizen and veteran of wartime service overseas, probably will return to Nantucket if and when he leaves Europe. Last week the artist held a preview in Paris of a collection of 75 paintings depicting the surroundings of 38 American World War II military cemeteries in France, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg and Ireland.

Mr. Lane's entire collection of about 100 paintings, made during a year's trip by jeep through Europe, will be placed on exhibition in Paris as part of the American observance of Memorial Day.

Born in England, the man who calls Nantucket his home crossed the ocean and lived in Canada for several years. Later he entered the U. S. and became an American citizen.

While staying in New York city, Mr. Lane had an opportunity to make a trip to Nantucket in 1941 on a yacht owned by Antone Brule, New York photographer. He went to the island that June, liked the place and stayed throughout the summer and early fall, spending most of his time transferring the quaint local countryside to his canvas.

The painter was a guest of James H. Coghill at his estate in Quidnet, a quiet little village at the southeast end of Nantucket Island. While Mr. Lane did not exhibit any of his paintings during his stay on the island, Mr. Coghill has several of the paintings hung in his home, including one entitled "Squam Head".

Other Lane paintings are owned by Mrs. Natalie Gates, summer resident of Siasconset, now at her home in New York.

Mr. Lane entered the Army in 1942 and was commissioned to make several murals for various Government buildings. The following year he was sent overseas and saw service in North Africa and Italy.

Mustered out of service while in Europe, the artist chose to remain in that continent to paint. However, some day in the near future he may return to the quiet Nantucket scene to paint the cobblestone streets, scenic sand dunes, old buildings with their widow's walks, colorful fishing boats and decorative seascapes which attracted his artistic eye six years ago.

ARRIVED HOME.—The New Bedford *Shipping List* says that Capt. Otis F. Hamblin, of bark Sea Fox, of that port, returned home on Friday last, having left his vessel at Tumbez on account of ill health. She had taken 150 barrels sperm oil since December—900 barrels sperm and 80 barrels whale oil all told. The Sea Fox sailed from Tumbez February 8th, for the Gallipagos Islands, in command of the mate, Thomas H. Jenkins, of South Dartmouth, and would be at Panama, April 20th. 1877

Charlie Lamb Went A-Whaling Sixty-Five Years Ago.

Sixty-five years ago on Wednesday, May 1, four Nantucketers embarked on the steamer *Island Home* bound for New Bedford to go a-whaling. They were James Folger, Fred Orpin, Roland Perkins, and Charles E. Lamb. Only one, James Folger, was an experienced whaleman, but the others were perfectly willing to be called greenies. They were young and were looking for adventure. Whaling had left Nantucket and they had to seek the calling of many generations of Nantucketers in another port—New Bedford—where they joined the bark *George and Mary*, Capt. George F. Cannon, master.

Today, only one of that small band is living—Charles E. Lamb, of 7 Gay street. Interviewed as to how he was going to observe the anniversary, Mr. Lamb glanced out of the window and observed that, it being a real spring day, he was going down to the No. 4's rooms and chat with the group there.

"How old am I?" repeated Mr. Lamb, "Why, I'm 84—but I don't feel it, no sir. If it wasn't for the rheumatism in my knees I'd feel as spry as I was 30 years ago."

He agreed that May 1, 1875, the date of his departure from Nantucket, was a long time ago, but declared that he could remember clearly the voyage which followed.

"Only Jim Folger had been whaling before," he went on, "the rest of us were greenies. Jim was 2nd officer of the bark *George and Mary*, of New Bedford, and he had signed us up for a two year voyage. When we arrived in New Bedford and went on board the bark, we found that most of the crew were greenies, too. Some of 'em were from the middle west and had never seen salt water before.

"I can remember it all very clearly. The master of the ship was Capt. George F. Cannon. He was a nice old man. The 1st officer was named Beetle from the Vineyard; Jim Folger of Nantucket was 2nd officer, as I've already said; a man named Hatch was 3rd officer, coming from Mattapoisett, the same place Cap'n Cannon came from. One of the boatsteerers was named Ellis.

"The *George and Mary* was a nice bark, but we soon found there was a lot of things about her which we didn't like. In the first place, there were bed bugs in the fo'c'sle big enough to lug you off—and, another thing, the food was bad. We found that some of the pork was rusty and the hard-tack had plenty of 'skippers' in it, believe me.

"A lot of people think that whaling has a lot of loafing to it. Well, we found there was plenty to do. After the sea-sickness wore off—and most of the hands for'ard were sick—we each had to stand our two-hour trick at the wheel and our two-hour trick aloft at the look-out. I won't forget my first trip aloft. I didn't mind the motion on deck but during my first trick at the look-out I was sick—it's a much different motion up there.

"I guess I squeezed the tar out of that rigging many a time when we were ordered aloft to take in sail, during a storm. Poor Fred Orpin wasn't so lucky as I was, though. We went up one afternoon to hand in the maintops'l. Fred was a big man, and naturally clumsy aloft. I'll never forget what happened to him. He wore a heavy reefer aloft that day—and I guess he lost his balance during the queer motion of the footropes. At any rates, he fell from the maintops'l yard and was almost instantly killed when he struck the deck."

* * * * *

It was natural that 19-year-old Charlie Lamb found those first six weeks at sea quite a stretch of hardship and disappointment. The death of his chum Fred Orpin didn't help his piece of mind any. Trouble with the cook added to the general discomfit.

When the green shores of St. Michaels, in the Western Islands, hove into view, Charlie Lamb resolved to run away. The opportunity came and he slipped up through the streets of the town and walked up into the high, hilly countryside. Finding a haven with a kindly Portuguese family at a farmhouse, he settled down to enjoy a week's bliss, eating "food that tasted the best I ever ate," sleeping and walking through the country, he found himself having a real holiday.

"They told me not to go down into the town," he said. "But I thought I would take a chance and look the coast over. Well, sir, that was all Captain Cannon was waiting for. While I was walking along in the town, one of the sailors lassooed me and before I had a chance to fight back a dozen jumped on me and carried me off to the ship. That was the end of my runaway."

* * * * *

The next port of call was Tenerife, in the Canary Islands. This was the port that made most impression upon

Continued on Third Page

When Governor Lincoln Visited Nantucket in 1825. 1937

From the Brockton Enterprise.

A new edition of "Figures of the Past," by Josiah Quincy, first printed more than 70 years ago, is issued by Little, Brown & Co. It is a readable chronicle dealing with men and manners in the early part of the last century. One chapter is devoted to "Gov. Lincoln at Nantucket", and gives a diverting story of the first visit of a State executive to the island. That was in September, 1825, when the journey from Boston was somewhat of an adventure.

Gov. Lincoln and party left Boston on a Tuesday, journeying by stage coach to Plymouth, where a reception was tendered to his excellency. From the Pilgrim town the stage left at 3.30 next morning for Sandwich, and the party breakfasted at an inn there where Daniel Webster was then putting up on one of his plover shooting trips.

From Sandwich the coach rolled over sandy roads to Falmouth, where a sailing packet was to be boarded for Nantucket. There was a head wind and the sloop did not venture out until sunset. The passengers were uncomfortably stowed away below in narrow bunks and at 2 in the morning were aroused as the craft grounded on the bar outside Nantucket harbor.

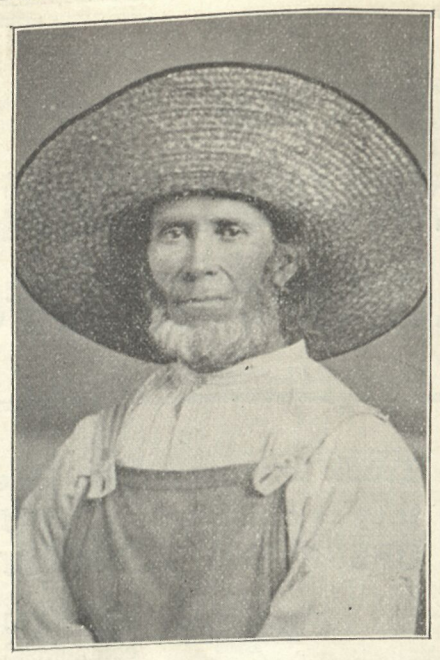
Dawn showed several whaling ships anchored near by, waiting for high tide before heading in to the town. When the tide lifted the packet the visitors were met by two whaleboats, bearing leading men of the island, who escorted the sloop to the wharf where many islanders had gathered. The governor was much impressed by the "modest cordiality" of the Quaker greetings given him.

Then followed a round of receptions and dinners tendered by the flourishing whaling town out in the ocean. Mr. Quincy dwells upon a drive to Siasconset, made in springless tip carts and sharpening appetites for a "noble chowder" served in the fishing hamlet.

An evening party at the residence of Aaron Mitchell was the "finest in appointments the island had ever seen." There was no dancing, of course, in a community influenced by Quaker sentiment, but the visitors were impressed by the number of "beautiful and lively young women, exceeding anything that could be looked for in a similar gathering on the mainland."

Head winds kept the governor there over Sunday, affording him opportunity to attend service, with "an hour of absolute silence," in a Friends' meeting house, where the men sat at one side of the building, the women at the other, and that experience was followed by a call on Micajah Coffin, past 90 and the oldest citizen. Monday morning there was a fair wind and the packet bowled her way to New Bedford in six hours, which was speedy travel for those days. Josiah Quincy's picture of Nantucket as Gov. Lincoln found it is a well told narrative.

THE OLD MILL



THE OLD MILLER.

NANTUCKET'S OLD MILL

Was Built in 1746. Island's Most Familiar Landmark Still Grinds Corn.

Reprinted from The Inquirer and Mirror of June 28, 1913
Copyright, 1913, by H. B. Turner.

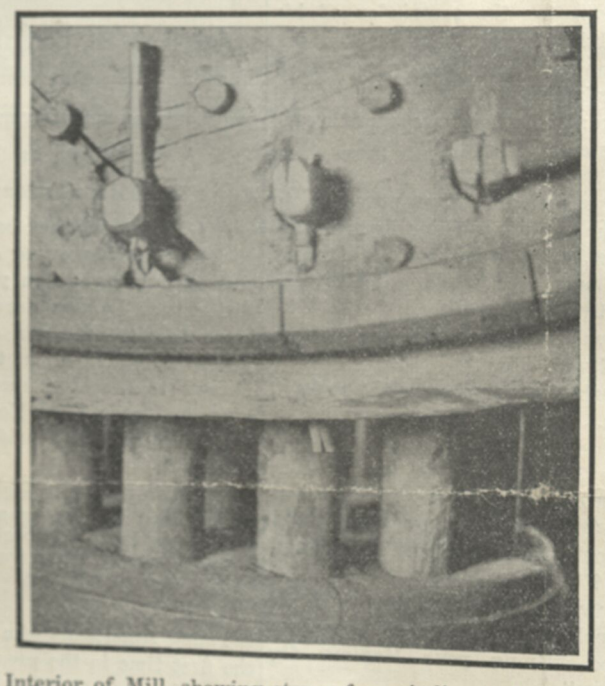
The "Old Mill" was built in 1746 by Nathan Wilbur, a Nantucket sailor, who had visited Holland in the course of his roamings and gained a knowledge of the methods used in that country of employing wind-power for grinding grain and sawing wood. Wilbur thought the method could be used to advantage on wind-swept Nantucket, and although the islanders "threw cold water" on his scheme from the start and refused to co-operate with him in the project, even taunting and ridiculing him while he was at work on it, he stoutly maintained that his plan was feasible and finally proved it to the satisfaction of the islanders.

Oaken beams, washed ashore from wrecked vessels, furnished the material for the frame-work of the mill, while deck planking of white oak, still as tough and as firm as when pinned into the vessel, was available for the exterior.

Wilbur cut and shaped the ship timber with a kit of tools brought from England. Piece by piece the frame-work rose from the ground. Its shape was octagonal. Nails were too expensive for fastening, and screws and bolts were unknown, so every part of the frame-work was held together by pins of hickory wood, driven with a hammer through holes cut in the timbers. Although the mill, from the roof to the ground, is fifty feet high, Wilbur designed and constructed every part of it, except the grindstone shaft, and assembled the various parts. Only when he was ready to set the "machinery" and grindstones in place did he need help.

The material for the upper portion was hauled up, piece by piece, by means of a rope and pulley fastened to the top of a wooden beam set firmly in the ground. In this way he fastened the pieces in position without aid.

The four wings or arms of the wheel driven by the wind are each thirty feet in length, having a maximum width of six feet. When in operation they are covered with sail duck lashed to the frame-work with tarred cord running through brass eyelets in the cloth. In order to furnish means for bringing the vanes "up into the wind," Wilbur secured an old spruce mast, 50 feet long and 12 inches in diameter at the top, from among the wreckage that had drifted ashore, and fitted the upper end into the movable top of the mill, and the lower end into the hub of a wheel resting on the ground.

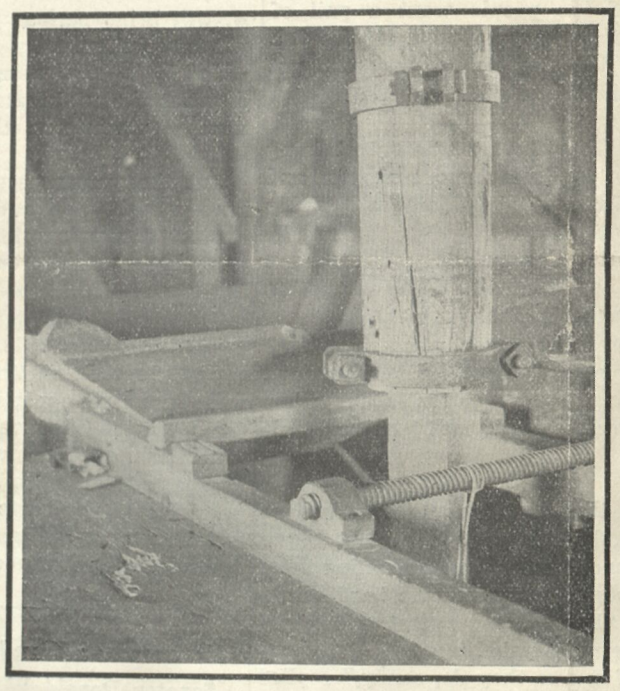


Interior of Mill, showing stones for grinding and wooden wheel into which wooden cogs fit and revolve the stones.

The interior mechanism of the mill is remarkable from an engineering standpoint. What might be termed a "driving wheel" is set at the top of the mill, made entirely of oak and turned by the vanes outside. There are no spokes, as the wheel is solid, planks an inch in thickness extending from the hub to the rim. The rim itself is no less than a foot square in thickness, composed of sections cut into concave shape, so that the whole forms a circle which is eleven feet in diameter.

The sections of the rim are also held tightly by wooden pins, and the exterior of the rim is covered with a band of iron taken from a wrecked ship. Projecting from the inside of the wheel rim are wooden cogs. These intersect another set of hickory "teeth," each three inches in length, which are wedged into the vertical shaft that revolves the upper grindstone. Consequently, as the driving wheel turns, it also turns the shaft and the upper of the two stones which grind the corn. Such is the process that performs the actual grinding, the meal pouring into a hopper on the floor below.

The grinding shaft is another novel feature of the mill. Though nearly all the material which went toward the mill was "home-made," even the oak was not strong enough to revolve the granite grindstone,



The oaken shaft which has operated for nearly 200 years.

as it is a foot thick and six feet in diameter, with a hole for the driving shaft only four inches square. Wilbur solved this problem by making a combination shaft. He had a bar of iron forged in England, of the length required, and of a width that would exactly fit the hole in the stone. He set this through the stone, the lower end being buried in the ground beneath the mill, thus anchoring the shaft. Above the grindstone the iron was fastened to the wooden shaft by clamping the ends together with a heavy iron "collar" or band.

As it was necessary to control the force of the wind at times when the velocity was too great, and the mill might be damaged by turning too rapidly, the builder designed a crude brake which counteracts the force of the wind and controls the speed of the wind-wheel when necessary. It consists of a heavy oaken beam, to one end of which a box of stone, weighing several hundred pounds, is attached by a rope and pulley.

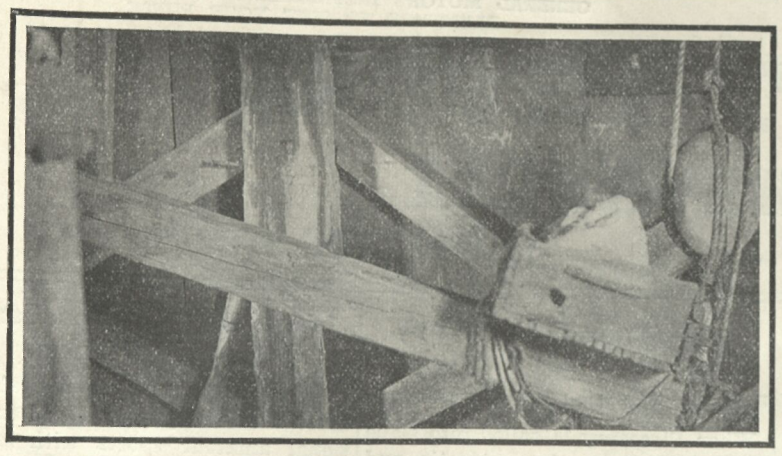
One man can raise and lower the box, so carefully is the weight adjusted. The end of the beam projects under the shaft extending from the hub of the wind-wheel into the mill. It is held loosely in a rope noose. When it is necessary to check the speed, the box of stone is loosened and the weight presses down. On the principle of the see-saw, the other end moves up and presses against the wind-wheel

shaft. This brake is also used to stop the wind-wheel at night, or when operations are suspended. The capacity of the mill is ten bushels an hour when operated at its greatest speed, and but one man is necessary to perform its operations.

In the early part of its life the mill had two owners, one-half belonging to Eliakim Swain, and the other half to John Hay. In 1750 it was purchased by Timothy Swain, who died in the mill on duty, and after his death it was bought by Charles Swain and known as "the Charles Swain Mill." Then it passed into the possession of his grandson, Nathan Swain, and in 1828 was bought by Jared Gardner, in a deplorable condition, for the sum of twenty dollars, "for firewood."

Gardner was a wheelwright by trade and he thoroughly repaired the mill, so that it was again in good condition and capable of grinding corn. Several times he offered it for sale, but it did not pass into other hands until 1855, when George Enos purchased it, and in 1864 he sold it to Captain John Murray, who ran it only two years.

In 1866 it was bought by John Francis Sylvia, a Portuguese



The stone brake by which speed is increased and decreased by a box loaded with stone set on controller beam operated by pulley.

miller, who had for his assistant Peter Hoy, who later became the custodian. From that time on the big vanes gradually became idle, however, and the last time it was operated in the 19th century was in 1892, when a few bags of meal were ground and sold as souvenirs.

For five years thereafter it remained silent, a mute sentinel on the hill, its vanes occasionally being damaged by the gales during the intervening years, but its interior mechanism remaining firm and intact—a testimonial of the thorough workmanship of Nathan Wilbur so many years ago.

In 1897 the mill passed into the possession of the Nantucket Historical Association, as a gift from Miss Caroline L. W. French, of Boston, who purchased the property at auction and presented it to the Association in order that it might be preserved as a landmark. A tablet, suitably inscribed, appears just inside the door-way, on which is the following:

This Mill, built 1746,
was bought and presented
to the Nantucket
Historical Association
in 1897 by
Miss Caroline L. W. French,
of Boston, Mass.

When it came into possession of the mill, the Historical Association had its exterior throughly repaired and the next season opened it as "a place of interest" to summer visitors, charging an admission fee of ten cents. One of Nantucket's famous whaling masters, Capt. Charles Grant, was placed in charge of the mill as custodian, and upon his death Capt. Timothy Dunham, a retired Nantucket boatman and whaleman, took charge.

Other custodians of the Old Mill have been Joseph Lewis, Hattie McLeod, Frederick S. Chadwick, William F. Jones, and Whitman Pearson.

Although its top was not turned around to face the varied winds after the service of John Francis Sylvia, it did occasionally grind corn during the period when Mr. Chadwick was custodian, as well as during the service of Messrs. Jones and Pearson.

Repairs made to the Mill during the spring of 1936, however, made it possible for the top to be turned around once more, and the Old Mill is no longer dependent on a southwest wind to turn its vanes. It can now face the breezes from any quarter and the miller offers corn for sale as souvenirs, ground by the mill which was erected in 1746 and has withstood the gales and storms that have swept across Nantucket nearly two centuries.

At one time, in the last part of the eighteenth century, there were four mills standing in a row on what is now called "Mill Hills." Benjamin Whippey owned the west mill, Uriah Bunker the next one, Barnabus Bunker the third, and Timothy Swain, above-mentioned, the fourth or east mill, which is now the landmark called the "Old Mill."

In reviewing the past in connection with the "Old Mill" it seems almost beyond belief that Nantucket could, at any time, have raised enough grain to keep five mills in operation, but the fact is beyond question. Besides the four mills which stood in a row on "Mill Hills," there was a fifth located on the site of the present New North cemetery, which was known as the "Round-Top Mill," and there are a few persons yet living who can recall when this mill was in operation and doing an active business.

History says that one of the four mills on the hills was destroyed by fire in 1765. Another was purchased by the town to test the practicability of gunpowder to demolish a building, and the experiment proved an entire success, the old mill being blown into atoms by the explosion. A third was torn down, having outlived its usefulness, which left the present mill—the east one of the four—alone on the "hills," and upon the removal of the "Round-Top Mill," in 1873, it became the sole survivor of the five which were once busily at work grinding grain for the inhabitants of Nantucket.

Tradition has it that during the war of the Revolution a cannon ball from an English man-of-war passed through the mill, closely grazing the miller. Standing upon so high an eminence it must have been an easy target for the marine gunner.

Another incident which gives the "Old Mill" a touch of romance occurred in 1848. Several young ladies were watching the slowly-moving vanes one day when the wind was very light, and one of them, possibly from some irresistible force of mind, seized one of the vanes and was carried up to its loftiest point. Horror-stricken at the exploit, the other girls rushed to inform the miller, who, in his alarm for her safety, stopped the mill, which threw the girl to the ground with such force that she sustained fractured limbs and was severely injured, although ultimately recovering from the accident.

The only other accident on record in connection with the operation of the "Old Mill" was when a careless cow strayed from the herd and while grazing came within sweep of the vanes as they were being whirled around in a stiff breeze. The cow was instantly killed, her back being broken when the vane struck her.

History says that the first mill built on Nantucket was owned by the famous Tristram Coffin, who assumed a contract to construct a windmill for grinding grain for the inhabitants of the town, after the person to whom the contract had at first been awarded had failed to comply with its terms.

The Indians' stone mills—which consisted of a rock with a cavity upon its top, in which cavity another large stone was rolled to crush the grain—passed out of use with the advent of the white people on the island, and the custom virtually belongs to that period known as the "stone age." The historic "Old Mill" is a relic of an industry of the eighteenth century.

Before the purchasers settled the island, it had been visited and explored by several of their number. Tristram Coffin, Thomas Macy and John Coleman were there in June and July, 1659, and during the next January Edward Starbuck secured two Indian deeds. He was on the island with Peter Folger and John Coffin in May, 1660, when another sachem deed was executed. During the same year these purchasers and Richard Swain surveyed and selected their house lots. It may not be far amiss to infer that during the two years between the purchase and settlement of the island, one or more of the owners were there to have charge of the property. They probably lived in a house at Maddaket, built by Edward Starbuck. In March, 1670, certain land was laid out at Maddaket comprising "all the meadow lying between the Long Pond by the *old seller built by Edward Starbuck* and the way at the head of the creek." Later a grant was made to William Worth including land "at the westward end of the swampy medo that comes from the Long Pond by the *old siller*." This cellar had a house over it, and was located where is marked "the site of the first town." Here lived Starbuck and his assistants during the two years before the arrival of the company. It was nearest the Vineyard whence came Gov. Mayhew and Peter Folger, and the harbor furnished an easy escape from possible depredations of the Indians. This house was not the "town," but a temporary camp occupied by the pioneers while they were preparing homes for the early settlers in the region near the Hummock pond.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Where the Town Was First Located.

BY HENRY B. WORTH. 1902

The purchasers of the island of Nantucket held their last meeting in Salisbury, Massachusetts Bay, May 10, 1661. During the following two months they left the land of the Puritan for their island home. The next meeting was held July 15, 1661, at Nantucket. This band of settlers selected their house-lots along the chain of ponds extending from Cappaum Harbor southward to the sea. Here the town was located, until over a dozen years later many of the inhabitants had built houses at Wesco, the present location of the town.

On the map prepared by Dr. Ewer, at the west end of the island, at Maddaket, is designated "the site of the first town." As the first inhabitants settled at Cappamet, this designation must be an error, or it is a tradition having some historical basis. The records show the latter supposition to be correct.

"Tristan Da Cunha" a Lonely Place in South Atlantic.

The following article is re-printed from "Stamps" Magazine. It was written by H. G. Moore and is an excellent description of life on this lonely spot far from the tip of South Africa —a place seldom visited by anyone from the outside world.

Tristan Da Cunha is the largest and the only inhabited of a group of three islands situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, and were named after their discoverer, a Portuguese Admiral, Tristan da Cunha, who discovered them in 1506. Tristan, an extinct volcano, rises to a height of 7,640 feet, the crater summit now being filled with fresh water. St. Helena, 1,320 miles north, is the nearest inhabited land, while Capetown is 1,400 miles east, Buenos Aires 2,500 miles west and the South Pole about 3,200 miles south.

Until the middle of the last century the neighboring waters were visited by American whalers, but with the decline of the whaling industry, these visits ceased. Since 1900 the annual visit of a warship with mail and supplies has been discontinued. Lying as does this island without the regular trade routes and channels of commerce, it is seldom visited by ships. It has been called the "loneliest populated spot on all the earth's surface", and also designated as the "furthest flung of all Great Britain's outposts".

Formal possession of the island was taken in the name of Great Britain by troops of the transport "Falmouth" on August 14th, 1816.

H. G. Moore in "Stamps" Magazine.

The Canadian Pacific Steamship, "Empress of France", on her South America-Africa cruise, stopped at the Tristan da Cunha Island on February 26th, 1928, to land supplies for the islanders, which had been assembled by the Independent Order Daughters of the Empire and other British organizations, to which King George and Queen Mary had made generous contributions and donations.

The occasion gave the 436 passengers of the cruise opportunity of seeing the "furthest outflung sentinel of the British Empire" and gave the 149 inhabitants of the island a most happy interruption to their dreary, desolate, lonely existence, as the "Empress of France" was the first ship they had seen for eleven months.

The items and information given here were gathered from interviews with the Rev. Robert Pooley, his assistant, Philip Lindsay, from those who went ashore, and from the islanders who came aboard the ship.

The stop at the island was one of the outstanding, gripping incidents, as well as one of the greatest thrills of this "cruise of contrasts".

Edinburgh, the only settlement on the island, named after the Duke of Edinburgh, who visited the island in 1867, is on a plateau, 9 miles long and 1½ miles wide, on the northwestern part of the island. The plateau is about 100 feet above sea level. The settlement is 113 years old. Its population in 1824 was 25; in 1836, 42; in 1853, 95; in 1880, 109; in 1893 it had declined to 52; in 1907 it was 80; in 1920, 119; while at this time it is 149.

There are no seals found on the island, at this time, although there are a great many sea elephants, or sea lions in the waters around the island at times. Whales are very plentiful. They got tangled up in the heavy kelp around the island.

One of the greatest daily needs is salt, and the islanders obtain their supply from the sea. The ordinary sea water does not contain sufficient salt for the purpose, so they wait for storms to stir up the deeper salt water in order to get proper results. Fuel is scarce and the small juniper trees from the mountain tops must be gathered for fuel. It takes 20 trees to boil the water to secure one pound of salt.

Rev. Pooley had two regular services daily, matins and evensong, while on the Sabbath Day there were four services including communion and children's services. The people are deeply religious and if anything happens they say "God did it". There were then 73 communicants on the island, and an average of 50 attended each service.

There is one thing that is always plentiful on the island, and that is good, pure water. There is always a plentiful supply to be obtained at the water falls just behind the settlement.

NANTUCKET'S "WHALING MUSEUM," AT THE HEAD OF STEAMBOAT WHARF, IS NOW OPEN FOR ITS ELEVENTH SEASON WITH CAPTAIN GEORGE GRANT AT THE HELM.

The falls, which are 3,000 feet high, are easily seen from the ship. As there is a perpetual flow of water into the falls, power from them could be easily obtained if proper machinery were installed.

When the ship's boats were ashore with the supplies they found it impossible to approach the beach, so about 100 feet from the shore the supplies were transferred to native boats, which landed them on a narrow beach not over 150 feet in length. The kelp, or large floating beds of sea weed, some of it rooted as deep as 15 fathoms, extended over one-third of a mile from shore. While there was considerable kelp around the ship, it was not so bad as anticipated, and depth soundings indicated more water than expected, so our ship was anchored about one mile off shore in 18 1-2 fathoms of water. In the winter very heavy surf breaks on these shores.

Robert F. Glass (age 55) was the local representative of the "Daily Mail" of London, and wrote a yearly letter to his paper. He was in the Boer War, serving in the First Kitchener's Scouts under Capt. Henderson. He is a grandson of the original settler, Corporal William Glass, and was writing the story of his life for the "Adventure Magazine" of New York.

Rev. Pooley and Mr. Lindsay shared the poverty and hardships of the islanders. They were sent there by the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel", and were to remain there for three years, serving without pay. While the Rev. Pooley was dressed for his Sunday services, it was noticeable that his clothes were badly worn, and Mr. Lindsay was not ashamed of 14 patches on his trousers. He was presented with a good suit of clothes by one of the Cruise members.

Mr. Lindsay said there was little money on the island except some he had, and added "that is mighty little". Prior to his coming to the island, it was understood there was only fifty cents on the island, but living as they do on the communal basis, none is necessary.

When the Rev. Pooley came to the island the previous year, the settlement was without any form of Government, and as Mr. Lindsay expressed it, it was "each man for himself, and God for all". A new order of living and Government was established through a "House of Parliament" as it is called, composed of the heads of the families, and all matters of general interest and concern are taken up, considered and decided there. Formerly there were 200 dogs on the island, and they had grown to be a nuisance on account of the large number of sheep they killed. The Parliament decided that one dog for each family was sufficient, so that at the time of our visit, there were only 30 dogs on the island.

When Rev. Pooley was asked as to his greatest need, he said he was without a time piece, as the watch he brought to the island was out of commission. Immediately one of the passengers presented him with a handsome gold watch.

Inquiry developed the fact that while they knew the day of the week, the islanders were not aware of the day of the month, as they did not possess a calendar. Happily there were a number of calendars among the donations sent ashore.

A previous lot of donations included a wireless listening set, but the natives said they had never been able to make it work. Investigation by one of our radio operators revealed the fact that some of the essential parts were missing.

Although there was a quantity of tobacco among the stores sent ashore, the enjoyment evidenced by the men, who eagerly inquired for cigars, cigarettes and tobacco upon coming aboard the ship, resulted in the formation of a little tobacco users "pool", and the the islanderes were not aware of the fund they raised bought the ship's supply of tobacco, which was donated to the islanders.

Mr. Lindsay was Scout Master, and his troop of 13 members meet every Wednesday night. He had four more boys about ready to join.

The following nationalities are represented on the island: English, Scotch, Irish, American and Italian. They are all proud of their native land and ancestry, and boast of it.

When Rev. Pooley was asked if he thought the people should be removed from the island his reply was "Yes, at least some of the people—some of the younger folks should be removed, or leave the island. I do not think, however, that the island should be abandoned, for it might prove a very strategic location in the future development of aeroplane service, and in the event of increased traffic between South America and Africa, it would be essential. I believe if England abandoned it some other nation would settle it at once."

There are five boats on the island which belong to the various families. One belongs to the Swains, one to the Laverellos, one to the Glasses, one to the Rogerses, and one to Henry Green. A boat capsized and was lost in 1926, but the occupants were saved. The boats are made in the old English way, wood on the inside covered with canvas on the outside, which makes them lighter and more easily handled. Mr. Lindsay had used the Government mail sacks to patch the boats, which were leaking badly, when he arrived.

There were 73 children on the island at the time. There were five widows and one widower. There were nine more men than women, but the sexes, children included, are nearly equally divided. There are thirty-three homes and three were being built for three young couples, which had been united in marriage by the Rev. Pooley since his arrival. There were only a few family names on the island, and most of the islanders are related, owing to inter-marriage. There were four families named Glass, eight named Green, four named Rogers, seven named Swain, two named Hagan, five named Laverello.

The men's clothing was badly frayed, faded and worn, though quite clean. Their feet were wrapped in hides or skins which were laced up with thongs of cow or donkey hide. All wore homemade socks of wool which had been knitted by the women. The women were dressed in strange contrast to present styles. They wore figured calico skirts, with tight waists of white. Their dresses were long and came within a few inches of the floor, and they commented on the short skirts worn by the women cruisers, and inquired if all of the women of the outer world wore their skirts as short as those on the ship. Most of the women wore scarfs or handkerchiefs over their heads, none of them had hats; all had long hair which was neatly dressed. They were all exceptionally clean, and while they may have been wearing their Sunday best, we are sure they had not primped because of our arrival, as they had had no advice of our coming.

"Where do you sleep?" one of the island women inquired, and after she was conducted by some of our ladies into several of the suites and staterooms on the ship, made no comment, simply shaking her head in a bewildered way, as she did not seem to understand the furnishings and comforts she saw in the room and the equipment on dressers, desks and on tables.

Education has always been one of the problems of the island and only 20 per cent. of the inhabitants can read or write. With the building of the new school house and through the efforts and inspiration of Rev. Pooley and Mr. Lindsay, the children are being educated and a more consistent development and satisfactory living condition may be looked for and prevail in the future.

Everyone was delighted to see the women and children who were brought out at the suggestion of the Commander, to visit the ship while the men were helping the ship's crew take the suplies ashore. They were loaded with gifts of every kind: toys, candy, books, clothing and fruit. They were served with a dinner aboard ship consisting of tomato soup, roast beef, boiled potatoes, carrots, bread and butter, currant rolls with sweet sauce, apples, oranges and ice cream. They thought the ice cream, which was the first they had ever had, was quite cold, and did not seem to relish it. At all times they appeared to possess good manners, and the children were well trained, and while they seemed to enjoy the strange food served to them, all ate sparingly. The children were not shy, and did not shrink from the attention showered upon them, but they seemed awed by the new sights they were beholding, and attentions paid them. All of the island people, men, women and children, were well-mannered and courteous, and said "Excuse me", "Beg your pardon", "No, Sir", "Yes, Sir", and "Thank you" in a very refreshing way and it was also quite noticeable that they were not seemingly inquisitive and usually did not speak unless spoken to.

They have a great many social affairs, dances, parties and other entertainments on the island, but birthdays call for the largest celebrations. While they celebrate all birthdays, the greatest celebrations are held on the first and twenty-first birthdays. They were to have celebrated the first birth-

day of a little girl on the day our ship arrived, but our coming interrupted the festivities.

There was one automatic sewing machine on the island, but they were out of needles. The ship was searched but only one sewing machine needle was found, and that went ashore.

One of the women, and several of the men were quite dark complexioned and showed plainly the strain of negro blood in their veins. Many of the men had curly hair, but none possessed the kinky hair of the negro race, and although most of them were dark complexioned, yet their pointed features were those of the white race rather than of the black. "Their dark swarthy complexions," said one of our doctors, "reminds me of the old-time gypsies in England." One of the surgeons especially noted the small heads of the men and boys.

The wind blows very hard on the island, and will at times almost sweep one off his feet, especially when from the southeast. When the winds are from that direction, they are often serious and blight the potato crop.

When the men came aboard the ship early in the morning they were all greatly excited—some of them almost hysterical—and they were pleased to know that they had not been forgotten by the outside world. The Rev. Pooley said "I have been so lonesome that I cried like a child when I saw your ship this morning." It was a happy lot of people who left the ship when "all visitors ashore" was announced and though all seemed to have enjoyed the privilege of visiting the ship, they were happy to return to the place they call "home".

The women and children had never been out to sea in boats until they were brought out in the ship's launches, as they had always been fearful of seasickness. The water was so calm that all seemed to enjoy their initial boat ride. They had their first ride in an elevator, ascended steps for their first time, saw their first electric lights, their first piano, their first bath tub, their first plumbing and many other strange things which were new to them.

Upon the neighboring Inaccessible Island, was found by the late Rev. Rogers, the previous missionary of the island, a new species of rail or hen, such as is found nowhere else on earth. He presented one of these birds to the British Museum, which named it "Atlantsia-Rogersi" and it has also been called "Island Cock." This rail is a wingless bird with long legs and its feathers are almost black. While the British Museum has one of the birds, it has none of the eggs. Three of the eggs were recently found by the islanders and carried home and preserved in a 70 per cent. solution of alcohol. These are the only three eggs of the kind known to exist in the world, and two of these were brought aboard the ship, one presented to the Commander and the other to the purser.

There is no drink and no crime on the island; misdemeanor is punished by the stopping of supplies. Recently a boy was caught taking milk from a cow in the middle of the day. When ordered to stop, he did not obey, but when his supplies were cut off, he promptly desisted. "They are a peaceful, innocent and lovable people," said Mr. Lindsay.

Aside from being pastor to the people, the Rev. Pooley was acting magistrate, taught the day school, and was the ornithologist as well as meteorologist of the island. He was considered the chief authority on the island, but it was not necessary to exercise his power very often, though he did exercise control, aided by his very able assistant, Mr Lindsay, whom he characterized as a "very cheery companion".

The Monday previous had been quite a busy day with Mr. Lindsay, who gave the following as a report of the day's doings: at 9.30 a. m. he went out and shot a sea lion, or sea elephant, which measured 14 feet in length, and was the third one he had shot since he came to the island. He said they just rear up and stare at you, as you have seen a seal do in an aquarium. They are shot to obtain the much needed fat and oil. At 10 o'clock he distributed stores to the islanders from the small supply which remained on hand, and which was getting exceedingly short before our arrival. At noon he went out and drove in the nineteen sheep and two cows, which belonged to Rev. Pooley and himself. He was glad to report that both of these cows had a calf. At 4.30 he massaged a sprained wrist for half an hour and at 5.00 o'clock a child came to have a tooth pulled. At 7.30 he baked a loaf of bread out of their scanty supply of flour on hand. In addition to the unexpected demands upon him, he had his regular church and school duties.

The women not only cultivate the potatoes and walk eight miles to the patch, but they knit the underwear and the hoisery and find ample time to do that as well as to attend to their household duties. They knit an undergarment in one week, and as they have no soap to wash with, knit them large in order to provide for shrinkage.

"The women slave like men," said Rev. Pooley, "for they work in the potato fields, care for the cows, and do other hard work. Mentally they are like children. We will conserve and distribute the supplies you bring us for they would grab and hold on to anything they get their hands on, just like a child."

It is 32 miles around the island, if one follows the shore line, and it is a favorite pastime when one is lonely to make the trip, as many of the islanders have done, or to climb to the summit of the mountain (7,640 feet) in order to look into the crater.

There are no fences on the island except those around the homes in the settlement, which are placed there to keep the cattle out. No one owns land as it is all the property of the Crown, but each family claims the ground they wish to till and marks it with stones.

Rev. Pooley and Mr. Lindsay came to the island the previous March and since that time they had not sighted a ship.

When one woman was asked as to their feed, she replied, "Our food is simple. This morning we had potato gruel for breakfast, also some tea. My mother was baking potatoes and making a potato pudding for our Sunday dinner when we left, and for supper we will have potatoes cooked in some way."

The plateau on the island is quite rough and rocky, although there is considerable sod. There are two little streams running through the settlement, but one could easily jump over them.

Rats landed by a shipwreck in 1882 have rendered it impossible to grow corn. Recently they had a "ratting" day in the potato patch and by digging the rats out of their holes they succeeeded in killing 550 of them. The rats are large, measuring from 9 to 12 inches from tip to tip, and they put up a good fight. Mr. Lindsay said there were more rats than fleas and there were millions of fleas, but rats are the worst pests of the island. "Rat traps and rat poison are badly needed, and the appeal of the islander is 'Give us rat traps or we perish'."

The ship's artist who went ashore visited one of the homes, which he found poorly furnished, containing but one real chair, a home-made table and several boxes which were used as chairs. It was one of the oldest houses on the island, built of volcanic rock, two rooms, with a door in the center of the front and a window on each side of the door. There was a fireplace in the living room. The walls were thicker at the bottom than at the top, tapering on the outside, although they are nearly plumb on the inside. The boulders or huge stones used in the construction were mortared together with a mixture of dry ashes and water, which formed a cement. The roof was a wooden frame, thatched with long grass. The interior had been calcimined, but had turned green on account of mold and seemed quite damp. On the living room wall were three pictures of the Prince of Wales, which were taken in Canada.

There were several hundred gramophone records among the donations, and these, added to the 300 records there before our visit, will give them plenty of up-to-date music. Mr. Lindsay had tried to teach the people, especially the children, the fox trot, but while one girl did it very well his poor success had discouraged his trying to teach them the Charleston.

A new school house was under construction and upon its completion was to be used to accommodate the daily school as well as a meeting place and for entertainments. The school building is thirteen feet long and twelve feet wide and the walls in some places are five feet thick at the base and taper at the top. Rev. Pooley says this palatial building is Norman in architecture and is massive enough to resist the wind.

When the men first came aboard the ship they brought gunny sacks with all kinds of native articles to trade or sell. These included whale bone, sheep skin mats, penguin and albatross feather mats, mounted sow and ram horns, shells, sea lions' teeth, albatross and penguin eggs. One man brought an albatross which weighed 40 lbs. and was three feet long. He exchanged it with one of the lady passengers for one of her husband's suits of clothes.

The Island Church of "St. Mary the Virgin", was commenced in October, 1922 and completed in July, 1923. Missionaries had tried for 50 years to build a permanent church, but building material was scarce. The floor was made from scraps of wood of odd sizes that apparently came from packing boxes. The home-made benches seat about 100. Children sit on the floor at the services.

The islanders are not required to put postage stamps on their letters or packages, as the frank of the missionary is sufficient to carry the letters to their destination. There is no regular mail to or from the island.

Wild cats are very plentiful and are destructive as they kill the young birds. These are tame cats which have become wild, and an island legend is that the original, or early settlers, turned their tame cats loose in order that they might chase or hunt them for diversion. They have grown large in size and are quite ferocious. There are a good many donkeys on the island but they have been killing them off as they destroy the potatoes. The hide of the donkey and the bullock are used to make shoes. The rocks on the rough mountain sides cut out shoes very quickly.

The people of the island usually live to a ripe old age; the oldest at that time was Martha Green, age 93, Susan Swain was 89 and Susan Glass 83, all of them widows of the men drowned at sea in the disaster of 1885. Mr. Lindsay reported that the men from 65 to 70 years of age were just as nimble as the younger ones, skipping up and down the mountain just as rapidly. They usually go 3,000 feet up the mountain twice a week after wood.

A proper record is being kept of all births, deaths and marriages. There are no restrictions preventing intermarriage of color or nationality, and they marry as they please, whom they please. An old woman 91 years of age succeeded old Betty Cotton, the midwife of the island, who died several years ago. "She knows very little about her work," said Rev. Pooley, "but she assists nature." One of the ship's doctors and two other physicians went ashore to examine and care for invalids who were unable to come out. The doctors found, generally speaking, all of the islanders were in good health. The older people take very good care of their health and avoid colds which are usually contracted on account of sudden changes in the weather. There is no tuberculosis on the island but quite a few suffer from asthma. There were two insane, one a woman of 87 and the other a boy of 23 who was born deficient and a cripple. There is very little malnutrition on the island, as the mothers are able to nurse their children.

Corporal Wm. Glass, the founder of the settlement, died in 1853, at the age of 67 from cancer, the only case ever known among the settlers. His grave in the little cemetery is marked by a stone, erected by his sons who lived in America.

Two families left the island in 188 and settled at Simon's town near Cape town. "Have any of the islanders ever left, gone into the outside world and returned?" was asked of Mr. Lindsay. "Yes," said he. "Glass and Swain and five others have left the island and returned."

"NO. 66" RIDING AT HER STATION.
From a drawing made by the late Alexander H. Seaverns in 1896.

NANTUCKET LIGHTSHIP NO. 117 2/18/1933

Lying at the wharf at the foot of Marginal Street, Chelsea, after she came in from her station on the South Shoals to undergo repairs, made necessary by her recent experience in the heavy storm which tore her from her moorings. *Photo by Boston Globe Photographer.*

Strain Over 200,000 Pounds Before Cable Parted.

By Frank P. Sibley in the Boston Sunday Globe, 12th.

Lying at the Lighthouse Station Wharf on Marginal street, Chelsea, with her brilliant red sides and white deck painting showing not a trace of the abuse of a heavy storm, the Nantucket Shoals lightship is undergoing her general overhaul.

Aboard, her crew is at work below decks on the "this and that" which every ship is always begging for. Capt. George Braithwaite, her sturdy stubby English commander, isn't inclined to talk much of the experience, and not at all of his part in it.

The ship parted her mooring chain in the big blow of Jan. 27. If that storm had held off for three or four days longer she wouldn't have gone through it at all, for she was due to come in for overhaul.

Most times, when a mooring chain parts, it is between the hawse-hole and the water. This time the break came at a link 75 fathoms—450 feet—from the anchor.

Now, that mooring had links whose ends were 1 5-8 inches thick. More than that, it was made of manganese steel. More still, the links are made in two parts, one of which dovetails into the other, the whole at white heat being smashed into one solid piece by a tremendous trip-hammer.

Such chains are required to pass a strain of 150,000 pounds, and in the tests they didn't break until 216,000 pounds was put on them. As a matter of fact, a Di-lok chain, which is the sort of chain that was holding the Nantucket lightship, has held up to a pull of 369,250 pounds.

The best way to understand the strength of these chains is to compare them with the old wrought-iron chains, used up to a few years ago. Those, in an inch-and-five-eighth link, were proof only to 81,000 pounds, and broke at 163,000 pounds.

The link that gave way in the lightship's cable broke out at the end, the end of the link away from the ship and towards the anchor. And even though it gave, it resisted enough so that the next link had to be pulled through, the "web" in the middle of the link was split a little, showing that the pull had forced the two sides of the link apart.

In other words, when one of the tremendous, swift-moving, and savage seas that a big storm piles up picks up a steel ship and hurls its whole bulk to the leeward, something has to give.

Either the ground tackle must part or, if it holds, the ship must be dragged under. Nothing made by man can make a third possibility of it.

A consequence of the fact that the break came so far out on the chain was that 75 fathoms or thereabouts was left dragging on the bottom. The chain still led straight out from the ship's bow, and still held her head up to the seas. So it wasn't for an hour or more that her captain knew she wasn't on her station at the edge of Nantucket Shoal.

Luckily, Capt. Braithwaite had a good ship under him, the latest thing in lightships. She is extremely buoyant; she has fine Deisel eectric engines in her, and she is extremely well equipped with all the latest signalling and radio devices.

As soon as he knew he was adrift, Capt. Braithwaite reported the fact to Capt. Eaton, the superintendent of this lightship district. He then set his wireless operator to sending out a continuous warning to all vessels that the Nantucket lightship was off her station. He continued reporting to the lightship depot at two-hour intervals steadily until his ship regained her position on Jan. 30.

As soon as the weather moderated the relief ship was sent out to the station, and the Nantucket headed for Boston. But that was not immediately, for the weather did not immediately pipe down. It was Sunday noon when the ship finally warped in to the wharf at Chelsea.

It was an extremely tired crew, and a more tired captain, who came ashore. Nobody had been hurt, and nobody had been seasick, though if a man ever could be seasick it would be aboard a lightship in a gale.

As somebody has said of them, "they're very short in their length and very heavy in the height." They are extremely buoyant. Being at anchor, they can't give to the send of the sea. They can give back the amount of slack in the chains, and then must fetch up with a jerk. And in a gale the chain hasn't any slack in it.

So they heave, and they roll, and they pitch, and they fetch up with a slam. Staying in bed is impossible. Walking is almost impossible. All a man can do is get hold of something and hang on.

There isn't any particular danger. In the old days of wooden lightships, the Nantucket Shoals ship often went off her station in winter storms. Sometimes she would fetch up away over on the coast of New Jersey. And those ships hadn't any power to get back either. The Nantucket ship never got more than 42 miles from her station.

In the modern ships one can always "steam to an anchor", that is, keep her engines turning over and try to keep the anchor chain slack and keep the vessel's head from yawing.

The Nantucket was steaming when her chain let go on the night of Jan. 27. That, and the darkness, prevented her men from knowing at once that they were sagging to leeward.

Once he is off his bearings, a captain can begin finding out just where he is, by getting his bearings by radio. Then, knowing where he is, he can lay course to where he ought to be, and steam ahead.

He may not make progress. The wind may be so heavy that he cannot even hold his own, but must keep on going to leeward though fighting every foot of the way.

the effects of the long strain, though all he will say about it is that he's "feeling fine".

The log shows that on the morning of Jan. 27, between 4 and 5 o'clock, the Nantucket lightship was riding out a No. 9 breeze. That is, the wind was blowing between 56 and 60 miles an hour.

The sea was tremendous, and there was both fog and rain. The cook was up and doing what he could in the way of getting something ready to eat.

Neither he nor anybody else who was aboard knows just when the mooring chain let go. Nobody knew it had let go until the fog cleared away about 8 o'clock, and the men of the lightship couldn't see the "station buoy"—the buoy which marks the place where the ship should be.

Her head was paid off a little, which was enough indication that she was no longer at anchor. So they hove in her chain, and sent word to all the world what had happened.

An interesting thing is that she had so much weight of chain out, dragging on the bottom, that even when there was no anchor she still "fetched up" on the chain. She still jerked savagely enough so that her crew didn't realize she had gone adrift.

When she was finally in port the fractured link was cut off from her chain and sent over to the Navy Yard, where it was made. It was the first link of that kind of chain that ever failed in service.

It is now in the metallurgical laboratory for inspection. Sections are cut from the fractured end and through the length of the side part of the link.

The exposed surfaces are then etched with acid which will eat out the carbon and other components of the alloy, leaving the steel fibres standing up for microscopic inspection, and comparison with a similar piece of metal which has not undergone strain.

The course of the fracture, the "flow" of the fibres of metal under the strain, the figuring of the actual shock that was endured, all have lessons for the chain-makers.

This particular "shot" of chain was made a year ago last April, and was put aboard the lightship in May. It has been in use ever since, except for the time that the ship was off her station for overhaul or to get supplies.

Being the first link to part in all the chains that have been put out, it becomes of peculiar interest to the makers.

It was designed by Albert M. Leahy, the chief mechanic in the navy's chain shop at the yard, where are made all the mooring chains for the navy, from the great three-inchers for battleships to the little rustless three-quarter-inch chains to hold submarines.

Now chains are made to hold on, and not let go. But if the Nantucket lightship's chain had held on through the Jan. 27 gale, she'd have taken a worse licking than she got.

CAPTAIN BRAITHWAITE
Commander of Nantucket Lightship No. 117.

"With all these modern devices for giving you your position", says Capt. Braithwaite, "any man, if he knows a little navigation, can handle a big ship through such a storm as this one was.

"It's when you've got a little ship that you've got to know how to humor her and how to spare her, what you can ask of her and what you mustn't try. And then, it's only experience that will help you."

Capt. Braithwaite proved it. He brought his vessel through undamaged except for the loss of one boat, smashed by the sea, and one deadlight likewise stove in by a sea.

"And of course", he said, "it had to be the battery room dead-light that got it."

Capt. Braithwaite won't tell you himself, but he was for six days on duty without rest. And he still shows

"OUTWARD BOUND" Photo by Hindley Studio

A VIEW OF THE ANNUAL YACHT CLUB REGATTA Photo by Hindley Studio

Capt. Elisha Babcock

1864					1863					
Jan	28	To B. C. Bank		362	33320	Apr 1	By Ship Gazelle		293	33320

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Bay State Historical League Enjoyed Nantucket "Gam".

Continued from First Page

"And that deed has never been found!" ejaculated Dr. Gardner.

Mrs. Adams, reminded of the famous "Indian closet" story, told of the drunken Indian who fell into an upstairs closet through a loose board in the attic of Nantucket's unusual "Oldest House", built from Peter's lumber on John's land at the top of Sunset Hill. The Indian entered the adjoining bedroom where Mary, her husband off-island, was rocking her baby. Horrified when the savage began to sharpen his knife on the hearthstone, the young mother swept up her child and ran down the stairs and out of the house to safety, just barely avoiding the grasp of the Indian who, made unsteady from the effects of too much "fire-water", lurched and fell down the steps.

Mrs. Charlotte King suggested that the visitors might see in the dish closet of the Jethro Coffin House some pieces of green china. According to legend a Nantucket wife asked her whaling captain husband to bring her a set of china. After a four-year voyage the captain returned with a very large set packed in a number of casks. When the first cask was unpacked in the kitchen, the mistress of the house looked at it, saw that it was green, and said simply, "I would have preferred thee had brought blue". The china was promptly stored away in the cellar, and the subject was never mentioned again.

Mrs. Roselle Jones then told an amusing story of the famous blue and white "put-it-here" china which had been hand-painted "to order" for the wife of a Nantucket captain. At her request Scripture passages were lettered in the center of each dish. However, upon its arrival in Nantucket, the set was found to be unusable since her careful instruction to "put it here" had been included at the end of each verse. The last known piece was found in use as a soap dish on a Polpis farm, and was taken to a home in West Medford. Later it was accidently broken by a carpenter working in the house. Hearing this story, Mrs. Jones' father, Dr. Ellenwood Coleman, long looked for another piece of this unusual china but to no avail. It would be a rare collector's item.

The chairman's remark that the Quakers or Friends, in Nantucket from about 1700 to 1900, were not the original settlers, but formed "a firm heritage" of the Island, brought a series of Quaker stories from the panel.

Will Gardner noted that Quakers seldom spoke profanely even on board ship. He recalled the Quaker captain who "sailed with a good crew, except for Jack, who swore like a trouper". One day the captain called Jack aft, "Does thee know that thee is an inveterate swearer?' The sailor demurred that he "meant nothing by it". The good captain then ordered him to "take my coat and wear it for a week, and thee'll not be disposed to swear". At the end of the week Jack returned the coat. In answer to the Captain's inquiry he agreed that he had had "no desire to swear" but had had "a hankerin' to lie".

This story reminded Mrs. Adams of the Quaker captain of a coasting vessel, frustrated in his attempts to dock at New York by an uncooperative Nova Scotia captain who refused to move. Whereupon the captain summoned a member of the crew, "Friend Peter, come up here and talk some of thy ill-advised language!" Handing him the speaking trumpet, the captain added, "And don't spare thyself, Peter".

To illustrate Quaker frugality, "Eddie" Stackpole told about the wife of a skipper of a coastal vessel who decided to have a candy pull to surprise the children. The next night when the captain returned home, their son, awake upstairs, everheard his parents talking:

"Jonathan, does thee remember the barrel of molasses the rat fell in?"

"Yes."

"I have disposed of it."

A quaint Quaker story was told by Mrs. Adams. Visitors to the island applied for accommodations at a boarding house kept by Quakers, and were met with this reply: "Yes, we can take thee, but we shall be compelled to sleep thee in Coffin's. The tourists enjoyed the situation when the full meaning was grasped.

In introducing the topic of whaling, Chairman True briefly sketched the industry's early beginning in Nantucket, circa 1670, from land stations and tryworks on the beach. These were later transferred to shipboard as the search for whales took Nantucketers to all parts of the world.

Mr. Stackpole, noted authority on whaling, outlined a few of the many remarkable things about this industry. Voyages were two to three years long or even longer. This fact made the women of Nantucket outstanding: they were required to take care of business at home. Logbooks, kept by the mate, were often the "examination papers" by which he advanced to captain.

Perhaps the outstanding fact is the enterprise of the whalemen, "as much at home on sea as on land". These men had confidence, ability; they "invested in themselves", and they "give present Nantucketers something to think about. Nantucket was once the greatest whaling port in the world". Only 95 years ago, despite the fact that whaling had moved away from the Island and it was faced with depression, Nantucket whaling masters were in demand in other ports.

The fact that wives of some of the whaling captains frequently accompanied their husbands on long Pacific voyages was well illustrated by Mrs. Adams with stories of her grandmother. Soon after Captain Charles Grant, who has been acknowledged Nantucket's most successful whaling captain, arrived home in 1849 from a voyage in the "Walter Scott", his wife informed him, "If you go out again, you ship me, too". In August of that year they sailed together in the ship "Potomac", and in the following December their first child, Charles William Grant, was born at Pitcairn's Island, famous as the home of the mutineers of the "Bounty". Mrs. Grant with baby Charles went on the next voyage on the ship "Mohawk". A daughter, Eleanor, now 99 years old, was born at Bay of Islands, New Zealand, and later in the same voyage another son, George, the father of Mrs. Adams, was born at Apia, Island of Opolu, in the Samoan Islands. When Mrs. Grant rejoined the ship with baby George, she wrapped him in a banana leaf.

Dr. Gardner took this opportunity to question the veracity of the following George Grant story: The young seaman fell in love with a Nantucket girl who promised to marry him if he'd bring back a parrot that could recite the Lord's Prayer. Although this was a large order, George secured a parrot in the tropic and took on the task despite the fact that "Forgive us our trespasses" almost stymied the bird. He even carved a beautiful scrimshaw cage. However, when he arrived at Cottage City near the end of the voyage a New Bedford man offered him one hundred dollars for the talented bird. When the offer reached $250, George could no longer refuse, although he feared what his sweetheart might say. At length the young man returned to Nantucket with much trepidation. Upon inquiring about the young lady when he reached shore, he learned that she had married a man at Cottage City.

Mrs. Adams agreed that such a story did exist, then told another well known in the Grant family. As was customary, Capt. Charles Grant nailed a bounty, in this instance a twenty-dollar gold piece, to the mainmast with four copper tacks. This prize was to be earned by the first person on ship to sight a whale. Shortly afterwards, "Grandmother, hanging out clothes, sighted a whale, gave the traditional cry, and won the twenty-dollar gold piece". Mrs. Adams then demonstrated the call assisted by William H. Tripp, Curator of the New Bedford Whaling Museum, who was seated among the audience:

"Thar blo-ows."

"Where-away?"

"Two points off the starboard bow!"

Chairman True concluded the topic by summarizing the effect which the introduction of kerosene played in bringing about the decline of whaling.

Converstion then turned to the problems of Nantucket during times of war. The chairman stressed the fact that during the Revolutionary War, 1,600 Nantucket men were either captured, killed, or lost at sea, and that the War of 1812 brought similar problems. It is doubtful whether any other community of the times sacrificed one-third of its population.

Mrs. Adams and Mr. Stackpole discussed the part played by the three Rotch ships, the "Beaver", the "Dartmouth", and the "Eleanor", in the Boston Tea Party. Francis Rotch, then in London, arranged to take the cargo from the East India Company. Upon the tea's arrival in Boston all consignees refused it except Governor Hutchinson and some of his friends. Then followed the well-known meeting at Old South Church and the party of "Indians" at the wharf. With the exception of a broken hatch cover, not one of the vessels was harmed. Another famous Nantucket ship was the "Bedford", commanded by Captain William Mooer, which displayed the first American flag in a British port.

Mr. Jones, in defense of Nantucket's loyalty to the American cause, stated that 21 Nantucketers served on the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Ranger" under John Paul Jones. However, he clearly pointed out that the Island was, by its very location, between two fires. An active pro-American sympathy meant no food; therefore, an attitude of pro-British sympathy was expedient for existence.

The gam ended in a humorous vein with three anecdotes told by Mrs. King and Mrs. Adams. The first served to illustrate the uncertainty of mail service in the Pacific as evidenced by the following correspondence between a whaleman and his wife:

"Dear Ezra, where did you put the axe?"

(Fourteen months later) "Dear Martha, what did you want the axe for?"

(Two years later) "Dear Ezra, never mind about the axe. What did you do with the hammer?"

The second grew out of the story of the wreck of the "H. P. Kirkham" bound from Halifax to New York with a cargo of dry and pickled fish which struck on Rose and Crown Shoal in the evening on January 20, 1892. The rescue of the crew on the following day is considered one of the most outstanding in the history of the Lifesaving Service. To Keeper Chase and to each of the rescuing crew was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. In later years George Lawly, a former summer resident living on the Cliff, hearing this story "down town" was greatly impressed. When he reached home that day he found Josiah B. Gould mowing the lawn. Mr. Lawly, after pacing back and forth across the lawn in the wake of the mower and recounting the story enthusiastically in great detail, climaxed his remarks with the question, "Don't you wish you'd been there?" "Si B." said, "I was". And he never missed a blade of grass, Mrs. King concluded triumphantly.

The final reminiscence, contributed by Mrs. Adams, concerned Benny Cleveland's advertisement, "I will sleep in the homes of timid women 15c each night—2 nights for a quarter."

The evening's entertainment concluded with a reading of the salty Obed Gardner will, by Mrs. H. Brooks Walker.

Refreshments were served by Mrs. Lewis S. Edgarton and her committee. Mrs. W. Ripley Nelson and Mrs. William Mather presided at the punch bowls. The committee included Mrs. Howard C. Barber, Mrs. Howard U. Chase, Mrs. C. Clark Coffin, Mrs. Henry B. Coleman, Mrs. Burnham N. Dell, Mrs. Oscar B. Eger, Mrs. Herbert W. Foye, Mrs. Richard V. Gray, Mrs. George W. Jones, Mrs. Joseph King, Mrs. William L. Mather, Mrs. W. Ripley Nelson, Mrs. James A. Norcross, Mrs. Cyril C. Ross, Mrs. C. L. Sibley, Mrs. Harry B. Turner, Mrs. Franklin F. Webster, and Miss Helen L. Winslow.

A GLANCE THROUGH THE FREIGHT-HOUSE GANGWAY.

A QUIET APPROACH TO THE DOCK. Photo by Fee

"BETWEEN THE DOCKS AT NANTUCKET." Eagle's Wing Studio

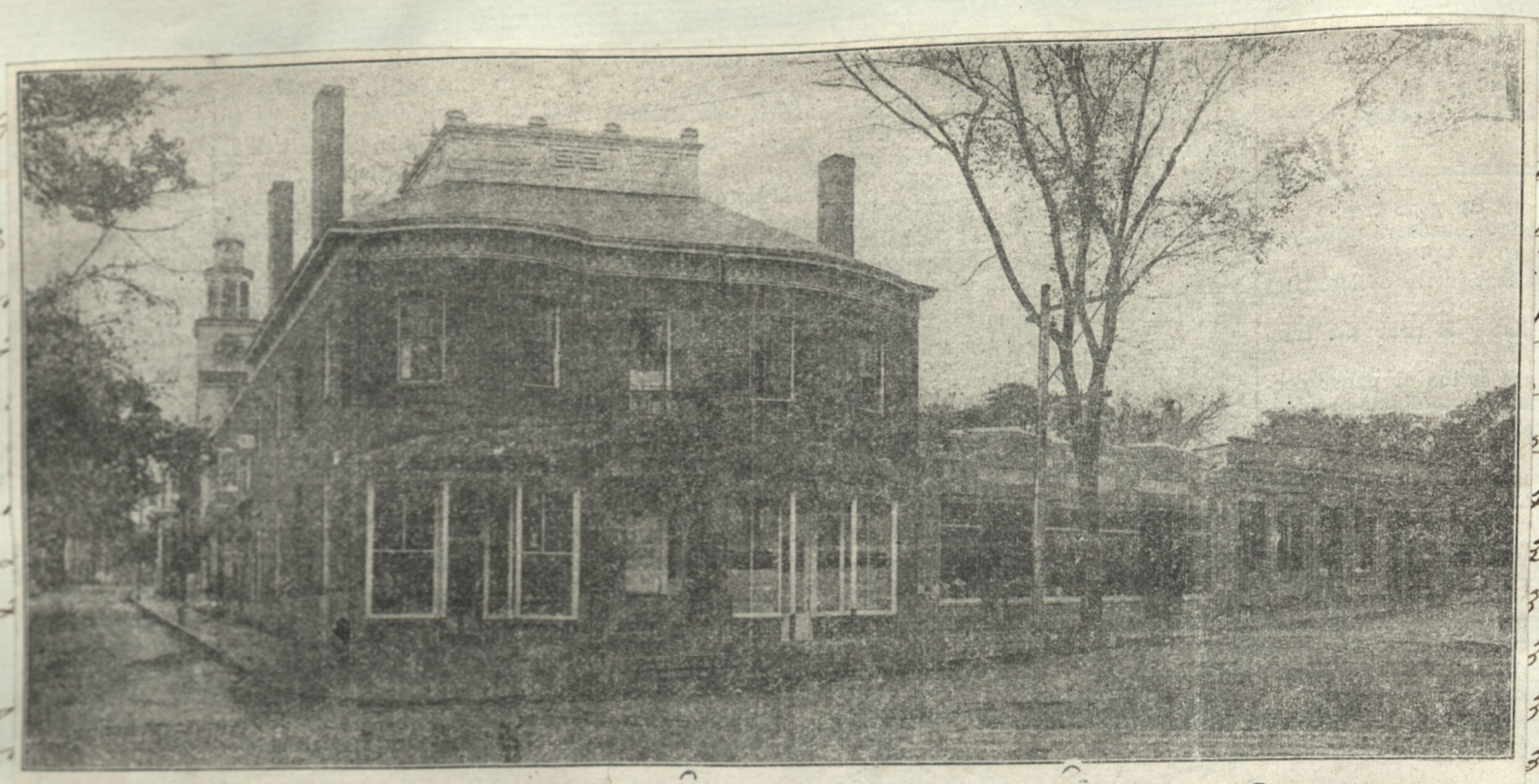
SUMMER TIME IN DAYS OF YORE---WHEN THREE STEAMERS DOCKED TOGETHER

A WHARF SCENE AT NANTUCKET. Photo by Dorothy Webster

A QUIET MORNING AT THE WHARF Photo by Fee

NANTUCKET'S "BLIZZARD" ON FEBRUARY 4, 1951

WASHINGTON STREET AND THE SOUTH BEACH.



FOLGER BLOCK—AS IT LOOKED BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1925 BURNED AWAY THE PARAPET ON ITS ROOF.

When Fire Threatened Folger Block and "The Mirror Office."

It was shortly after 6:30 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 27, 1925, that two men standing in front of the Union Store, corner of Main and Centre streets, observed smoke curling lazily up through the grating in the sidewalk in front of Folger Block, across the cobbles at the corner of Orange street.

For a matter of minutes they observed with surprise the smoke change color from white wisps to a black volume. Then, realizing it was something more than the janitor building a new fire, they rushed across the street to investigate. A glance was enough to tell them that the cellar under Folger Block contained a dangerous fire.

Box 45, a few steps up Orange street, was promptly pulled in, and the two pumpers from Centre street's central fire station were soon on the scene. One pumper dropped its suction hose into the old cistern in front of the Pacific Bank, while the other hooked on to the hydrant a few yards beyond, up Main street.

The fire had originated at a wooden partition in the cellar, where hot ashes had been piled by the janitor when he cleared out the furnace that morning. The flames might not have gained such headway had they not melted a hose of a rubber composition leading to a gas meter which, when the gas was released, acted like an open furnace.

The flames, spreading quickly, went up through the first floor and, with the rear stairway serving as a perfect "chimney," the fire roared its way up through the building to the roof.

Only the energetic efforts of the firemen saved the building. To complicate the situation, when the water had flooded into the cellar, extinguishing the blaze, the gas continued to escape, adding its choking contents to the stiffling smoke and making the danger of explosion imminent.

When the flames were finally subdued, and the smoke had filtered from the building, it was fully realized how narrowly Folger Block missed being totally destroyed. Charred wood attested to the heat of the flames and smoke had discolored the entire interior. Even the wooden parapet on the roof was so badly damaged that it was permanently removed.

The present east store (now the Anglow Tweeds), was then the head office of the Citizens' Gas & Electric Co., and there had been time to remove the records and files. The shop of Mrs. Helen Purdue on the west side of the building was closed for the winter but it had some stock still there which was considerably damaged. Mrs. Purdue's apartment upstairs was also damaged. The office of Dr. Winslow G. Pearl was in the midst of being completed for its opening, but the smoke and water damage caused the opening to be postponed for several weeks.

The thick smoke had ruined most of the extensive stock in the plant of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, which adjoins Folger Block to the south. Of especial loss was the coated stock for the annual calendars, which had been cut ready for printing. A layer of smoke-black covered the machinery and even got into the linotypes, which had been protected by heavy wrapping paper placed over their usual cloth coverings.

But the fire had been extinguished before it could gain the headway which would have meant the gutting of Folger Block and probable extensive damage to the print shop.

It was a narrow escape—and no one recalls the incident more vividly than a certain young apprentice who was experiencing his first week in the print-shop of *The Inquirer and Mirror*.

Dec. 13-1950

Nantucket Historical Association Announces Eight Lectures.

Celebrating its sixtieth anniversary year the Nantucket Historical Association announces that it will conduct a series of eight informal lectures this summer on Nantucket historical subjects which should prove of interest to both residents and summer visitors. The lectures will be held at the Quaker Meeting House on Fair Street on Tuesday afternoons from 3 to 4 p.m. Each lecture meeting will be presided over by a member of the Association Council acting as chairman and also as host to welcome visitors.

The first lecture will be held Tuesday afternoon, July 6th, at 3 p.m. The speaker will be Mr. Leeds Mitchell and the subject of his lecture will be "The Story of the Association's first President, Dr. J. Sidney Mitchell". The speaker needs no introduction for he has been a prominent summer resident for many years and, as a son of Dr. J. Sidney Mitchell, his talk should be of real interest. Mrs. Nancy S. Adams, President of the Association, will act as chairman and hostess for the meeting.

The dates for the other seven informal lectures, the speakers and the subjects on which they will talk are scheduled as follows:

July 13, Mr. Everett U. Crosby: Nantucket's Silversmiths; Lightship Baskets, and Underground Moon (Model T).

July 27, Dr. William E. Gardner: Scribbling About Our Ancestors.

August 3, Mr. Burnham N. Dell. Quakerism in Nantucket.

August 10, Mr. Edouard A. Stackpole: Old Nantucket.

August 17, Rev. Clinton T. Macy: Tristram Coffin's Dream of Empire.

August 24, Miss Helen M. Winslow: The Folk Art of the American Whaleman.

August 31, Mrs. Nancy S. Adams: A Nantucket Whaleman and His Family.

It will be noted that July 20th has been omitted from the schedule. This is due to the fact that the Annual Meeting of the Association will be held on that day, with a special celebration of its sixtieth anniversary. Plans for this special event will be announced at an early date.

A cordial invitation is extended by the Association Council to members and the public to attend these lectures to which admission will be free.

1955

Mr. Editor:

With what "great expectations" all the boys used to look forward to the annual sheep shearing in June. About this time the word was "save up for shearing." Every old scrap of iron and copper, and every rusty nail had a value then, which it could not apply to itself at any other season of the year, and they were all collected with much pains-taking, to be carried down to Bassett's junk store and turned into the ready cash for the make up of a shearing fund. That was truly a glorious week! We could hardly wait for Sunday's sun to sink in the sea at the back of Tuckernuck, before we would begin to count up the result of our savings in anticipation of our purchases among the tents, a score or more of which, with their display of flags, gave a genuine holiday appearance to the hill on which they were pitched.

The real fun of the thing usually began on the third day, the first two days, called "washing" days, being mostly occupied by the owners of the tents in getting them ready for full operation on the two succeeding, or "shearing" days. It was an animated scene that they presented. The white cloth in the sunlight, and the gay colors of the bunting floating in the brisk breezes, sent a thrill of delight throughout our whole being, as for the first time we came in sight of them on our way out to "shearing." In the olden times, when the sheep were washed in the "Wannacomet" and were shorn in the pens near by, the tents were exclusively erected and occupied by white folks, and I have it from my grandmother that she was one of the girls who waited at the table in one of them; but when, in the boyhood days of my father, pens were erected along the eastern edge of Miacomet, a gradual change of tent occupants took place, and in my boyhood, most of them were pitched and presided over by colored people, residents of that portion of the town, south, called Guinea.

I suppose that the liveliest scenes were enacted during our flush times, when whaling was at its height, and Guinea swarmed with its teeming population. With ships constantly arriving, each having, on the average, perhaps three boats' crews of this class of sailors, you may be able to form some idea of the appearance this section of the town would take on, when the folks were all at home. Now I think it will not be a hard matter for you to imagine the situation of things among the tents, when Guinea was transferred to shearing pen hill, and also when you consider that the other three boats' crews, though composed of white folks, were of about the same stripe, so far as a desire for a good time comes in; and when the two "dancing boards" were occupied by the sailors and their girls, with Wheeler at the head of one, and Blind Frank presiding at the other, sawing the cat-gut with all their native ability, you'd better believe the show was a good one. One character will not be forgotten among the many who furnished eatables and drinkables for the dust-covered and thirsting and hungering crowd: Jacob Jones, Whitewasher. I suppose there was hardly a wall—that's what we then called our ceilings—in a house occupied by a well-to-do family, that didn't have its face washed in spring time by Jacob's fine bristled brush, and during shearing week, there on the hill, Jacob's kindly face was seen, as, clad in his sizeable habiliments, and well protected by his amply enveloping, spandy-clean white apron, he smilingly dispensed his sparkling spruce beer, hard-boiled new-laid eggs, and his tidy wife Diana's tasteful cookies and buns.

I could make a long story of it, but had better stop perhaps. If I am not mistaken, some of the people out Quaise way soon have their private sheep-shearing jollification. Let them make the most of it, and renew some of the best features of the old-time "shearing."

1889 C.

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THE ELIHU COLEMAN HOUSE, BUILT IN 1722, IS NOW THE PROPERTY OF MR. AND MRS. WALTER D. BLAIR.

Webster Photo

DOUBLE FIREPLACE IN ELIHU COLEMAN HOUSE

Nantucket—There She Stands!

By Joseph Driscoll

ONE hears much talk these days of certain islands and their relation to the Roosevelt doctrine of hemispheric defense against Axis invasion. One hears of Iceland and Greenland, of Newfoundland, Bermuda and the Bahamas, of Jamaica, St. Lucia, Antigua and Trinidad, of Puerto Rico, Guam, the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands. But, in this connection, one hardly ever hears of Nantucket.

Which is passing strange, for Nantucket in the hands of an enemy might constitute a knife aimed at the heart of America. It has an air field, it has harbors and it has miles of desolate, uninhabited sand dunes on which parachutists conceivably could land as softly as they did on the Isle of Crete.

If Nantucket has any defenses of its own they are not visible to the casual tourist. One sees no cannons on the hills, no machine-gun nests at every fork of the road, no destroyers on patrol duty, such as one would see around, let us say, Iceland, since its occupation this year by the British and the Americans. The nearest approach to defense activity on Nantucket would be the United States Navy radio compass station at Surfside or the Coast Guard stations at Madaket and Coskata. As for ships, nothing more deadly enters the harbor of Nantucket than the ferryboat Naushon bringing excursionists from New Bedford, Woods Hole and Martha's Vineyard.

* * *

Despite its seeming helplessness before invasion one need not lie awake of nights worrying over Nantucket's becoming another Crete. For, in many respects, Nantucket is the best and most heavily guarded island in the world. The Atlantic fleet of the United States Navy, comprising 150 assorted warships of all categories, is always within call of Nantucket. This is because Nantucket Island occupies a strategic position athwart the entrances of New York and Newport harbors, which happen to be mighty naval bases. In peace time as in war, ships approaching America from the other side of the Atlantic get their first landfall after sighting the Nantucket lightship. The same lightship serves as a beacon and turning point for craft coming north from Norfolk or south from Boston. It could well be said that Nantucket is a crossroads for Atlantic commerce and defense.

The strategic importance of Nantucket is equally appreciated by those aviation enthusiasts who lack confidence in navies to ward off long-range bombing planes and carrier-based fighters and scouts. Within an hour, New York could have hundreds, even thousands, of defender planes swarming all over Nantucket and the waters beyond, they point out. (If New York had the planes in the first place, of course.)

* * *

In any event, the nation need not fear for Nantucket. Our original Atlantic outpost, Nantucket stands now as she has always stood, fearlessly, almost indifferently, looking out across the Atlantic—in both directions.

My friend Charlie Selden was wise enough to realize the peculiar virtues of Nantucket. For many years Selden was a distinguished foreign correspondent; until a few years ago he was chief of the London bureau of "The New York Times." His by-line was to be reckoned with in any dispatch on Parliament and the Prime Minister, or on India, Kenya or Khartum. His cables ignored petty European troubles and concentrated on high affairs of state.

The time came when Charles Selden decided to retire to private life. His colleagues suspected he intended to prepare his memoirs à la Walter Duranty, Vincent Sheean, Negley Farson and John Gunther. At a farewell luncheon in his honor at London's Savoy, tendered by the American Association of Foreign Correspondents, of which he had been president, Selden was urged to disclose his real purpose in retiring at an age when he still had a lot of life left in him.

"I have no plans," Selden declared firmly. "I have no plans to write any books or articles whatsoever. I have no plans at all except to settle down in Nantucket for the rest of my life, grow a beard and watch the ships sail by."

* * *

Driving down cobblestoned Main Street the other day, I think I saw Charlie Selden for the first time since we parted in London. I wasn't certain, for the man I saw on Main Street sported a luxuriant gray beard fit for an old whaling captain. Our Mr. Selden was clean-shaven in his Fleet Street days.

No doubt I could have settled the question by accosting the stranger and looking under his beard. I did nothing of the kind, for that would have been an invasion of his privacy. And one of Nantucket's virtues, the same as in London, is respect for one's privacy.

My bearded gentleman was observed with a newspaper under his arm emerging from Roger's news emporium, in lower Main Street, which deals in the latest journals from New York and Boston. Could it be that Charlie Selden, when not preoccupied with growing a beard and watching the ships sail by, likes to read up on foreign affairs and check up on what's happening to the Europe he tired of? If so, Nantucket must seem more like a paradise today than ever before.

Dropping into the Chamber of Commerce office for information about the shortest route to New York, I encountered a pleasant young woman in charge.

"Sorry," she said, looking up from her knitting, as I explained my mission, "we don't give out any off-island information."

Gardner's kodak shop, at the bottom of Main Street, has a proper sense of its own importance. On an outside wall it has painted a map showing exactly how many miles distant the principal cities of the world—London, Calcutta, Shanghai, Singapore, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, etc.—are in relation to Gardner's shop. If memory serves New York City was listed at 200 miles.

* * *

Your guide book will inform you that Nantucket Island lies 100 miles from the eastern end of Long Island and twenty-five miles south of Cape Cod, from which it is separated by Nantucket Sound, its eastern and southern shores being washed by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. The nearest land on the east is Portugal, at a distance of 3,188 miles, and on the south the West Indies, 1,463 miles.

Nantucket is some 2,400 miles south-southwest of Iceland. The two islands are not unknown to each other. There is reason to believe that the first white man to visit Nantucket's shores, this along about A. D. 1002, was the famous Eric the Red, from Norway and Iceland.

Nantucket was definitely discovered in 1602 by an English mariner, Bartholomew Gosnold. In 1641, some twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims in Massachusetts, the island of Nantucket was sold by Lord Sterling to Thomas Mayhew and son, Thomas jr., and in 1659 the elder Mayhew resold the island for "thirty pounds current pay and two beaver hats." The purchasers included representatives of the Coffin, Starbuck, Macy, Hussey, Swaine, Coleman, Barnard, Bunker and Smith families, which have figured prominently in Nantucket's history and some of whose descendants are active along Main Street to this day.

The last full-blooded Indian, Dorcas Honorable, died in 1822. A half-breed named Abram Quary, said to be the last man with Indian blood in his veins, died in 1854.

The whaling industry, which gave Nantucket its greatest importance, died in 1869, so far as Nantucket was concerned, that being the year in which its last whaler sailed. In 1840 Nantucket boasted a population of 9,712 and was the largest whaling port in the world. Today the town of Nantucket, which holds the bulk of the island's population, has about 3,000 residents, augmented in the summer by thousands of tourists. The principal means of livelihood now are tourists, fish, cranberries and bayberry candles.

* * *

Nantucket, once a part of New York, was annexed to Massachusetts in 1692. Its tourist traffic comes mainly from New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey.

Except for the ubiquitous tourist, "Nantucket," an Indian word meaning "at the land far off at sea," enjoys a kind of splendid isolation. This is not to say, however, that all is absolute peace and harmony within its blessed fifty square miles. For some weeks now there has been a miniature newspaper war in progress between the two local weeklies, "The Inquirer and Mirror," founded in 1821, and "The Nantucket Journal," which takes its name from a weekly founded in 1878. Harry B. Turner is editor and publisher of the former, whose nine-column-wide sheets are the largest newspaper pages in America. Arthur C. Hayden is editor of the revived "Nantucket Journal," of tabloid size. The tabloid has stirred up some commotion by its repeated charges that Nantucket politics is controlled by a clique of business men in their own interest.

* * *

Even though the politicians remain, Nantucket is rid for the season of its tourists, for which it is duly thankful. The dispersal of the tourists, which began on Labor Day and is now nearly complete, inspired "The Inquirer and Mirror" to verse as follows:

It's Tuesday, September the Second,
The Naushon's shoved off from the pier,
Carrying with her the last of the trippers.
They're gone, thank God, for a year.
Soon the streets will be still and deserted,
Both the horses will be out to grass,
And a car or two coming up Main Street
Will seem noisy and "de trop" as they pass.
Then old faces will come back to Main Street,
The ones that you want to see twice,
Nantucket's tucked in for the winter,
There's no profit, but—gee, ain't it nice!

There are more lines to this poetry, which is by "Anonymous," but I hope I have quoted enough to emphasize the independence with which glorious old Nantucket, which fought its way valiantly through the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 and subsequent bloodlettings, contemplates serenely this crazy modern world—a world in which it does not intend to be invaded permanently by any forces, not even by tourists "from America."

Pitcairn Island Gradually Comes Back to the Sea Lanes.

Alan D. Pierce, of Fairhaven, has been writing a series of interesting articles on his sea-travels on board the Capt. Irving Johnson brigantine *Yankee*. The articles are appearing in the New Bedford Standard-Times, and in a recent issue, he wrote of the famous *Pitcairn Island*. He writes in part as follows:

"It was nearly sunset and according to our navigators, we were supposed to be about 40 miles from Pitcarin Island, so I decided to climb to the foretopmast truck in an effort to catch the first glimpse of land..... After scanning the horizon for several minutes for the much-talked-of island, I sighted it about 2 points off the port bow. I was much excited and yelled below, 'Land-ho-o!' Immediately, half the crew scrambled aloft to take a quick look.....After confirming my landfall, we all went down on deck as it was getting too dark to see any longer.

"Skipper's decision was that we 'heave-to' about midnight, stand off until daybreak, and then run down to the island.

* * * * *

"Pitcairn Island is of course the famous island where the ship *Bounty* was wrecked and burned in 1790 by the mutineers who sought a safe place to hide out from the British Navy.

"The island itself is small, being 2 miles long and 1 mile wide and about 1,000 feet high. The shore consists of high, almost vertical cliffs, except in one or two places. The island is all up and down hill. There are few level stretches.

"At the time of our visit there were about 128 persons living on the island, but the total population is approximately 200. Many have gone to New Zealand for medical attention and some went there during the war to work and have not returned.

"The soil is rich and fertile, but porous, a great portion being decomposed lava and the remainder rich black earth. The island is covered thickly with semi-tropical vegetation. The inhabitants raise such vegetables as tomatoes, beans, sweet corn, peas, and sweet potatoes. For fruits there are pineapples, bananas, mangoes and oranges.

* * * * *

"Pitcairn Islanders are eager to trade their produce, carvings and baskets, for badly-needed articles, such as clothing, flour, and beef. They are fond of corned beef, or the 'bully-beef' of the English. Ships on the Panama-New Zealand run stop a few miles out and the islanders go out in their long-boats to meet them.

"We were fortunate in being at Pitcairn when a large passenger ship from England, en route to New Zealand, stopped and members of the *Yankee's* crew who were ashore were permitted to go out with them. The passengers were ravenous for fruit; some of them hadn't seen a banana for seven years. The Islanders also pool some of their fruits and vegetables, which are traded for staples needed generally.

"Their only source of water is rain, which is collected and stored at each house has a concrete reservoir. Shortly before we arrived they had a severe drought and were not sure whether there would be sufficient fruit to supply the needs of the *Yankee*. The only village on the island is Adamstown, on the northern side. It is connected with the landing place at Bounty Bay by a steep path.

* * * * *

"When the sea is smooth, the most convenient anchorage is off Bounty Bay on the northeast side. The bottom is said to be sand with rocky patches. On one or two previous trips the *Yankee* had been able to anchor, but this time we were unfortunate and had strong seas and heavy winds —therefore we had to stand off and sail up and down and around the island. ....But it gave us a chance to go ashore in the islanders' long-boats and into Bounty Bay on a smooth day. The Islanders are excellent boatmen, and really know how to handle their boats, which are modeled after the old-time whale-boats."

1948

It was a Nantucket mariner, Captain Mayhew Folger, who discovered the surviving mutineer of the famous *Bounty*, and the descendants of the mutineers, on Pitcairn Island in the year 1808, while on a voyage in the ship Topaz. The log of this voyage, in Capt. Folger's hand-writing, is in the Nantucket Whaling Museum.

Christmas Eve—India Street.

12/27/47

Notwthstanding the fact that I had just left the busy little shopping world of the town, I could not realize fully that it was Christmas Eve. On Main Street's square, the shop windows were ablaze with colored lights and filled with Christmas goods, and hurrying shoppers flitted all around the gaily lighted "municipal tree." Overhead, etched in the glow, gaunt elms lifted naked branches high into the starry night. But I could not feel that it was Christmas Eve until I had reached the festooned windows of Voorneveld's florist shop and turned west into Pearl Street.

The wind, chill and raw, came down the street length with nothing to bar its progress. There were no gusts, just a strong, steady breeze that whipped the blood into my face and made my eyes water. I had lifted my head to peer through the new darkness past the crossing when the picture of a house, brilliantly alight, loomed before me. The windows, hung with green wreaths decked in red ribbons, each held a slender, white candle burning brightly—each as a beacon to shine through the narrow panes into the night's cold darkness, like a tiny, wavering finger of memory.

The house seemed to separate itself from the half-distinct shapes of its fellows, and to ramble back into a vague nothingness, to become alone, detached, in a world of empty blackness. I found myself wondering, lost in dreaming. Then I was aware of the summons. This was not Pearl street—this was India Street!

It was as if I were a Nantucket whaleman home from a toilsome, restless voyage, home from a voyage of years—to slip unnoticed over the Chord of the Bay on a flood tide—to sail silently around Brant Point and to warp up to Straight wharf on a ghost ship. It was as if I were returning once more to the haven of home, and, with the night wind all about me and the cold stars overhead, to walk quietly up India Street on a Christmas Eve long past.

India Street! All that the name held, all that it could bring, drifted back from the half-forgotten past as if borne on the wings of this same same wind which had carried the whaleman from the deep into the silent harbor.

Here, in the realm of night on the eve of an ancient festival, echoes from a century before came to me with the wind. Days when islanders manned a hundred vessels; days when the Nantucketer visited the remote corners of the ocean-world in a long pursuit of the great sperm whale; days when the little, old town was the home port for daring youths who knew the Bay of Islands almost as well as the harbor shoals.

Aye! This was once again India Street, living again in the gleams from candles that flickered among the green wreaths hanging there in the windows.

I drew abreast of the house and, as I passed, a red glow from a basement window across the way caught my eye. I gazed upon the soft vision of a tiny effigy laying in the white straw of a little manger. The picture grew, until out of the star-filled night the very spirit of Christmas descended suddenly, all around me, in one vast sweeping wave.

The spirit of Christmas! Crystal-clear through the air it came, like an old familiar carol. The three wise men journeying from the East; in the sky, hanging like a blazing jewel in the soft velvet of the Night, the Star of Bethlehem. Somewhere, an Angel chorus sang. The shepherds and their shadowy sheep lowing faintly in the dim starlight. Then—silence. Even the angel voices died away. The very world stood still. Then, like a trumpet peal, voices raised in Hallelujah! Christ is born!

The fancy fades and with it the reassuring sing of the angel chorus. But the picture in the basement window was clearer and there was a stronger glow in the light shining from the Child and Mother.

I walked on, passing more houses, their windows filled with candlelight, wonderful in their simplicity, showing glimpses of evergreen trees.

At length I came to where an old house bordered close on the sidewalk, its windows dark and its rooms empty. I stopped, for again the spirit of the past had halted me, to whisper into my willing ears and brush away the curtain of the years. Suddenly I was aware that candles had suddenly come alight in the house and, as I stared, a spendid tree stood in the room, its green boughs holding bright tinsel and striped candy canes and festoons of white pop-corn and miniature red baskets of cookies.

Then merry voices sprang into being all around. Snow gleamed underfoot. Hark! A sound in the snowy street. Muffled laughter—singing that drew nearer. I caught glimpses of woolen scarves and cheery, glowing faces. "God rest ye, merry gentlemen." A scamper of feet, footfalls faiter in the snow. "Merry Christmas!" and, from a distance, "Merry Christmas!"

Once more the picture faded, vanished. I walked on—to almost collide with a couple of elderly people who appeared suddenly in the night. The man raised his tall, beaver hat and he smiled; the lady bowed and the swirl of her hoop-skirt was as plainly heard as my own footsteps. It was not until they had passed that I realized they were not old but young, that despite his beard this was a young captain and her face under the hood of her bonnet was youth itself.

The dark now descended more closely around me; the night was colder and the more star-filled. Ahead, across Liberty street, I could see a living evergreen girdled with lights, gay, sparkling, dancing lights that winked at me through the hedge-row.

Here at the corner the wind met me again, stronger and wilder. And yet, in the blackness and cold, all was well. I was glad others would walk the way I had come, so that they, too, might see the visions which were in the candlelight and hear the laughter that followed the candle-glow.

I knew I was never to leave it behind even though I had reached the end of the street.

—*Edouard A. Stackpole.*

[The above originally appeared in the columns of "The Inquirer and Mirror" at Christmas time twenty years ago—1927—and is re-printed by request.]

The "Yankee" and Other Odd Rigs.

1951

Editors of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

Some time ago, in looking through the January, 1949, issue of the "Geographic" I found the story called "The Yankee's Wander-world" by Capt. Irving Johnson and his wife, Electa. It included several pictures of the *Yankee* under partial and full sail, some in light air and others in a good breeze. Capt. Johnson, in the story, always refers to the *Yankee* as a brigantine.

In a conversation with him in the fall of 1949, he said: "She is rather an odd rig and is not strictly a brigantine."

In the log-book of the whaleship *Geo. Washington* (presumably kept by the mate), whenever they "spoke" a vessel he sketched in (at the left of the day's entry) a picture of her, correctly rigged and later colored it in with water colors.

Several craft of the rig of the *Yankee* were spoken and alluded to in the entry as "schooners."

In the entry-way of the Nantucket Whaling Museum hangs a fine oil painting of the "Schr. *Heroine*, Geo. W. Hussey, Master, bound to Chagres, March, 1850." She is rigged precisely the same as the *Yankee* as regards sail, but she has rather a short foremast and long fore-topmast, while the *Yankee's* foremast appears to be a single pole-mast, minus hounds, trestle-trees, bolsters, etc. Her fore-shrouds seem to fasten to eyes projecting from a band similar to a futtock-band. She crosses 3 yards and has both topmast and topgallant back-stays. She seems to be a combination of a topsail and a square-sail schooner.

Some of the "hermaphrodite" brigs (they were also called "schooner-brigs" and "Jackass brigs") were rigged with a foremast somewhat shorter than the main and an extra long fore-topmast. Years ago, several of this rig came from St. Malo and other French ports and spent the summer on the various "banks," dry-salted their catch and returned to France with it.

The *Yankee's* foresail (square sail) is all one sail. In some vessels they were in two sections. Generally, they were hauled out on the yard-arms by hoops and a tackle. The *Yankee's* square foresail seems to be equipped with iron thimbles fastened close together to the "head-rope" (bolt rope) of the sail and apparently slides on a "jack-stay" on the under side of the yard.

When not set it is stowed forward of the foremast, and the gaskets (at least the foot) are passed around the mast itself.

On the main she carries a fore and aft sail mainsail, with the usual gaff and boom, and above the mainsail the three-cornered "gaff-topsail" set by halliards, sheet and tack, and was taken in by a clewline and stowed on either side of the masthead, according to the tack the vessel was on when the sail was "clewed up." The tack was hauled aloft and the sheet unhooked and taken to the lower block of the throat halliards temporarily.

If the *Yankee* carried either one or two square sails at the main-topmast, instead of the gaff-topsail, she might then be called a brigantine.

* * * * *

The last American "topsail-schooner" was the *Era*, last hailing from New London, Conn. She was built in Essex, Mass., in 1847, and was a packet between Boston and New York. Later she became a whaler and a Hudson Bay trader. She was once commanded by Capt. Tim Clisby, of Nantucket, and George (Tucker) Coffin, of Nantucket, was mate with him. Capt. Clisby died on the coast of Greenland and was buried there.

The *Era* sailed July 21, 1906, on what proved to be her last voyage and was lost July 29 near St. Pierre-Miquelon. She carried two square topsails on the fore-topmast and a gaff-headed mainsail and three-cornered topsail above it.

While in Perth Amboy in 1907, with a Swedish-Finn skipper, loading cement, a large four-masted schooner came in there to load cement for the West Indies.

She carried on the foremast an immense yard and sail which, I believe, was lowered to the deck to lay on the bulwarks when not in use. They were not of much use except in running.

"What kind of a rig is that?" I asked the skipper.

"Oh," he said, "that have a square-s'l skonnerter (schooner)."

* * * *

Perhaps the most famous of these schooners with square sails was the *Louise H. Randall*, a four-master, built in East Boston, and at the time of her launching the largest schooner ever built in Massachusetts. The late Fred V. Fuller, of Nantucket, was a guest on board at the launching. She was skippered by Capt. William Randall, of Vineyard Haven, and was lost off Smith's Point, on the south side of Long Island, Nov. 23, 1893, in a terrific southeaster. Capt. Randall, his wife, and the crew, were rescued by a boat from the wrecking steamer *I. J. Merritt*, after being in the fore and main rigging 26 hours.

She carried two raffees above the yard but the one to windward was the one often set, as the one to leeward did not always "pull" well.

Capt. Randall suffered such an impairment of health from the exposure that he remained ashore, and operated the harbor-boat *Susie D* in Vineyard Haven for several years.

* * * *

While towing out of Pascagoula, in the *Macerato*, we passed the "square-sail" 4-master *DeWitt C. Brown*, bound in—(this was in 1925). It is is rather an odd coincidence that the skipper's son who was aboard at that time—aged 6 years—should later (1946) come to Nantucket and, with his wife, spend an evening at my home. He was then at the University of Pennsylvania.

I recall seeing in Marseilles in 1926 two white topsail schooners, unloading cargoes of oranges from the Balearic Islands. They were Spanish and one was named *San Miguel*. They were being discharged by women stevedores, who carried the baskets on their heads to the weighing scales, then loaded them onto 2-wheel carts.

Still further along the quay, at a section called "Vieux Port," two Italian schooner-brigs were unloading—one scrap-iron, the other wine-barrel staves (in shooks). One I recall hailed from the Italian port of Corregio. This rig was quite common in the Mediterranean.

The Roux family of French marine artists painted many of this rig, both in oil and water colors, some of them are to be found in this country.

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When in Southampton, England, one winter, I saw lying at the dock, the small iron-hulled 3-masted square-sail schooner caller the *Ianthe*. She was in the clay-trade between Ghent and various English ports. The old mate, an ex-master, told me he had been "in sail" sixty-eight years!

While lying in Amboy in 1924, the schooner *T. C. Pendleton* waiting to go into dry-dock, the 4-masted schooner *Lieut. Sam Mengel* came into the river near us. We had in the fo'c's'le an old New Bedford whaleman who was once aboard the *Mengel*. He had sailed his last whaling voyage in the *Margaret*. The *Mengel* was said to be the last American square-sail schooner in the merchant fleet.

Some of the earlier square-sail schooners in this country had three masts and the mizzen was shorter than the fore and main masts. George Wasson, in his and Lincoln Colcord's monumental "Sailing Days on the Penobscot," tells of one such craft his grandfather built in West Brookville, Maine, and said to be have been the first three-master to take a cargo of lumber out of the Bangor River. Built in 1867, she was lost on her first voyage to the West Indies.

Wallace N. Long.

Nantucket, March 20.

[Mr. Long is Custodian of the Nantucket Whaling Museum. He has made a number of voyages in sail on several schooners.]

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Pacific National Bank Celebrates 150th Anniversary. 1954

Today the Pacific National Bank of Nantucket is celebrating its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It is a venerable institution, one of which all Nantucketers and summer visitors may be proud as it stands at the head of Main Street Square. During its long life it has seen many changes on the island, far more than any person now living on the island. Wars have been fought—all those which have had enormous effects on the United States with the exception of the Revolutionary, which is the only one of importance to antedate our Bank. In those one hundred and fifty years have come all the many things which revolutionized our way of living and which we now take for granted—steam engines, electricity, railroads, telephone, telegraph, radio and television, and many, many other things, all of which have had their effect not only on our lives but also on the Pacific National Bank.

The Bank was chartered on March 3, 1804, by the State of Massachusetts as the Pacific Bank and the first organized meeting was held on April 13, 1804, with Tristram Hussey, president, and Nathan Comstock, cashier. In 1818 the directors voted to move from their location on Federal street to the present site at the junction of Main, Centre, and Liberty streets, and erected the present brick building. Knowing the cost of present-day construction it is interesting to note that the estimates for building the Bank came to the then-large total of $7,000, including the cost of the vault.

When the Great Fire of 1846 ravaged the business district of the town, only a God-sent change of wind saved the Pacific Bank and its neighbor across the street, the Methodist Church.

In January, 1865, the name of the Pacific Bank was changed by an Act of Congress to the Pacific National Bank, the act reading in part: "Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that 'The Pacific Nantucket Bank, of Nantucket' in the County of Nantucket, and State of Massachusettts, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress, entitled, 'an Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States Bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof,' approved June 3, 1864, has complied with all the provisions of said act, required to be complied with before commencing the business of banking under said act;

"Now, therefore, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that 'The Pacific National Bank, of Nantucket,' in the town of Nantucket, in the County of Nantucket, and State of Massachusetts, is authorized to commence the business of banking, under the act aforesaid. In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office, this thirteenth day of January, 1865."

During the past few months, major changes have been made in the interior of the Pacific National Bank, these changes made necessary by the ever increasing need for better facilities. As the Bank has grown through the years, the latest equipment has been added, the personnel has increased in number and in efficiency, and, of necessity, more space has been needed. The present physical condition of the Bank is the result of several years of careful planning by the president, Frank E. Lewis, and the board of directors.

The most noticeable change in the physical appearance of the Bank in 1954, as compared to that in 1953, is that made in the location of the bookkeeping and trust department. The office of the Albert G. Brock Co., which for many years occupied the southwest corner of the Bank building, was taken over by the Bank and the insurance company moved across the street. In this office is now the large, well-lighted and efficiently arranged bookkeeping department of the Bank. At the east end of this room are several enclosed, comfortable booths for the benefit of the customers who wish to conduct their business privately.

What was formerly the bookkeeping room is now the office of the president, Frank E. Lewis, and opens off to the north of the enlarged foyer between the main banking room and the vault. The president's former office has been allegated to the board of directors, although the room is now considerably smaller than previously. The space taken from this room has been added to the main banking room, making it possible for the desks to be moved back several feet, thus enabling the cashier and tellers to move about with less difficulty. A telephone booth has been installed, which permits the answering of the telephone without the constant hum of voices interfering with the telephone conversation.

On the walls in the main banking room have been placed two large murals, one on the east side and the other on the north. These murals, which will be unveiled about three o'clock this afternoon, are the work of Mr. Robert Charles Haun, of Providence, R. I., who has done murals for many public buildings and hotels throughout the country.

The Bank will be open this afternoon from two until five o'clock and the public is cordially invited to visit and inspect the building and join with the president, board of directors, and personnel in celebrating this, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of The Pacific National Bank of Nantucket.

"Nantucket's Gold Mine", Topic at Rotary Meeting.

The speaker at the regular meeting of the Rotary Club of Nantucket, on Wednesday, was Everett U. Crosby, who is well known on the island as a historian and student of local architecture.

Mr. Crosby divided his talk into two sections. The first, titled "Nantucket's Gold Mine", brought out the prime importance of preserving our most important resource, the antiquity of the Town itself.

Throughout his talk, Mr. Crosby compared Nantucket with the Williamsburg restoration, which was done at the expense of millions of dollars. He pointed out that through the various economic conditions in the history of the island, that the buildings had remained nearly as they were 100 to 150 years ago, but that steps should be taken to preserve them as they are now, as they make the Town what is "our gold mine".

In the second part of his talk, Mr. Crosby showed the Rotarians what he meant by "grand old buildings", and how, in some cases, they had been despoiled.

This part of his talk, which was given in the form of an informal discussion, was illustrated with large drawings of various buildings in town. These vividly showed how a building could easily be spoiled by adding a porch, "shed-type" dormer window, etc., as well as how a store, with the addition of a false front and large windows, becomes out of keeping with its surroundings.

Mr. Crosby's informative lecture was enjoyed by the group, and brought the importance of preserving the old type of architecture of Nantucket to the attention of all those present at the meeting. 1951

"The Historical Background of Nantucket's Sherburne-Town." 1951

The Winter Club met on Tuesday evening, March 27, at the home of Hugh K. MacDougall, Academy Lane, with fourteen members and guests present. The speaker of the evening was the Club's President, Burnham N. Dell, whose topic was: "The Historical Background of Sherburne-Town on the Island of Nantucket."

The paper was one of the best which the Club has heard in recent years. It embraced the background of the English manorial towns, traced the varied slow but inevitable changes in the system, and followed the trends which were transplanted by the colonists in the New World.

Mr. Dell's comprehensive analysis of the medævial times in England, the coming of the controversies which arose out of church and state conflicts, the rise of the freeman in the village, and the social and economic conditions which brought about the "great migration" in the 17th century, made a full paper.

Of especial interest was the development of the colonial villages, patterned as they were upon the combination of church and town meeting house as a center, under the Puritan domination.

The paper also brought out the architectural changes which eventually resulted when the old English home-style dwelling was adapted to the prevailing New England climate. The preservation of Nantucket's old-time architectural characteristics is now a paramount issue on this island, and it was of considerable interest to have the basic principles of this typical island dwelling so carefully explained.

Mr. Dell pointed out several extraordinary facts which stand out in the early settlement of Nantucket in the middle-period of the "great migration." Among these were the fact that the settlers did not follow the pattern of the Puritans in the lay-out of the first town-site; that for the first fifty years no established church group was in existence on the island; and the development of the present town of Nantucket was entirely the result of economic conditions in an isolated community dominated by the generation of islanders who had accepted the Quaker faith.

Although the reading of the paper occupied over an hour, the listeners found its skillful handling made the time seem only of nominal length. This in itself was a tribute to the excellent craftmanship of the writer and the reader.

More About Tops'l Schooners and Old Sailing Days. 1951

[Continuing his account of various types of "square-sail schooner" rigs, of which he wrote last week, Wallace N. Long writes as follows:]

Some of the earliest topsail schooners also carried three masts (the mizzen in these also being shorter than the others), and one of these I think was called the *Aurora* and was built in Ellsworth, Maine, in 1831.

The *Magnolia* was the first of these vessels to dispense with the top-sail yards and thus became the first American strictly "fore'n'aft" three-masted schooner, though strictly retaining her shorter mizzen-mast. The first three-master with equal length masts was the *Kate Brigham*, built in Greenpoint (Brooklyn) in 1853. The first of this rig to enter Nantucket harbor was the *Sally M. Evans*.

Rather scarce in comparison with other rigs were the "barkentines." The last one in Nantucket waters, perhaps, was the *Culdoon*, which was stranded at Nobadeer in March, 1898. She was from Cape Town to Boston, with wool. She was quickly re-floated and went for several years. She hailed from St. Johns, N. B.

The *Culdoon* had the usual three masts though some had 4 and even 5 masts. Only the foremast was "square-rigged," the other masts carried fore-and-aft sails. The Emerys, of Boston, owned three of these vessels at one time, and they were mostly in the South American trade.

Perhaps the last square-rigged merchant vessel to be in Nantucket harbor was the *Fredericka Schepp*. She took the water in Northport, L. I., in 1877, as the topsail schooner *Emma Ritch*. Later she was owned by Leopold Shepp, the "cocoanut king," and was re-named and re-rigged as a brig and was in the West India trade.

As a "schooner-brig" she was driven on the east end of Nantucket bar an Jan. 30, 1908, in a gale, while on a voyage from South Amboy, N. J., to Vinal Haven, Me., with coal. She was stripped and re-floated in April, 1908, brought into the harbor by the steamer *Petrel*, and grounded just east of the former Wallace boat-house. She was later towed to Mystic, Conn., and later bought by Cape Verdeans. In getting out of the harbor of Brava in a light 'air, she was carried onto a ledge by the current and wrecked. She was then rigged as a 3-masted schooner and named the *Fairhaven*.

* * * * *

Out of New Bedford at the turn of the century were four hermaphrodite brigs three of which were whalers. They were the *Lenora*, *Daisy* and *Sullivan*. The fourth was the *Harry Smith*, which sometimes took out supplies for the whalers and brought home oil from such ports as Cape Town, Los Palmas, St. Helena, Montevideo, Dominica, etc., wherever left by whaling captains to be sent home. They were all Maine-built vessels.

I forgot, in writing about barkentine-rigs, to mention the small barkentine *Jane A. Falkenberg*, which was built in New Bedford. Named for Capt. Falkenberg's wife, who went in her with her husband to the Pacific on her first voyage, the *Falkenberg* remained in the Pacific and is credited with the longest service of any sailing craft on that ocean.

Now to the New Bedford whaling brigs. The *Daisy* was commanded by Capt. Ben Cleveland, of Edgartown, on four voyages to South Georgia and Desolation islands after sea-elephant oil, and "whaled it" on the voyages out and back. We had a seaman in the *Charles H. Trickey*, in 1909, who had been with Capt. Cleveland on his third voyage in the *Daisy*. Capt. Ben Cleveland made his last voyage in 1921 in the schooner *William A. Graber*. It was on the brig *Daisy* that Robert Cushman Murphy got the material for his excellent book, "Logbook For Grace." The brig was lost at sea en route to Europe with cargo during the First World War.

While working ashore in New Bedford in 1907, I watched from Fairhaven bridge a whaling brig coming in by Palmer's Island under all sail in good "souther." Another watcher said: "It's the *Lenora*." I am not sure that it was her.

* * * * *

There are two men living in Nantucket who sailed in the *Sullivan* on different voyages. She was built as a lumber carrier and had the usual "timber-ports" in her bows.

Owned mostly by Daniel Emery, of Boston, she was chartered by a Norwich (Conn.) doctor and Capt. Haggerty and fitted out as a whaler. On one of her voyages, the crew, in a mutinous mood, considered loosening one of her bow ports (these fastened inside the hull by a cross-timber and turn-screws) and letting the water fill her.

On a later voyage and her last, she dragged onto the breakwater at St. George and became a total loss. The younger of the two men (now living here) swam out to her some time after to try to recover her papers, but he became entangled among the wreckage in the water and was nearly lost (1912).

Later, Capt. Haggerty took the whaling bark *Alice Knowles*, and she was lost with all hands at sea.

One more "schooner brig" sailed out of New Bedford whaling in 1911. She was built in Fair Haven (Conn.) for the West Indies trade and was called the *T. Towner*.

A vessel, originally a schooner-brig, brought a cargo of coal here for the steamboat company about 1909-10. She was called the *Cora Green* and hailed from Bangor. She was schooner-rigged then and still retained the sheaves in her bulwarks by which the "fore-course" was trimmed.

This rig was almost invariably referred to by consuls, shipping commissioners, captains and crews as a "brig," and by these tokens, no doubt, Capt. Johnson chooses to call the *Yankee* a brigantine.

Wallace N. Long.

Nantucket, Mass.

Nantucket Did Shore Whaling But New Bedford Did None.

New Bedford did no shore whaling, which was a type of whaling done close to shore, along which were located lookout masts and other convenient observation posts on hills, sand dunes or accessible trees.

Upon sighting a whale or whales, signals were made or called by voice for the assembly of crews and launching of boats in pursuit.

After capture the whale had to be towed by the boat or boats to the beach, where were located the try-works. In many cases the carcass had to be beached wherever possible, after which the blubber had to be carted or rafted to the tryworks, where the boiling out of the oil was done and then barrelled and stored.

The annals of this earliest phase of the colonial period whaling, credit the eastern end of Long Island with establishing a patrol on the beach of the south, or ocean, side as early as 1644, for the salvage or drift whales cast ashore and a few years later the capture of live whales was pursued as a winter industry, the season being from November to April.

Massachusetts and Cape Cod Bay communities were also engaged in this type of whaling and there is a record of the appointment of whale-cutters on Martha's Vineyard even before the settlement of Nantucket, whose first whale was captured about 1670 by the use of hastily made implements.

The whales abundant in the waters of the Atlantic coast of commercial value were the Biscay specie of right whale and also the humpback. As techninque improved there were fewer drift whales and as the active pursuit depleted the whales in their migrations it became necessary to make short cruises out of sight of land, usually for some days, and this cruising period lengthened when the whalemen began to go into northern waters—the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Baffin Bay, and adjacent inlets of the Arctic west of Greenland.

All of these whaling grounds were well known and had been whaled by the several maritime nations of Europe, but this was still right, for Greenland, whaling; the products being whale oil or train oil and whale fins or the whalebone (baleen).

Sperm whaling is an industry credited to Nantucket, from about 1712, when Capt. Christopher Hussey killed the first sperm whale and towed it laboriously to shore for the trying out processes.

Prior to this capture, a dead sperm whale had been found on a Nantucket beach and the superior quality of its oil was well-known and extolled for medicinal use as well as for an illuminant.

The early off-shore cruises for whales were made in small sloops carrying, or towing, one boat and often these little vessels worked in pairs as most safe and effective in early completion of a successful voyage.

These vessels cut in the whale at sea and the blubber was stored in open containers aboard for the return to port and tried out ashore.

In 1652, the leading men of Plymout Colony bought of the Indians the land west of that colony, to the bounds of what is now Rhode Island. This area had a shore frontage on Buzzard's Bay and beyond, on the Atlantic, for a shorter distance.

Scattered hamlets developed along water courses and salt water innlets of this district known as Old Dartmouth. About 1750 one of these little hamlets became known as Bedford, and the Russells, its leading family, began whaling, outfitting small sloops which, when successful, brought back the whales blubber to the try-works on shore as was common in the Massachusetts Colony at this period.

As previously mentioned, there was no shore whaling done by Bedford village which in later years was New Bedford. Several factors prove this: Bedford Village was located many miles from the open ocean and the coastwise route of the whales, which travel was south of Long Island and Nantucket, in this vicinity.

The hamlet of Bedford was not established until after the passing of general shore-whaling and during the period when short off-shore voyages were yet being made, and the blubber on the sloop's return boiled out at the try-works ashore.

A great impetus was given this feeble beginning of Bedford's whalinng when Joseph Rotch came from Nantucket. Because of his superior knowledge and skill in conducting the whaling business, his wealth was vital to Bedford's progress.

Throughout this period and until after the second decade of the 19th century the whaling history of both Nantucket and New Bedford is that of the interlocking business acumen of the Rotch family, and a continued building and operation of a larger and better equipped whaleships, necessitated by the longer voyages to even more distant whaling grounds.

Following the Revolutionary War, the restrictive English maritime laws were abolished and the deep sea whaling vessels were square-rigged brigs and ships. Nantucket had but few schooners or barks engaged in whaling. The bark rig did not become popular at New Bedford until mid-19th century.

—*Wilbur G. Sherman.*

New Bedford, Mass. 1936

Steamer Nantucket Has a Hard Experience. 1912

It was a genuine surprise to the islanders when word came over the cable Sunday morning that steamer Nantucket had left Woods Hole with passengers and freight for Nantucket, for a thick snowstorm had been raging since daylight and the conditions looked disagreeable. The boat came through, however, and about two o'clock met the heavy ice off Brant point, which held her back a half hour, until the outgoing tide loosened it up enough to permit her to reach the wharf.

She brought only a half dozen passengers, but was heavily laden with freight, which was not discharged until dusk. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, Captain Furber felt called upon to make an effort to get out of the harbor again, as the weather bureau had issued a cold wave warning, and at 5.45 o'clock the steamer put out, as it proved, to meet with a severe experience in the ice outside the bar.

Before she had rounded Brant point, the wind suddenly breezed up from the northwest and within a few minutes had increased to a small-sized gale, and the few who anxiously watched the boat's progress along the channel, from a vantage point on the cliff, wished that she were back at her berth again, for, as far as the eye could see, as darkness fell, there was nothing but an expanse of white ice, where but a few hours before had been the open sea.

The steamer succeeded in passing the jetties, but ran into the ice before she had gone many feet beyond, and it proved to be driven in as solid as a rock, making a barrier into which she was unable to make an entrance. Captain Furber made a determined effort to break out, but the attempt was useless, and the increasing wind added to the adverse conditions. The tide was almost on ebb and the action of wind and ice suddenly swept the steamer around until her stern caught on a "knoll," in which position she was held fast until about 8 o'clock, with her bow headed eastward.

To the watchers on shore it was apparent the boat was in a predicament, for the bright ray of the search-light as it was flashed around over the ice outlined the mounds on the eastern jetty, and showed that she was lying stern to the wind. It was a relief to all when the position of the steamer's lights showed that she had turned around and was headed in towards the channel, and when Captain Furber gave a prolonged whistle as the boat rounded Brant point, after over two hours in the ice outside Nantucket bar, many an anxious heart gave thanks for her return without mishap. It was a trying experience—one of the worst which the Nantucket has ever encountered in the quarter of a century during which she has plied across Nantucket sound.

Captain Furber, of Steamer Nantucket.

Among those on the steamer Sunday night were: Lincoln Burgess, Walter D. Glidden, Chief of Police Kelly, of Nantucket, Capt. Anderson, of schooner Julia A. Berkele, Noah P. Appleton and Royal C. Appleton, of Brockton, and Albert W. Ellis, of Boston. All of them were thankful for their safe return, after the two hours' experience in the ice, and they speak in the highest terms of the efforts made by Captain Furber to escape from the clutches of the ice-fields and of his skill in bringing the steamer out of a dangerous position without mishap. It was an uncomfortable experience for all on board.

Old Letters From Germany Tell of the "Newton" Tragedy.

The many instances when Nantucket historical incidents are revived by the appearance of new documentary material was mentioned last week with reference to the *Globe* Mutiny of 1824.

Recently, several old letters from Germany were received from Miss Louise Hosmer, of Los Angeles, Calif., which bring another chapter to the story of that ill-fated German ship *Newton*, lost with all hands on Christmas morning in the year 1865.

The letters were received from Miss Hosmer by Miss Grace Brown Gardner on behalf of the Nantucket Historical Association.

Christmas Day, in 1865, was a sad one for Nantucket. The islanders were shocked to learn that the second large vessel in three days had been lost on the south shore with all hands perishing. The schooner *Haynes*, bound to Boston from the West Indies, had gone ashore near the head of Hummock Pond, and all hands had perished on the night of Dec. 22, 1865, as they attempted to reach shore. Early on the morning of Dec. 25—Christmas Day—the German ship *Newton*, loaded with 2,200 barrels of kerosene at New York, and bound for Hamburg, struck the shoals near the shore just to the eastward of Maddequecham Pond. One of the crew was found a half-mile inland, where he had crawled after reaching the beach alive. He was afterwards identified as the ship's second mate.

The *Newton* was a new iron vessel and the broken condition of her wrecked hull made many believe that an explosion had occurred soon after she struck. For two days afterwards the dead bodies of her crew were taken from the surf along the shore as far north as Quidnet. In all, seventeen bodies were recovered and, after impressive ceremonies at the Methodist Church, these were interred in the Unitarian Burial Ground. Capt. Herting, the ship's master, was buried by the local Masonic Lodge.

Frederick C. Sanford, of Nantucket, underwriters' agent, took charge of the burial and through George Brown, the Coroner, the rings and other valuables from the lost seamen, were sent to the relatives in Germany. That the efforts of Mr. Sanford and his colleagues was deeply appreciated may be best shown by re-printing letters received from Germany a few weeks after the tragedy. These letters, translated many years ago, are as follows:

Bargam, Duchy of Sleswig,
Feb. 9, 1866.

Hon. Frederick C. Sanford,
Nantucket, Mass., U. S. A.

Honored Sir:

A noble thing is true Christian charity! You, honored sir, have displayed it in highest degree, both by what you have done for the crew of the unfortunate ship "Newton" as well as well as by your friendly letters to Mrs. Capt. Herting. But more especially do we, the Rehquate family, owe you the deepest, most sincere thanks. And we fulfill this necessity of our hearts with tears and with the fullest acknowledgment of what you in your love have done.

The 2nd Mate of the ship *Newton*, whom you found dead, whose body you shrouded, tenderly sheltered and gave burial, was my youngest brother. Last summer he passed a most creditable examination at the Hamburg Naval School. After which he remained a few weeks among his relatives. A part of the month of August he spent here at my house. (I have been for about a year and a half the pastor of the parish of Bargam in the Duchy of Sleswig) and right happy were we together. Then he returned to Hamburg, and a few weeks later sailed on his first voyage in the *Newton*, Capt. Herting, which by God's inscrutable will, was for him the last.

My deceased brother, Karl Julius Rehquate, was born on the 14th of March, 1843, at Breithenberg in Holstein, where my father, who died on the 6th of Dec. 1849, was pastor. He was the youngest of eight children, three brothers and five sisters. I am the eldest of all. Next comes a brother, Hugo Theobald Rehquate, who also follows the sea, and indeed sailed from America. We have had no intelligence of him for perhaps a year and a half and fear that he may have lost his life in the American war.

And was my brother the only one who reached the shore of your island? And must death then overtake him? Oh, if by chance on that terrible Christmas even, a horseman had arrived at the place where he landed, he might perhaps have been saved. But God's ways are not our ways, nor are His thoughts our thoughts—his hour had come.

We must submit to the bitter affliction which He has sent, tho' it is so hard to bear. But one grief was lightened in no small degree by what you in your love have done for our departed brother, he who in the flower of his youth, life's duties all before him, was called away. But in his death he found Christian hearts who willingly rendered those last offices which were denied his own.

O, that this signal example of that philanthropy in which we so often fail may become stronger in us all. God bless you and keep you! I close with the most profound gratitude to you.

R. W. Rehquate.

The following letter was received shortly after by Mr. Sanford:

Kellinghusen, Feb. 10, 1866

Honored Mr. Sanford:

Amid all my overwhelming grief at the death of my beloved chld, Carl Julius Rehquate, 2nd mate of the Ship *Newton*, my heart is moved by a deep feeling of gratitude towards you as the Christian man who so tenderly recovered the dear form and gave it a resting place. O! that comforts the poor mother's heart in her bitter loss, and her gratitude to you is most sincere.

He was a pious, good son, who always bore love for his mother in his eye and heart, and his dreadful death is the first sorrow he ever caused her.

I am in the sixty-fourth year of my age and, it is my mournful lot to have been for sixteen years a widow. My husband was pastor in the village of Breitenburg, and died of consumption at the age of forty-six, after having suffered for two years. I was left with eight children under age, of whom the youngest, this same 2nd mate, was but five years old. But though my way often looked dark, for I had no property and only a small widow's pension, God of his love supported me through all my trials.

The 2nd mate passed last summer a most honorable examination, and I ventured to hope that, under God, the way was open to his success in life. But God had ordered it otherwise, and I reverence His holy will. Calmly can I yield to Him my noble, virtuous son, and trust in His grace that we may meet again!

Permit me to enclose to you photographs of my son and myself. And if I may add one request, I would ask if over the common grave a stone could be raised at slight expense—a cross; or even a few white and red roses be planted. It is my earnest desire is to hear from you again. In my prayers I remember you, and pray God to preserve you from such bitter experiences. May God be ever with you is the sincere wish of

Your highly esteeming and deeply grateful

Eliza Rehquate,
Pastor's Widow.

Sleswig, Germany,
Feb. 17, 1866.

Mr. F. C. Sanford, Nantucket.

Highly Honored Sir:

Though I come to you an utter stranger, and ask permission to address you this letter, my name will be made known to you when I tell you that I am a brother of Capt. Herting, master of the ship *Newton*, wrecked on your island.

My sister-in-law in Hamburg sent me a full copy of the letter which you wrote her, and I feel therefore constrained to thank you, noble sir, for the great sympathy you have shown, not alone towards my deceased brother, but also towards us all, for I have two brothers, one of whom lives in Flensburg where we were born, the other in Carlscrona. You know not what comfort and satisfaction your thoughtfulness in thus writing has afforded us.

We received the first news on the 19th of January by a telegram to the Exchange; believed and hoped it must be a mistake. But no, your letter brought us the full assurance that my dear brother would return no more. He rests far from us, among friendly people who interested themselves for him and buried him in Christian ground and with Christian rites. And for this and for all you have shown him, would I offer you my deep and lasting gratitude. I would thank you also for having given us all possible details of the shipwreck.

The ways of Providence are mysterious, often wonderful, and no one can know whither his life's course may lead him.....With us too,: this year, there has been much stormy weather, and many a brave mariner must have found a watery grave on the coast of Europe.

God bless you! And if I may ask so great a favor of you, will you sometimes place fresh flowers on the grave of my brother, Ferdinand Gottfried Herting. And here I close. God grant you health, and preserve you and yours from similar misfortune.

With all esteem,
Your grateful and devoted,
J. A. Herting,
Merchant.

Writer Finds Nantucket Delightful.

by Alice Hughes.

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New York, Sept. 2—A beautiful way to mark the end of the summer is to celebrate the beginning of autumn at Nantucket, Mass. My young Jeremiah and I make this annual pilgrimage to this green isle in the sea, happy to be with the 15,000 visitors who float or fly in, and lead a relaxed, spacious life without seeming to crowd the 30-square miles of this island berthed in the Atlantic Ocean off the furthermost peak of Massachusetts. Friends and relatives of ours have homes here, but we prefer the luxury of privacy at the astringently New England Hardy House. With pride, certain inscriptions point to the fact that Benjamin Franklin's mother was born here, and that Gen. Grant "slept" there. But on the whole, the 300-year annuals of Indians, Pilgrims and Portuguese are not shoved down the throat of the visitor who comes to imbibe Boston-style clam chowder (made with milk) and not "ancient history".

The local newspaper, the weekly Inquirer and Mirror, calls itself the largest of its kind in America. Each page is twice the size of the average sheet and four times the size of a tabloid. Apparently no hint (yet) of a paper shortage has been heard here. As a matter of fact, the natives of Nantucket consider themselves outside the bounds of the continent—a point of view they emphasize with signs stating, "Boats for America."

Nothing is crowded or hurried here on this island-that-likes-to-be-visited. In a plea for more neatness on the beaches, the Inquirer and Mirror bemoans the quantities of nose napkins carelessly dropped by hayfever sufferers. At the same time, it points out there are four million ragweed-afflicted over in America, whose combined sneezes might break the seismographs of both Harvard and Fordham Universities. And that if these pollen-pestered ones knew what was good for them, they would hie to the Island of Nantucket which is practically pollen-free. Ever a mind to business, these thrifty Yankees!

There is such spaciousness that the local newspaper has both the lineage and diligence to report the minutest of details. When John Sweeney, a Michigan pianist, gave a concert here last week, the local review included this pertinent observation that, just prior to the Scarlatti group, the stage manager of the concert hall put a drop or two of 3-in-1 oil on the treble pedal of the piano, which had a squeak that was not written into the score. And in reporting obituaries, the deceased is clocked to the day—to wit: "Col. Arthur Hamilton Mackie, aged 80 years, 3 months, 14 days." Births record not only the names of the parents, but both sets of grandparents.

With utter candor, this weekly periodical—first published in June, 1821—prints that the Board of Selectmen held a weekly meeting in the Sanford House before an empty room. In the "Lost" column on page one, M. D. Dupont advertises the loss of one small book, Essay on Poetry, by Herbert Read. And in the column of food announcements there is the fish market which prints jocosely, "We have everything that swims (including Esther Williams)." The paper regrets because the Fulton Airphibian that stopped to leave one passenger at Nantucket disappointed those who had hoped to see the craft shed its wings and become an automobile. Et cetera, etc., including offers to swap reservations on three-a-day steamers that bring passengers, automobiles and freight to the island. . . . Space has to be applied for long in advance.

We drove to Nantucket from New York overnight—a good 300 miles. I was the only one who had made the trip before, but during the night I fell asleep. At dawn I awoke to find we were at Plymouth Rock which is about 50 miles out of the way. But it was thrilling to my native New England pride to be able to give my companions—a man from Missouri and a girl from Texas—plus my New York-reared Jeremiah, a sunrise capsule of the story of the Pilgrims and their hardy passage to this jagged, rocky harbor. . . . Two hours later we had retrieved our way back to Woods Hole, Mass., just in time to put our car on the boat for Nantucket. Glory be, from there on!

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Edouard A. Stackpole to Speak At Historical Meeting.

Mr. Edouard A. Stackpole, curator of the Marine Museum at Mystic Seaport, Conn., will speak on the subject "Adventures with the Nantucket Whalemen" at the Friends Meeting House, Fair Street, on Tuesday afternoon, August 16, at 3:00 p.m. This talk is the sixth in the series about Old-Time Nantucket being sponsored this summer by the Nantucket Historical Association.

The many island friends of "Ed" Stackpole know that there is no one better qualified to talk about whaling and Nantucket. A former President of the Nantucket Historical Association, he has written four juvenile books of adventure drawn from island history and countless articles. A Guggenheim grant, awarded in 1951, enabled him to complete research on "The Sea-Hunters", the definitive work on the American whaling industry from its earliest days to 1835.

Since 1953 Mr. Stackpole has been at Mystic. Among his recent publications are "Captain Prescott and the Opium Smugglers" and "The Wreck of the San Francisco". He is working on "The American Sealers and the Discovery of the Antarctic Continent". His current big project is the establishment at Mystic Seaport of the Frank C. Munson Institute of American Maritime History which offers a four-week course of study with recognized authorities in the field of maritime history and field trips to well-known New England seaports.

A cordial invitation is being extended by the Historical Association to members and the public to hear Mr. Stackpole talk. There will be no admission charge.

1955

Found Nantucket Article in "The Plough". 1951

Dick Madlener, of Winnetka, Illinois, found some copies of the magazine "The Plough, the Loom and the Anvil", which was published in the mid-nineteenth century by Myron Finch in Philadelphia.

In the January, 1853, edition of the little magazine he found a brief item under "Editors' Jottings, etc." about Nantucket and sent the copy of the magazine to Mr. Richard M. Lederer, who in turn brought it into our office.

The article about Nantucket, written nearly one hundred years ago, reads as follows:

Nantucket.—"Take out your map and look at it. See what a real corner of the world it occupies; how it stands there, away off shore, more lonely than the Eddystone lighthouse. Look at it—a mere hillock, and elbow of sand; all beach, no background. There is more sand there than you would use in twenty years as a substitute for blotting paper. Some gamesome wights will tell you that they have to plant weeds there, they don't grow naturally; that they import Canada thistles; that they have to send beyond seas for a spile to stop a leak in an oil cask; that pieces of wood in Nantucket are carried about like bits of the true cross in Rome; that people plant toadstools before their houses, to get under the shade in summer time; that one blade of grass makes an oasis, three blades in a day's walk a prairie; that they wear quicksand shoes, something like Laplander snow shoes; that they are so shut up, belted about, every way inclosed, surrounded, and made an utter island of by the ocean, that to their very chairs and tables small clams will sometimes be found adhering, as to the backs of sea turtles."

So says an exchange, and the statements are true, though some of them must be taken "in a Pickwickian sense". But visit that desolate sandbank, and you will find one of the most friendly, hospitable, benevolent people that ever lived on the face of the earth. They are also remarkably intelligent, not so much given to book knowledge, but full of sound sense, apt to observe, and making the most of the advantages they enjoy. Females remain at home, but our own sex are sailors almost from the cradle."

, AUGUST 6, 1955

Old Houses and Romantic Past Subject of Talk by Mrs. Lyon.

Old Nantucket houses represent a romantic past and must be preserved, Mrs. Elias J. Lyon, former social worker and teacher, told her audience at the Friends Meeting House on August 2. The speaker talked about her home and about a number of old houses with which she has become acquainted through real estate dealings since coming to the island 20 years ago. Her talk was the fourth in a series sponsored by the Nantucket Historical Association on Tuesday afternoons.

Nantucket houses are not pretentious, but have a quality of dignity, solidity, and ruggedness which grew out of a pride of workmanship not found in the modern house, the speaker said.

Mrs. Lyon expressed her fears that the younger generation, living in an age when moral and spiritual values often seem out of date, will fail to preserve these relics of an age when Nantucket was a center of culture. She also pointed out that an old house, restored and in good condition, represented greater tax income to the town.

Only four houses on the island have never been sold and remain the property of descendants of the original builders—the house now occupied by Miss Grace Brown Gardner on Milk Street, Mrs. Ditmars' house on Main Street, the "Middle Brick", and the Caldwell house on lower Pleasant Mrs. Lyon enumerated.

The speaker said she and Mr. Lyon have restored four houses on Nantucket. In her pre-Revolutionary house at 16 Pleasant Street, once owned by a Peter Coffin, she discovered near the central chimney a small closet to the attic which was once used to raise dough. She regrets that the original walls of old shell plaster were in poor condition and had to be replaced by modern walls. She advised those present that, despite its blistered appearance, such plaster is a real find, deserving preservation and worthy of display.

She gave several examples of the effect of present economic conditions on real estate values since the turn of the century. A former owner of 16 Pleasant Street paid $6.25 in taxes. She now has a standing offer of more than $20,000 for the house in its present state of restoration.

Mr. Lyon restored the building at the head of Old North Wharf, a former boat shop owned by John Cartwright, which now serves as their office and summer home, the speaker said.

In restoring the Little Bookshop at 2 Quince Street, once owned by a Captain Myrick, a well was discovered under the doorstep. Mrs. Lyon said that most recently they have worked on 32 Pine Street.

Each house has its romance—some fascinating architectural feature or an owner of local historical interest, the speaker said. She then proceeded to give the highlights of a number of old houses.

One Pleasant Street, built in 1837 by William Macy for William Crosby, housed the first Chickering piano on the island and is mentioned in the book "Through the Hawse-Hole" by Florence Bennett Anderson.

Six Pleasant Street was more recently owned by author William O. Stevens.

Number 8 Pleasant Street was the home of Walter Folger, who designed an intricate astronomical clock now on display at the Historical Museum, Fair Street.

Fifteen Pleasant Street, which has its original shell walls, was named in the will of Obed Macy to his sons, Thomas, William, and Peter, along with one-eighth share of Old North Wharf and 307 and seven-two hundredths shares of Straight Wharf. The estate of "Moors End", 19 Pleasant Street, built by Jared Coffin, once sold for $2,350.

The present home of William Coffin on Lily Street appears with a mill in an old Nantucket picture. Thirty-one Lily Street, the home of Jared Jerome, was moved from Fair Street in 1832 and another house was added to it. The house on Gull Island, built by Charles Gardner in 1750, was the site of a fort during the French and Indian War. Elizabeth Hollister Frost establishes a connection between this house and the Elihu Coleman house, 1720, on Madaket Road, in her book "This Side of Land". The property was an island at the time when the Lily Pond, bounded by West Chester, North Liberty, Lily, and Centre Streets, connected with the harbor, and contained sufficient water for the operation of a grist mill and a fulling mill. The pond was drained accidentally by a little girl digging with a clamshell one evening. The damage was not discovered till the next day, and the dam was never rebuilt, the speaker related.

The Roosevelt House on West Chester Street once belonged to Henry Snow, captain of the "Island City".

The David Cartwright house on Prospect Street, a perfect example of New England architecture, was put through the Land Court only after the descendants of the 10 Cartwright heirs had been traced all over the United States. Mrs. Lyon told of the disrepute with which Nantucket deeds, although usually clear, are held by "off-island lawyers" and stated that a Land Court title simplified transfer of ownership.

She said, "Teachmore" on Quaker Lane was once a Penny School. The Ernst House, Quartermile Hill, formerly owned by Gardners and Snows, was moved from Main Street. A gambrel roof is a feature of the Yates house on Pine Street, built by Jethro Gardner. The timbers in the corners of the rooms at the Fosbinder house, 21 Mill Street, are an example of ship's carpentry. Mrs. Cushman celebrated her 102nd birthday in her home on Prospect Street. The Carley House on Bloom Street, once the home of "Charlie the Oysterman", a Starbuck, has a beehive Dutch oven. 127 Main Street, built by Folgers, was the home of Albert Bunker, who kept a store at the Monument. Five Fair Street, now owned by Dr. H. Brooks Walker, lost its widow's walk in a recent hurricane. A former owner, Capt. Chase, lost his daughter to a "travelling musician", one of the famous Hutchinsons.

On close acquaintance with a Nantucket house, Mrs. Lyon told her audience, you will find yourself trying to recreate the lives of the people who lived in it. Each house has a story to tell.

Will Gardner, author of "Three Bricks and Three Brothers" and "The Clock that Talks", chairman for the afternoon, spoke briefly of current interest in Nantucket houses. Everett U. Crosby has published the book "95% Perfect", about island architecture. Miss Grace Brown Gardner is collecting pictures and clippings in a scrapbook of Nantucket houses and their occupants. Dr. Gardner and Mr. Crosby are making a file of the oldest houses on Nantucket, relying largely on summer news items appearing when houses have been open to the public as part of the annual Nantucket Cottage Hospital Drive.

Before introducing the speaker, Dr. Gardner gave a brief history of his own home at 33 Orange Street. Built in 1760 by a Wyer for his Boston bride, it was bequeathed to their son, Christopher, a whaling master. Other owners were Seth Swift, first Unitarian minister, Peter Macy, brother of Obed the historian, and George Tracy who died of yellow fever in the Civil War and willed the house to his mother.

Migration of Nantucket Whalers Reviewed at Rotary Meeting.

A little-known phase of the history of Nantucket was described at the regular Wednesday meeting of the Nantucket Rotary Club by Edouard A. Stackpole, President of the Nantucket Historical Association.

Mr. Stackpole, who is currently doing extensive research in the historical records of the various ports along the Atlantic seaboard, recently returned from Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, where he was successful in filling in some of the missing chapters in the island's past.

When the whaling industry declined through the loss of many of the Nantucket vessels during the Revolutionary War, and it seemed to be impossible to recoup the losses of the islanders by continuing to operate from Nantucket, a mass migration of Nantucket families occurred in the late 1700's.

A convoy of 13 whaleships, bearing entire families and all their possessions left Nantucket Harbor in September, 1785, the first of a series of migrations from Nantucket. These families landed at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, where a prosperous whaling port was established.

During his research at Dartmouth, Mr. Stackpole noted throughout the records the names of well-known Nantucket men occurring again and again. He also found several houses in the little town which he immediately classified as "typical Nantucket architecture."

The whaling colony at Dartmouth failed, Mr. Stackpole remarked, because of the unsettled conditions after the Revolutionary War, and the impending high tariffs on whale oil for shipment to England, the primary market.

The colony migrated next to Wales, and several years later again moved to Dunkirk, France, successful whaling ports being established in each case.

Mr. Stackpole left Nantucket for New Bedford Wednesday afternoon, where he is continuing his research into this fascinating subject. His findings, when completed, will be published in book form. Mr. Stackpole was awarded a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation in June of this year, which has enabled him to carry out this extensive research into Nantucket's history.

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Whale Hunting and Shipwrecks Feature Men's Club Dinner.

Ex-Fire Chief Archie Cartwright, Nantucket's last whale hunter, was the principal speaker at the North Church Men's Club opening meeting of the season.

Archie's talk was on the lines of a one-man gam. He took his listeners on his voyage aboard the "Sunbeam" out of New Bedford, in the year 1906, to the "western islands" in search of the elusive whale. The one-time Fire Chief said at the beginning he had no prepared speech but he had brought along some notes. These notes were better than any prepared speech. He gave not only exciting descriptions of the capture of the whale but told intimate details of life aboard the "Sunbeam" and anecdotes concerning many of his fellow crewmen.

His stories of life abord were sprinkled lavishly with salty humor and, at times, with somewhat salty language which colored the whole in a delightful manner.

During his talk, Archie related an incident when two of the whale boats went after two whales. The first boat reached its whale first and, by a lucky drive, the harpooner hit a vital spot and the whale was killed on the first thrust. When this happened the other whale instantly disappeared and was never located again. The speaker said this made him think that there must be some way whales communicate with one another, especially in times of danger.

In the question period that followed, Lt. Commander T. C. Ondrechen, of the Tom Nevers Head Naval Facility, told about the Navy's recent studies of whales. This study was necessitated by the fact that so many naval planes and surface craft were mistaking whales for submarines. Commander Ondrechen said the Navy's studies proved the whale have a kind of built-in sonar device with which they communicate.

The Commander said this communication could be described as a kind of bark, not too unlike the bark of a dog. This bark can be heard for several miles and by this means the leader of a school of whales could keep track of the whole school. When the leader barks each whale answers and if the answers do not add up to the number of whales known to be in the school the leader begins to investigate.

Another very interesting part of the program was furnished by Mr. Robert Stark. He brought to the meeting a wire recording which he and Dr. Will Gardner made. This wire recording is supposed to be the first in a series which are to be made for posterity.

Will Gardner is the interviewer in the recording and he talks to some of the old-timers and pries out of them some interesting facts about old time Nantucket and the interview is preserved on tape through the generosity of Bob Stark.

The interview was with that old-timer Chester Pease. The subject was the wreck and salvaging of the "Vulcan" which stranded on the Bar on October 23rd, 1891. Chester gave a very exciting description of the saving of the crew with but little prompting from Will Gardner.

Bob Stark introduced the two men in the first part of the tape recording and said the interview had been edited and shortened. The last part of the tape was taken up with Mr. Pease's reminiscences of the tricks he and some of his contemporary salvagers used to get the better of the tug boat captains who were out for salvage cash.

The dinner which preceded the meeting was excellently prepared by a committee including Mrs. Priscilla Stanley, Mrs. Florence Vincent, Mrs. Bernice Foye, and Mrs. Irene Smith.

1955

Claims Ericsson Landed On Nantucket's Great Point.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

Had you stood at the northern tip of Nantucket Island in the early dawn of last June the 21st you might have seen, emerging from the sea mist, a yawl, wafted by a northeast breeze, bearing down on Great Point.

If you had waited to see the landfall your curiosity would have been aroused by the strange action of the skipper. He was on his knees in the beach grass tasting the dew!

The wildest guess would not have come within a thousand miles of solving the mystery. But it is now cleared in an article appearing in the spring issue of the "American Scandinavian Review" under the title "Leif Ericsson's Visit to America", by Frederick J. Pohl. The author accepts the evidence presented by modern historians that Ericsson, the eleventh century Viking, was the first white man to set foot on the American continent and that after he and his men had left "Markland" (Nova Scotia) they sailed south and established a camp on Cape Cod.

But was Cape Cod his first landfall? Author Pohl says no. He quotes from Leif's saga, "The Flatsy Book", which says that their first sight of land was an island.

"They went ashore on this island and looked about them.... They found dew on the grass and when they wet their fingers with the dew and put their fingers in their mouths, they felt they had never tasted anything so sweet. Back on the ship, they sailed into a sound between the island and a Cape which jutted out northward from the land...."

The author, with this clue from the saga, follows with an extended argument drawn from a study of wind directions, tides, sea levels, and vegetations, to prove his theory—Great Point was the spot where Leif first landed.

The drift of John Martucci's 36-foot yawl in the dawn of June 21st, 1947, towards Great Point was at the request of Author Pohl, in an effort to duplicate the conditions of Leif Ericsson's landfall nearly a thousand years before.

In addition to the Nantucket story, is an intensely interesting account of researches on Cape Cod (Vinland) illustrated with maps and photographs. The painstaking work of Pohl and his fellow historians deserves the high praise of all students of the earliest American tradition. And it is exciting to think that Nantucket was the first spot where the old world touched the new.

The "American-Scandinavian Review" can be addressed at 116 E. 64th st., New York City. Single Copies of the Quarterly, $1.00.

Joseph W. Cochran.

"Whale Hunt"—A Narrative Written 75 Years Ago.

The true story of a voyage on the famous whaling ship, the "Charles W. Morgan" has just been published by Ives Washburn, Inc., of New York. Written by Nelson Cole Haley, a harpooner on the New Bedford whaler, "Whale Hunt" is filled with the adventures encountered during a four-years' cruise.

Haley wrote his experiences as they happened, gathering them into a full length manuscript several years after the voyage. He carried the story "Whale Hunt" through storms and calms, to cannibal islands in the South Pacific, through successful and not-so-successful chases where the familiar call "She Blows" brings a thrill to every reader.

It is significant that this book should have been published now when the general public has been made "Charles W. Morgan" conscious during the past few years when the famous old ship was moved from the Col. Green estate near New Bedford to Mystic, Conn. Bought by the Marine Historical Association in 1941, she now lies in state in the river beside the Marine Museum. The original manuscript of "Whale Hunt" is one of the relics preserved on board the "Charles W. Morgan".

The illustrations for "Whale Hunt" are taken from a journal kept by an unidentified crew member aboard the whaler "Clara Bell" out of New Bedford in the 1850s. Never before reproduced, they show the many activities, both hazardous and routine, which formed the life of the whalemen one hundred years ago. 1948

Historical Association Council Made Appointment.

George W. Jones has agreed to serve as a member of the Whaling Museum Committee of the Nantucket Historical Association. This news was announced at a meeting of the Council held April 19th. With grandparents and parents of Nantucket origin and a birthright Nantucketer himself keenly interested in Nantucket history, Mr. Jones' active participation in the management of the Whaling Museum is especially welcome at this time for the 25th anniversary of the opening of the Museum will be celebrated this year.

Preparations for the celebration have been started. The scrimshaw room to the left of the main entrance door is being re-decorated and a new lighting system is being installed.

To the right of the main entrance and directly behind the receptionist's desk, a whaling merchant's counting room will be set up. It will include the master's desk, ship records, charts, barometer, sea chests and boxes for ship's papers, ship models and other accessories. Even an old iron stove and a small safe will be in evidence. The Association will welcome the loan or gift of articles which can be used in this exhibit.

Plans were discussed, at the same meetin, for a series of lectures to be held this summer at the Friends Meeting House, similar to those which met with so much public favor last year. The subjects of the lectures and the speakers will be announced when the plans are completed. There also will be a special guest speaker for the annual meeting of the Association held in July.

Mrs. Walton H. Adams, President of the Association, will attend the spring meeting of the Bay State Historical League as a director-at-large of the League and as the representative of the Nantucket Historical Association. The spring meeting will be held at Springfield, Mass., May 7th and the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, a new member of the League, will act as host. 1955

Historical Association Active Despite Season's Close.

Despite the closing of its various buildings and exhibits at the end of the summer season the Nantucket Historical Association is far from an inactive organization during the winter months. It still must play its part in helping to promote the economic welfare and life of the community, maintain and develop its properties and exhibits, and carry on its daily work of keeping contact with members, other historical associations, and the public in general, proof of which is found in some of its current activities.

There have been a number of changes by the action of the Council. Miss Ethel Anderson was elected a member of the Council and Secretary of the Association, succeeding, in the latter capacity, Mr. George W. Jones, who continues to serve as a Vice-President and member of the Council. Miss Anderson, in addition, has charge of all secretarial work of the Association office which, during the winter months, is located at 17 Fair Street, in space provided by President Adams in her residence.

Changes in the chairmanship of two buildings have taken place. Mrs. William Voorneveld, because of other activities, found it necessary to present her resignation as chairman of 1800 House which was accepted with regret. Mrs. Lewis Edgarton presented her resignation as chairman of the Oldest House which was prompted by her moving to Syracuse where her husband has entered into a new business. Her four years of service as chairman have been marked by significant restoration work and untiring effort in better preservation of the exhibits and their preservation. Her retirement is a distinct loss to the Association.

The Council has been fortunate in obtaining two successors. Mrs. John Bartlett, Jr., has been appointed and has accepted the chairmanship of 1800 House. Mrs. Bartlett is keenly interested in and aware of the problems of presenting to the public an exhibit such as this and for which she will serve as chairman.

The Council is exceedingly fortunate in having obtained Mrs. William Perkins' consent to serve as chairman of the Oldest House to which position she was appointed by the Council. Mrs. Perkins and her husband, who is Principal of the Cyrus Peirce School, have been interested students of Island history since they first moved here and have engaged in extensive research despite their many other activities.

At the 61st Annual Meeting of the Association, President Adams, in her annual address said: "We were never more certain that the future of our fine Association must be guarded by a younger generation of workers. How grand it would be to have half a dozen volunteers come along and say—'We are here to pledge our allegiance to the future of the Nantucket Historical Association'." The acceptance of this post by Mrs. Perkins is a prompt answer to this plea and the Council are not only gratified but hopeful that other members of the younger generation will follow closely as active workers for the Association to take over as the older workers are forced to lay down the reins.

As a Director at Large, President Nancy S. Adams attended the fall meeting of the Bay State Historical League at Groton, Mass., on Oct. 15.

The winter meeting of the Bay State Historical League will be held in Brookline on January 28, 1956, and the spring meeting will be held in Wellesley.

Mrs. Adams was pleased to hear many compliments about the Nantucket Historical Association's quarterly magazine "Historic Nantucket". 1955

The New Town Clock.

Public Meeting in the Town Hall, in Honor of the Gift--Beautiful Music--Stirring Addresses, Resolutions, and an Original Poem.

At an early hour on Monday evening last, our people began to gather in the Town Hall, until a large and unusually attentive audience finally had answered the call for a becoming celebration of William Hadwen Starbuck's gift of a new town clock to the home of his birth. An excellent programme had been previously arranged, and Hon. William R. Easton was President of the evening's fitting ceremonial. The public exercises opened with a fine anthem, "Glory, Glory to God!" exquisitely and tenderly sung, Mrs. Benjamin Robinson accompanying on the organ, Messrs. Willie H. Brayton and Laban Beal, and the Misses Maggie Mitchell and Flora Conner, visitors to our island, whose singing in St. Paul's Church has been so much admired, assisted by Miss Emma Cook, were the vocalists, and the audience manifested their delight with the musical performers whom they encored. The President uttered his entire sympathy with the call for the meeting, and also his acknowledgment of the generosity of Mr. Starbuck, and his munificent present to the town, and then introduced Rev. J. A. Savage, who delivered the opening address, which was a production of rare thought impressively presented. At the conclusion of Mr. Savage's remarks, Dr. Arthur E. Jenks presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously accepted.

"*Whereas*, The people of Nantucket have fortunately become the recipients of an inestimable public gift, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Nantucket, in its Town Hall assembled, recognize the present of a new town clock, so generously bestowed by William Hadwen Starbuck, Esq., of New York City, and herein express to him the unqualified gratitude of our home people.

Resolved, That we appreciate fully at this time, the prompt and responsible services of our resident townsman, Hon. James Easton, 2d, in his faithful discharge of the duty delegated to him by our honorable Board of Selectmen.

Resolved, That we return thanks to the Selectmen, for the free use of the Town Hall on this occasion, and that a full report of this meeting be published in our local papers, the *Inquirer and Mirror* and the *Nantucket Journal*, and that a copy be forwarded to Mr. Starbuck, in honor of his munificent gift."

Rev. Levi Boyer addressed the meeting in brief but pleasant remarks, followed by a musical selection, "America." Allen Coffin, Esq., was introduced, and he paid a personal tribute to the donor of the clock, and gave a bit of humorsome history relative to the old one, and he was succeeded by Rev. Daniel Round in one of his stirring addresses, in which he alluded to the distinguished names of Nathaniel Barney and Hon. Walter Folger. Dr. Arthur E. Jenks was introduced. He remembered William Hadwen Starbuck as a schoolmate of his under the guidance and faithful teaching of Father Morse. He then read the accompanying report of Hon. James Easton, 2d, which will repay perusal, and supplemented it with the recital of his original poem:

TO THE SELECTMEN OF THE TOWN OF NANTUCKET:

Gentlemen:—The undersigned, the committee appointed at the last annual town meeting for this town, with full power to confer and co-operate with William H. Starbuck, of New York City, relative to procuring and placing in the tower of the Second Congregational Meeting-house, the clock donated by him, has attended to that duty and submits the following report:

In conference with Mr. Starbuck, he said his object was to furnish a really first-class clock in every respect—one which will be good for the longest possible time, and have it placed in the tower as early as possible.

A Tower clock suited to the situation, and to the wants or needs of this community, should be large and strong, and of sufficient power to overcome any vibration produced by severe storms, the rumble of heavy carriages, or the gathering of sleet and snow upon the dials and hands, thereby obstructing the movement.

The dials should be large, and the figures as large as good proportion permits. Wooden dials are generally held in great favor, and generally adopted. Very few are of iron; some are of glass, to show the figures in the night by means of a strong light behind them. Iron would be the poorest kind of dial for this place; even if galvanized, it would have to be painted in order to show the figures at a distance with sufficient distinctness; and further, the chemical action of the zinc and paint, and the salt atmosphere, would start the paint and peel it off.

Mr. Starbuck first suggested illuminated or porcelain dials. Both received due consideration, and both were discarded as impracticable, at least very unsuitable for this place. Wooden dials were finally decided upon.

After due deliberation and examination, the committee also adopted the suggestion made by Mr. Starbuck at the outset, and decided upon a Howard Clock. The Howard Watch and Clock Co., of Boston, have the reputation of making the best tower clocks. The clock placed in our tower is a No. 3, of their make. They make three different sizes, and each size varies largely, not only in size, but in cost. They make three sizes smaller, but only one larger than No. 3, the price of which is $2000. These clocks are usually purchased to go on County Court Houses, and to bring the tone out of a six thousand pound bell, which enables people in adjoining towns to hear the clock strike. They have lately sold one of the size of ours to go in the tower of the St. Augustine church in South Boston; also in the New York Mutual Life Insurance building in Milk street, Boston, these being the two largest of thirty-six clocks that they have placed in the city of Boston. They claim for their clocks compactness, durability and strength. The Clock itself weighs 1800 pounds, and carries hands on four dials 9 feet, 4 inches in diameter. The wheels are all made from brass cast especially for the purpose. The pinions are made from the best of square steel, forged round. The arbors, also, are of steel. The journals are made from brass, and all run in composition boxes, and so arranged that any one of the shafts can be removed without disturbing the others, assisting very much when the clock requires cleaning. The length of the pendulum is 10 feet and beats 36 times to the minute. The pendulum ball weighs 175 pounds. In arranging the winding, there is a pinion attached to the key, the key turning round three times to the barrel once, thereby enabling one to wind with more ease. In the place of the rope on the barrel, there is a wire cord made expressly for that purpose, the strength of which is tested to a strain of 2500 pounds. The height of the clock is seven feet; width of the bed, 26 inches; length of the bed, 5 feet, 4 inches. The arrangement for setting the clock is very simple, there being a dial on the clock movement inside comparing with the outside, and by pressing on a pin all five dials are set at the same time. The striking train raises a hammer weighing 60 pounds, and is so arranged that if it refuses to strike at any given hour, it will strike correctly the following hour, making what we call a repeating clock. The length of the cord which is run off the striking barrel during the week is 150 feet; that of the time barrel 50 feet.

The old clock which was taken down and delivered to the Selectmen, was made in this town in 1823. It has served its purpose to the satisfaction of the community until within the last few years.

A new room built especially for the purpose has been put up over the new clock, a new floor having first been laid. The clock room is 7 1-2 feet by 7 feet, and 7 1-2 feet high, with glass sides and ends 3 feet above the floor, made as tight as possible to protect from dust. A part of the partition on the side of the stair leading to the bellfry was taken away to give more light to the clock-room.

This magnificent donation, the spontaneous outburst of exuberant generosity,—does it not deserve something of a better nature than a cold, formal notice? The giver, educated in our Public Schools which ranked in that day among the highest and best in the old Commonwealth, noted for her schools; graduating from our High School; passing out into the world through that higher education of every-day life and conflict; winning the result of successful endeavor, and making this beautiful gift to his native town, is it not fitting that an appropriate recognition be accorded? This gift will stand, barring accidents, as a memento to several succeeding generations.

JAMES EASTON, 2D.

Nantucket, July 4th, 1881.

Lesson of the New Town Clock.

In an ancient Church I knew,
Thro' whose aisles the Spring breeze blew,
And the white bloom of the flowers drifted by;
Near the chancel worn with age,
Hung a costly heritage,
Ever speaking to the mild and reverent eye!
There is utterance in Art,
And the thankful human heart
Will interpret all the mystic symbols' lore;
Magic words: "*In Memory!*"
'Tis the spirit's minstrelsy,
And it chants of life and light forever more!

Two endowments *we* have known,
And the fruitful seed has grown,
In the education granted to our young;
Write the founders' names in gold—
Englishman and native bold,
With the grateful song our island children sung!
Now, another gift is ours!
Like the fragrance of sweet flowers,
It is prized in every home down by the sea;
And the name of him who gives,
With the others, grandly lives;—
And of all we chronicle: "THE HONORED THREE!"

NEW TOWN CLOCK,
Noble Gift!
Lo, upon our busy street,
Thy new face to proudly greet,
Children flock;
Their young hearts and merry voices gaily lift.
As thy pendulum shall swing,
Every stroke will daily bring—
With the golden hours that shine
On each welcome face of thine,
Thought of him
Who endowed, with lavish hand,
A memorial so grand;
And thro' every circling year,
It shall keep its record clear,
Nor grow dim.

Ah, the old shall hear a chime,
In its bell of early time;—
In the ringing, swinging tongue it knew so well;
Willing hands shall mark the hours,
All thy nerves thrill with new powers,
Keeping up the chorus of the olden rhyme
OLD and NEW! They are ours.
Tribute for the men who wrought
In the drift of forceful thought;
Take the old away with mild, becoming grace;
In the forge's fiery glow—
At the anvil, blow on blow,
It was framed; then put within its rightful place.
And for over fifty years,
Thro' our human hopes and fears,
It has marked with tireless hands the passing days.
As the New supplants the Old,
Let a fringe of living gold
With the words, "Well done!" bespeak its lasting praise!

'Tis a poet's word of truth,
Oh, adopt it, heart of youth!
That the benefactor's name
Outshines every star of fame,
And for one to serve most grandly, is to give.
To deny is but to die;
With the giver none may vie;
Who enriches others, evermore shall live!
Every chime upon the bell,
In the tower we love so well,
While the New Clock counts the moments as they leave;
Shall recall the donor's deed,
And ring out the Christian creed:
'Tis more blessed far to give than to receive!

Joseph S. Barney, Esq., concluded the order of addresses with enthusiastic commendation of the meeting, and fitting allusion to the donor of the new clock. And thus closed a very interesting public celebration, and all appeared satisfied with the exercises so significant of the town's gratitude. Elegant flowers graced the organ, lending a charm to the public occasion.

The Island Steamers.

In a personal letter from C. Bradford Mitchell, of Washington, D. C., under date of August 12th, we read as follows:

"Today I spent an hour in the National Archives, looking up dates and other information bearing upon the last years of the River Queen, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Gay Head and Uncatena. I found myself getting shamefully sentimental before I finished. The last two were intimate friends of my boyhood. I always associate the Gay Head with the Ocean House, and my first trip from my Fairhaven home to Nantucket; just as the Uncatena is thoroughly mixed up with the Kelley House at Edgartown.

"When I was last at home, I was introduced to the new Gay Head. She was not a pleasant reminder. Later, on the same trip, I travelled from Bridgeport to New York on the Naushon, now the John A. Meseck, and was grieved to find my darkest suspicions confirmed: that she is still an able boat, and could have been a credit to the Island Line, had the new owners bothered to take her back and spend a little on her."

Tourists Replace Whale Oil at Nantucket.

By Frank B. Gilbreth in Charleston (S. C.) "News and Courier."

Thirty miles off Cape Cod in rugged, individualistic New England, sits Nantucket, "the little gray lady of the Atlantic", a tradition-bound island which has many things in common with Charleston.

Just as cotton and rice built Charleston, so whale oil built Nantucket. And Nantucket, like Charleston, went through a period of business stagnation, when fate removed her markets of the world.

It is a cliché to say the clock stopped running in Nantucket a century ago. Architecturally speaking, that is actual fact. But the old whaling captains would probably think times had changed.

For one thing, there is the airport, where DC-3s arrive from the mainland. For another, there are countless tourists pedaling English-style bicycles along the elm-shaded, cobblestoned streets.

The tourist business since the war has kept the clock ticking in Nantucket. There has been no industrial renaissance as Charleston has experienced.

But the weathered gray houses in Nantucket are as they were when John Quincy Adams was president. The Old Mill, built 200 years ago, still grinds out corn meal to sell to the tourists. The Portuguese bell in the Unitarian church rings 52 times each night at curfew. Services are held regularly in the Quakaer meeting house.

Nantucket is as different from Charleston as a village is different from a city, as the north is different from the south. Yet the two places have a similar atmosphere, and one has the feeling that a Nantucketer would feel at home in Charleston, and vice versa.

The most striking point of similarity, of course, is that both are old, tradition-proud places, where some of the people live in the homes of their ancestors. Nantucketers, like Charlestonians, believe that progress does not necessarily mean tearing down the old; that sturdy, hand-wrought craftsmanship is not necessarily inferior to machine-made, prefabricated, Hollywood-influenced structures—even when such structures have chromium-plated soap dishes and rumpus rooms.

Nantucket's principal tea room is the hull of an old square-rigger, tied up to a wharf. The ship's superstructure has been removed and she is covered with gay awnings. Here wealthy ladies from Boston and New York refresh themselves with iced tea and toast, or martinis and canapes, depending on their tastes and habits.

Most Nantucketers are convinced that all tourists, if not violently crazy, are at least "touched". It is perhaps prudent not to draw comparisons between Nantucketers and Charlestonians on this matter.

Once the whaling capital of North America, Nantucket went into her business slump when whale oil no longer was in demand for the lamps of the world. But whaling still is in her blood, and the large houses on "quality row"—in upper Main street—are topped by "widow walks", roof platforms where the wives of whaling captains used to watch for the topsails of their husbands' home-bound ships.

Many are the tales which still circulate about the whaling days—tales of shipwreck, of starvation, and of eating one's shipmates after drawing lots to see who would be allowed to survive.

They also tell the story of a New Bedford, Mass., newspaper reporter who was sent to Nantucket to interview one of the last surviving whaling captains. The reporter himself was a descendant of Nantucketers. In the course of the interview, he asked the old captain whether he had known his great-grandfather, who also had been a whaler.

"Know him?" the old man cackled. "Know him? Why, son, I et him!"

Whale Meat Going to Britain.

From The Christian Science Monitor.

Interest in developing export of whale meat to aid Britain in its food crisis has been quickened in Australasia by the announcement from Tokyo that a second Japanese whaling expedition will be sent to the Antarctic.

New Zealand has been considering entering the whaling industry in partnership with Britain or also in partnership with Australia, Marine Minister J. O'Brien told the House of Representatives.

Development of a New Zealand whaling industry would entail provision of a factory vessel and about 10 whale chasers, with crews totaling roughly 600 men, including about 100 experienced hands. It is estimated that New Zealand's participation would require an outlay of between 2 and 3 million dollars.

The New Zealand-controlled Ross Sea is a very small part of the Antarctic and most whaling of the last two years has been carried on outside that area.

Whale steak is reported to be growing in popularity in Britain. It is a little harder than beef and tastes much like veal.

Problem of the industry is to get the meat quick-chilled to insure proper preservation. One whale yields about three tons of edible meat.

We're In This Too, Lady.

From the Wakefield Item.

Whoever this lady (Susan L. Richards) may be, we feel annoyed.

She says that out on Nantucket Island they don't like the idea of Boston's Mayor being in jail and she accuses a "prejudiced jury" and a paper that is very prejudiced when it comes to that distinguished gentleman. She means the Herald, and we are annoyed because we once became famous for a morning when Mr. Curley was quoted as saying that the only opposition he had came from the Boston Herald and "an obscure editor out in Wakefield".

Or maybe the Nantucket lady would keep us in obscurity.

Having known something about Nantucket over a period of nearly 40 years, we don't think she really reflects real Nantucket opinion.

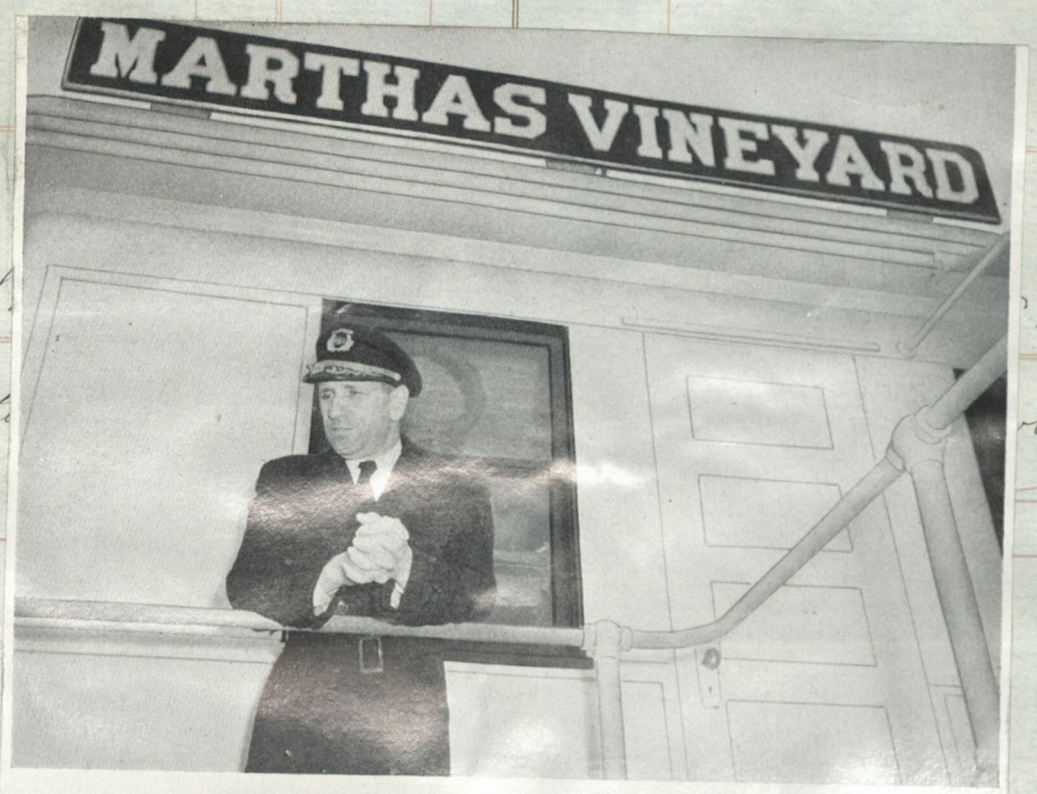
We don't know who she is, Brother Campbell. She certainly does not carry the "real Nantucket opinion" you refer to.

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

Nantucket's the home of Captain James O. Sandsbury, master of the good ship *Nantucket*. (His picture's on page 22.) Here's a bit of quiet old harbor.

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

The cobblestone street, the horse and buggy, the widow's walk—still here, in Nantucket.



Captain Charles Leighton, master of the S. S. *Martha's Vineyard*, is an Edgartown man with a solid seafaring background. This wheelhouse is his castle.

New Bedford, Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket: steamer *Martha's Vineyard* and her sister, the *Nantucket*, call daily at these historic ports.

THE JUNE PICTURE ON THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR'S PICTORIAL CALENDAR

A favorite picnic spot during the summer season is the long beach at Dionis, on the Island's north shore, with its background of cliff and dune.

A POPULAR VIEW FROM STEAMBOAT WHARF

One Pleasant Street

"Every meal a pleasant memory"

Just off Main Street.
In the garden spot of Nantucket

Famous for Blueberry Pancakes
and
Luscious Desserts

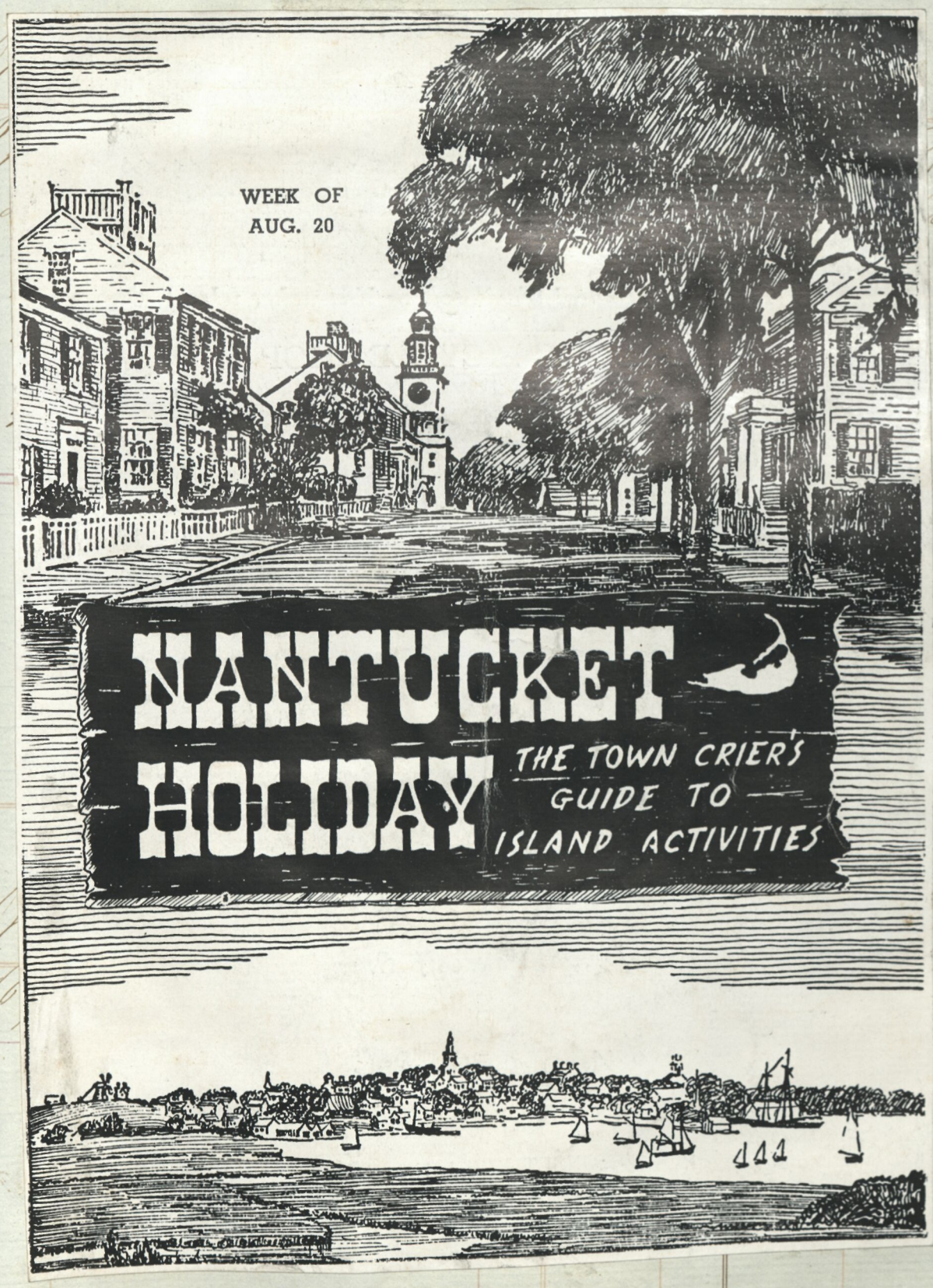
BREAKFAST 8 to 10:30

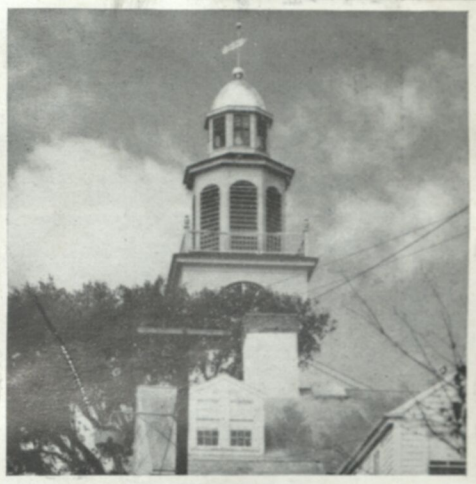
DINNER 5 to 8

ROOMS Tel. 878

MATTIE EMPSON, Owner-Manager

60,000 SUMMER VISITORS REPLACE WHALERS ON SALTY MARTHA'S VINEYARD & NANTUCKET





THE NANTUCKET WATCH TOWER
ITS OLD BELL FROM PORTUGAL
FOR OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS
DAILY HAS CALLED
ISLANDERS TO WORK AT SEVEN
BADE THEM REST AT TWELVE
AND SUNG THEM "GOOD-NIGHT" AT NINE.

ITS SACRED INSCRIPTION TELLS
THAT THIS SWEET-TONED BELL
WAS DONE BY JOSE DOMINGO DA COSTA
IN LISBON IN 1810
ONE OF SIX BELLS
MADE TO CALL TO PRAYER
AND TO ADORE
"GOOD JESUS OF THE MOUNTAIN".

LINES BY WILL GARDNER
PHOTO BY LOUIS DAVIDSON

THE WHALER "CADMUS" AMERICAN

NANTUCKET'S CONTRIBUTION TO TERCENTENARY

WILL BE THE WHALING MUSEUM

Nantucket's Contribution Will be The Whaling Museum.

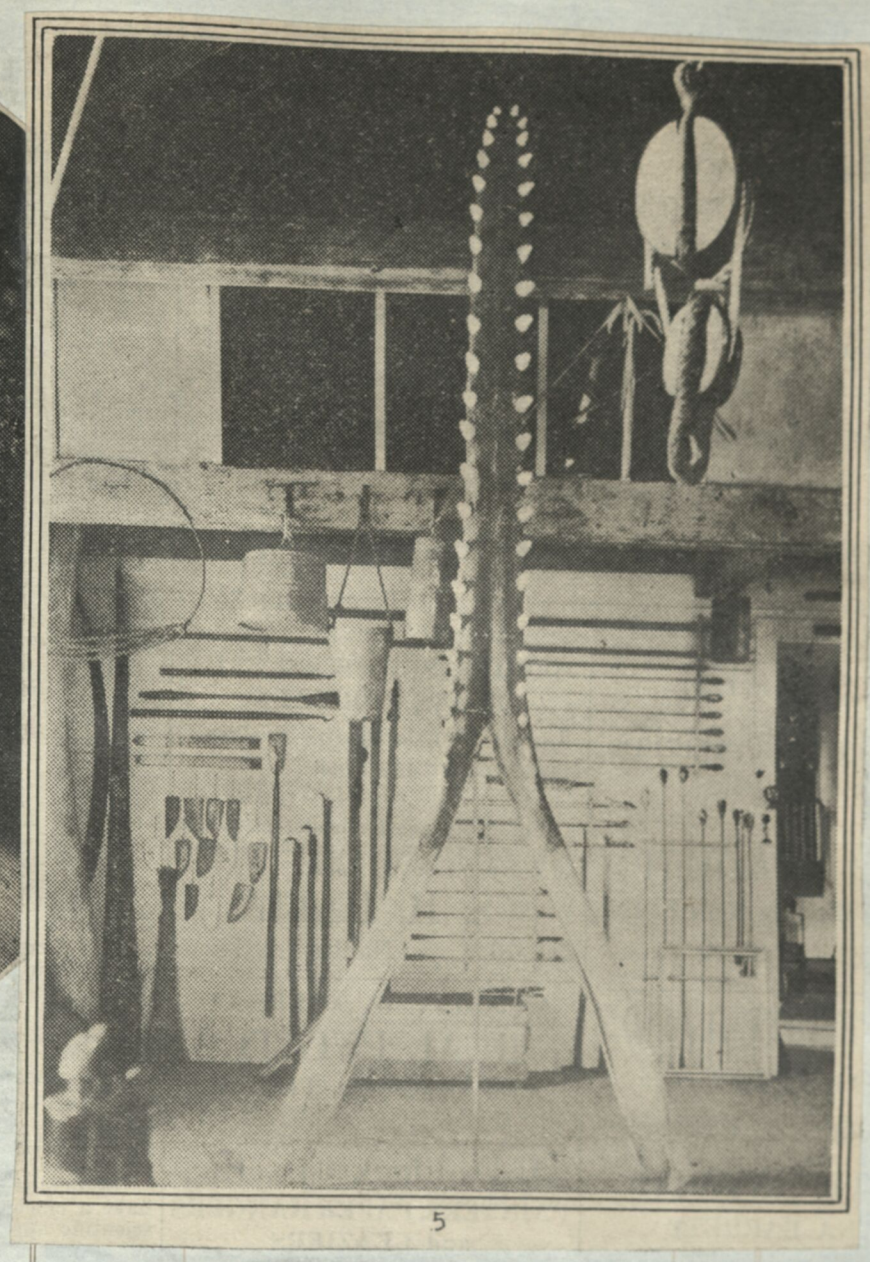
By William F. Macy in Boston Evening Transcript, June 7th.

Nantucket's special contribution to the Massachusetts Bay Tercentenary celebration will be the opening on June 15 of a new whaling museum in an old building, which was part and parcel of the "palmy days," when the town was the leading whaling port of the world; when her hardy seamen, in their little two or three hundred ton ships, barks and brigs, scoured the seven seas in pursuit of the great leviathan, bringing home untold wealth in the form of oil and whalebone to enrich the island ship owners and merchants until, at the outbreak of the American Revolution and for several decades thereafter this little town, situated on a sandy island thirty miles at sea off the southeast coast of the State ranked third among its town in population, wealth and commerce, being surpassed only by Boston and Salem.

Just why, in view of all the handicaps including distance from markets for their product, a bar across the mouth of their harbor showing less than eight feet of water at low tide—about half the average draught of their larger ships—the lack of any of the raw materials for building or outfitting these ships, and the frequent closing of their harbor for weeks, or even months at a time by ice in winter, they should have achieved such preeminence in this profitable industry in which so many other New England seaports engaged to a lesser extent, it is difficult to understand. But it is one of the curious facts of the early history of those ports that there seemed to be a marked tendency on the part of each one to specialize in some one thing. Salem went in for spices and became the world's headquarters in her chosen line; Gloucester always was and still is the leading fishing port; Newport enjoyed the unenviable reputation of specializing in African "black ivory," though many other ports fitted out an occasional slaver. And so on, each to its trade. Of course, no one of these places confined its efforts and enterprise exclusively to the local specialty. Each had some other industries, and each encroached somewhat, perhaps, on the preserves of one or more of the others, but that the general rule held true is revealed by even the most cursory study of our early maritime history.

So Nantucket stuck to whaling and in time beat the world at it. Incidentally and supplementarily, so as to speak, she carried on a not inconsiderable foreign trade, sending her ships to European ports with cargoes of oil even as early as the 1740s, and bringing back return cargoes of foodstuffs, hemp, duck and hardware for her shipping, as well as manufactured goods and luxuries for general trade. She also traded to some extent with the West Indies at a very early date, and for many years regular lines of sailing packets to Boston, New York and New Bedford kept her in touch with the markets of our own coast.

As early as 1670 and probably before that time, very soon in fact after Thomas Macy, the first white settler, arrived on the island in 1659, the settlers, aided by the Indians, commenced whaling in a small way. At first they kept a sharp eye out for dead or "drift" whales, which occas-



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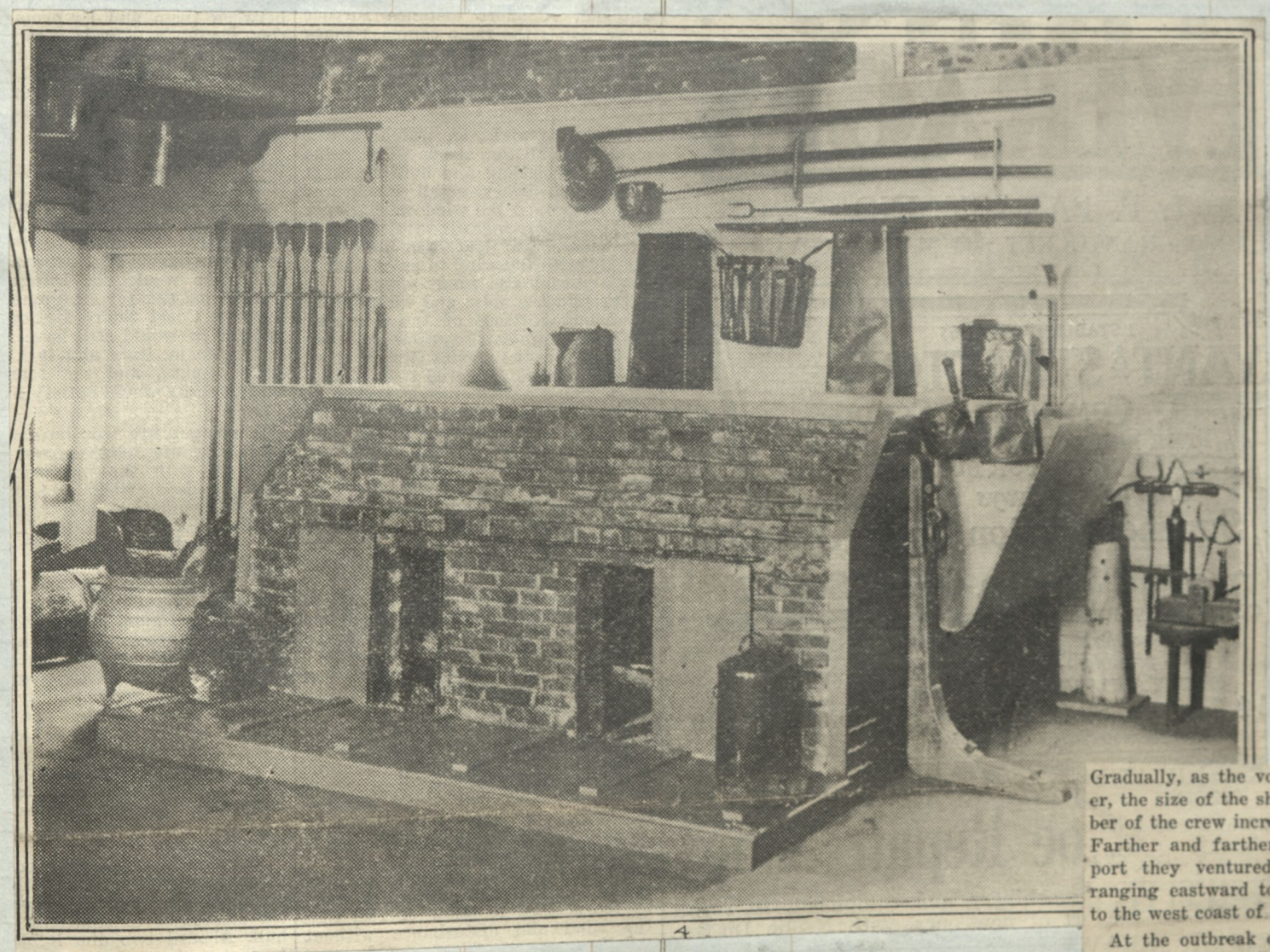

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ILLUSTRATIONS

1—The Old Candle House (Built in 1847) at the Head of the Steamship Wharf. This Will House the Museum.

2—The Whale Boat (in Actual Use for Many Years), Model of "Camels" Used for Lightering Ships Over the Bar, Old Beam Candle Mess and Other Items.

3—George Grant, Who Is to Be Curator.

4—Exact Replica of Tryworks as Built on a Whaler. As Whales Were Taken, They Used to Be Cut in, Boiled and the Oil Stowed Down on Board Ship.

5—Seventeen-foot Sperm Whale Jaw, Believed to Be the Largest Such "in Captivity".

Photos by Boyer.

Cuts through courtesy of Transcript.

ionally came ashore or were sighted in the offing, secured and towed in. Then they began to watch for living specimens of the genus which, in their rude boats, manned by mixed crews of whites and Indians, they attacked, sometimes though not always successfully, and dispatched with crude weapons fashioned by themselves. This "shore whaling" rapidly grew into and it is recorded that in one year 1726, not less than eighty-six whales, were taken in this manner. As the business increased, companies were formed to pursue it, lookouts were established at various points around the island and men were kept constantly on watch during the favorable weather. When a whale was sighted, the cry "Town-oh!" was raised, and a crew was quickly made up, the boat, ready and fitted for the venture, was manned and launched and started in pursuit.

As whales became scarcer or more wary and difficult of approach near shore, small sloops were fitted out and short cruises farther off shore were made. These vessels averaged only some thirty or forty tons in size, and on taking a whale they ran for port, where a shore gang took charge of cutting in the blubber and trying out the oil, while the sloop started off again as soon as possible on another cruise—hardly long enough as yet to be called a "voyage." But as the business—with the resultant profits—grew, larger vessels were built on the vessel, and as whales were taken they were cut in, boiled and the oil stowed down without returning to port, except in the case of emergency, till the hold was filled to capacity.

By 1720 twenty-five such craft hailed from Nantucket, none of them over fifty tons burthen, and by the 1730s they were covering the whole North Atlantic from the coast of Greenland and Davis Straits on the North to the Bahamas on the South.

Gradually, as the voyages grew longer, the size of the ships and the number of the crew increased accordingly. Farther and farther from the home port they ventured, till they were ranging eastward to the Azores and to the west coast of Africa.

At the outbreak of the Revolution Nantucket had a fleet of 150 ships, employing some 2000 seamen. At the close of the war only sixteen ships remained, 134 having been captured burned and sunk by the enemy, or lost at sea, leaving no trace. The loss of life was proportionately great. No actual figures are available, but it has been estimated that some 200 men from the island were killed in action or died on the prison ships, and several hundred more were never accounted for. Scores, if not hundreds, of families migrated to the mainland, never to return.

Notwithstanding this crushing blow, the islanders took a fresh start and were soon again on the high road to prosperity. In 1791 the first whaler ventured round Cape Horn and the wonderful sperm whaling grounds of the Pacific were discovered and opened up. For three-quarters of a century thereafter the Nantucketers cruised the great "Western Ocean" from New

Zealand to the Okhotsk sea and from Patagonia to Japan. Ships had now reached the mammoth size of over three hundred tons, and voyages lasted three, four, or even on occasion five years.

The second war with England—in 1812—saw a repetition of most of the tragic experiences of the Revolution. The fleet had then reached a total of about a hundred ships and vessels, of which only thirty-four survived the war. But again they rose to the occasion. Whaling was their business, and nothing could stop them. Rapidly forging ahead once more in the 1920s and 30s, the peak was reached about 1840 when Nantucket had a population of 10,000, a large city, as cities went in those days, and the port was one of the busiest and most prosperous on our Atlantic seaboard.

The decline which followed was due to a variety of causes. A great fire in 1846 wiped out practically the entire waterfront, entailing a damage of over a million dollars. The California exodus in '49 hit Nantucket very hard, taking hundreds of her young and active men who had been smitten with the gold fever. Whales were geting scarcer and shyer, and it was difficult to get efficient crews. But above all, the substitution of petroleum for sperm oil and candles as the popular illuminant, forced the price down till the business was no longer as profitable as in the "palmy days." Meantime, New Bedford, with its deeper and better harbor and its closer proximity to markets, had been proving a serious competitor, and had already passed Nantucket as the headquarters of the whaling industry, which was carried on there with varying success for several decades after Nantucket's last whalers gave us the ghost about 1870.

Nantucketers take a pardonable pride in the town's illustrious past and do not intend that it shall be forgotten. Nearly forty years ago a few devoted sons and daughters of the island formed a historical association which has continued to flourish until it is now one of the most active and prosperous societies in the State, with a modern fireproof building adjoining in which its historical collection is housed; also the oldest house on the island, built in 1686, and recently completely restored by a generous benefactor. The last of the old windmills, built in 1746, is also in its possession, as well as one of the oldest houses in Siasconset, which is occupied as a branch of the town's "semi public" library.

Naturally the exhibits in its historical collections included many items connected with whaling. In fact, so many were there of these, and of so bulky a nature in many cases were they, that other exhibits illustrating more strict local features of the early island life suffered seriously for lack of space to present their claims for consideration. For many years the Council of the Association had wished that they might exhibit the whaling relics in a separate building devoted exclusively to the subject.

Then a miracle happened. Another generous friend offered to give his complete collection of whaling material, together with an option of purchase at actual cost to him of a building ideally suited in size, character and location for the proper display of the exhibits. It meant a rather large investment for a comparatively small local society in a small town. But a campaign was started to raise the necessary money, and in three years time enough was in sight to warrant starting the new enterprise during the tercentenary year, in the confident belief that with a small admission fee it would carry itself and pay its way, pending the raising of the comparatively small-balance necessary to clear it of all debt and establish it as a permanent memorial of a great industry and a great people for the benefit and enjoyment of posterity.

So Nantucket's whaling museum has come into being. It is housed in a substantial brick building located at the head of steamboat wharf at the gateway to the town which was built by Richard Mitchell & Son in 1847 as a candle house, and was used by them and by their successors for many years in the manufacture of sperm candles. The building is in itself an exhibit of a great historical interest and importance in connection with the whaling industry. The collection now installed in the building, though not perhaps the largest, is one of the best ever brought together under one roof, and the arrangement of the exhibits is such that the visitor may get an excellent idea of the development of the various gear and craft used in whaling from the earliest days down to the end of the business as practiced by the New England whalemen.

A whaleboat actually used in the business for many years has been completely equipped and refitted with all the necessary accessories ready to lower away at the call of "there she blows!" An exact replica of the try-works, as built on whaler, has been erected round two great try-pots, veterans of many voyages, and with all the implements used in this operation at hand. What is believed to be the largest and most perfect sperm whale's jaw anywhere "in captivity" is a prominent feature of the exhibit, as well as many smaller ones. Harpoons of practically every type from the most primitive to the very last word in "irons"; lances, boomb guns, blubber spades of many different types for different parts of the operation of "cutting in," casks, tubs, kegs, buckets and pails, each of a distinctive character, different from any similar article used in any other business, and each with a special name of its own, lanterns, blocks, ropes and hundreds of other items of whaling impedimenta are all to be found here, and all distinctly properly labeled.

Then there are portraits of the whaling captains and shipowners, one room being devoted entirely to these with an accompanying display of nautical instruments such as they used. Paintings and prints of whale ships and whaling scenes are, of course, a prominent feature in another room. Still another is devoted entirely to exhibits of South Sea island curiosities and relics brought home from the Pacific by the whalemen. This exhibit is one of which any great city museum might well be proud, and every article shown has a story connected with it if we could but read it. A notable feature is the "Admiral Folger Memorial Room," which contains not whaling material but a remarkable collection of paintings, prints and photographs of naval ships and battles, including many of the famous sea fights of history, made by the late Rear- Admiral William Mayhew Folger, U. S. N., who was of Nantucket descent and bequeathed the collection to the Historical Association, which he also made a residuary legatee of his estate.

After the visitor has "done" the museum and arived at that state of satiety known as "museum fatigue," there is a cosy library where he may rest amid pleasant surroundings, read and study at leisure the annals of whaling, sea stories, and tales of the isles of the South Seas. This library is still in the making and by no means complete, but there are already many hundred volumes on the shelves and more are being received every day by gift, loan, or by purchase as funds permit. Hundreds of the old whaleship logs, ships' account books and all the ship registers and records of the Nantucket Custom House from the time of the great fire in 1846, which destroyed the prior records, down to the time when the custom house was abolished.

The museum is in charge of George Grant, a veteran whaleman who was born in Samoa, sailed on his first voyage at the age of three weeks, and spent thirty-five years of his life on a whaleship. A tour of the museum under his tutelage is a "voyage a-whaling" without its discomforts and privations.

Taken all in all, Nantucket's new museum is bound to add one more notable attraction to the many she now offers to the tourist or visitor, as well as to the natives, most of whom boast whaling ancestors. As a place to visualize this great industry in which Nantucket played such a prominent part, its value to the student of New England's maritime history can hardly be overestimated, and Tercentenary tourists will find it well worth their while to run down to the island and look it over.

The Ship "Whaling Museum". to Sail June 1st.

By Wilbur G. Sherman in New Bedford Mercury.

Nantucket hums with interested and solicitous industry.

The people of the whole community and their relatives and "off-island" friends are all astir and there is great activity aboard this notable whaler and everything betokens the ship's preparations hurrying to a close.

Captain Macy is keeping a sharp lookout upon the hands; the men employed in the hold and on the rigging are working till long after nightfall.

Mr. Grant, the shipkeeper, has given closest attention to the innumerable details essential to the makings of a "greasy" voyage for there is no telling how many things are to be thought of, before the whaling museum is fully equipped.

We find, just as was noted by Herman Melville in his classic book Moby Dick, that most of the heaviest and bluky things are in place. Conspicuous and completely prepared for immediate service is the try works; hard by is one of New Bedford's famous whale boats, fully equipped, for remember that whales are handy to the gulf stream, nearby, and awaiting the strident exciting call: "Ah blo-ows, blo-o-ws, thar goes flukes."

Having inspected this vitally important forward deck equipment, we make note of the quarters aft, a neat and commodiously arranged, even an ingeniously planned and sub-divided cabin.

Here is the roomy companionway (entrance); off this being the usual captain's and officers' cabins. Such accommodations are to be expected in "well found" ships but "Queequeq and I" were impelled to "ship" with this whaler because of the library aboard.

But more regarding the distinctive and particular arrangements and purposes of the cabin and after deckhouses at or following the already announced date of sailing, June 15, 1930 though such heedful quarters make for a cheerful and active afterguard bespeaking success.

But, as before hinted, for some time there has been a continual fetching and carrying on board of divers odds and ends of things, both large and small.

Chief among those who did this fetching and carrying are the several ladies of Nantucket, of a most determined and indefatigable spirit, but withal very kind-hearted, who are resolved that nothing should be found wanting in the whaling museum, after once fairly getting to sea.

In addition to these fortuitous efforts of the native islanders, the contiguous towns and farther communities, as usual, have rendered aid and support.

Chief, and greatly appreciated among these, has been New Bedford's contribution to the success of this enterprise, a venture coming to fruition, and gifts have been made from that community as follows:

Wm. F. Nye Co.—Display of oil samples.

Taunton-New Bedford Copper Co.—Sheathing and nails.

George A. Blake—Two direction books for the medicine chest, surgeons lancet, set of sail needles, a rasp for scrim-shawing, and loan of a ship's medicine chest.

William H. Tripp—Photo enlargement of whaler Canton.

Captain George Fred Tilton—Five minute glass.

W. G. Sherman—Eyestones, and alloy spikes and nails.

Lynnwood Chace—Photo, bow sheathing Morgan.

Gadbois—Cooper's findings and casks.

Reynolds' Printing—Two Canton calendars, envelopes, covering medicine chest booklet, and two books, "History of the Morgan" and the "Long Harpoon."

Contributions of sea books are particularly desired but any other gifts are appreciated relating to marine affairs, especially such as are connected with whaling.

JAN. 29-1938

THE INQUIRER AND

"There Goes Flukes!" New Book By William H. Tripp.

Unquestionably the most entertaining book yet published which relates to the whaling industry has just made its appearance from the press of Reynolds Printing, New Bedford. It bears the title "There Goes Flukes!" and William H. Tripp, curator of the New Bedford Museum, is the author. He has done a most remarkable piece of work, not only in the text matter but with the illustrations, which are actual photographs, many of them taken when Mr. Tripp made a whaling voyage on the "Manta".

"There Goes Flukes!" has always been an expression familiar to anyone with even a slight smattering of the whaleman's lingo. It means that the whale is taking a dive and that his tail or "flukes" are the last part of the creature seen as he sounds. It is an excellent title for the book, which bears a jacket in perfect keeping therewith.

Mr. Tripp has assembled a rare collection of whaling stories and anecdotes, and he presents the material in a most fascinating manner. From the very first chapter, when he introduces the reader to "Frank Brown's Shop," where the whalemen of old were wont to gather and swap yarns, to the "appendix" in which he presents some valuable historic facts and figures in relation to the whaling industry, there is not a dull moment.

The book is not a chronicle of a whaling voyage, nor a description of life aboard ship. Neither is it a description of far-off lands. It is *all* together, combining to make a book which anyone would feel proud to own.

Much of the material contained within its pages would have been lost to posterity but for the work of the author. He has preserved the real traditions, the anecdotes, the thrills, the experiences—authentic records of the days which have passed on—and we are confident that it has been a labor of love on Mr. Tripp's part.

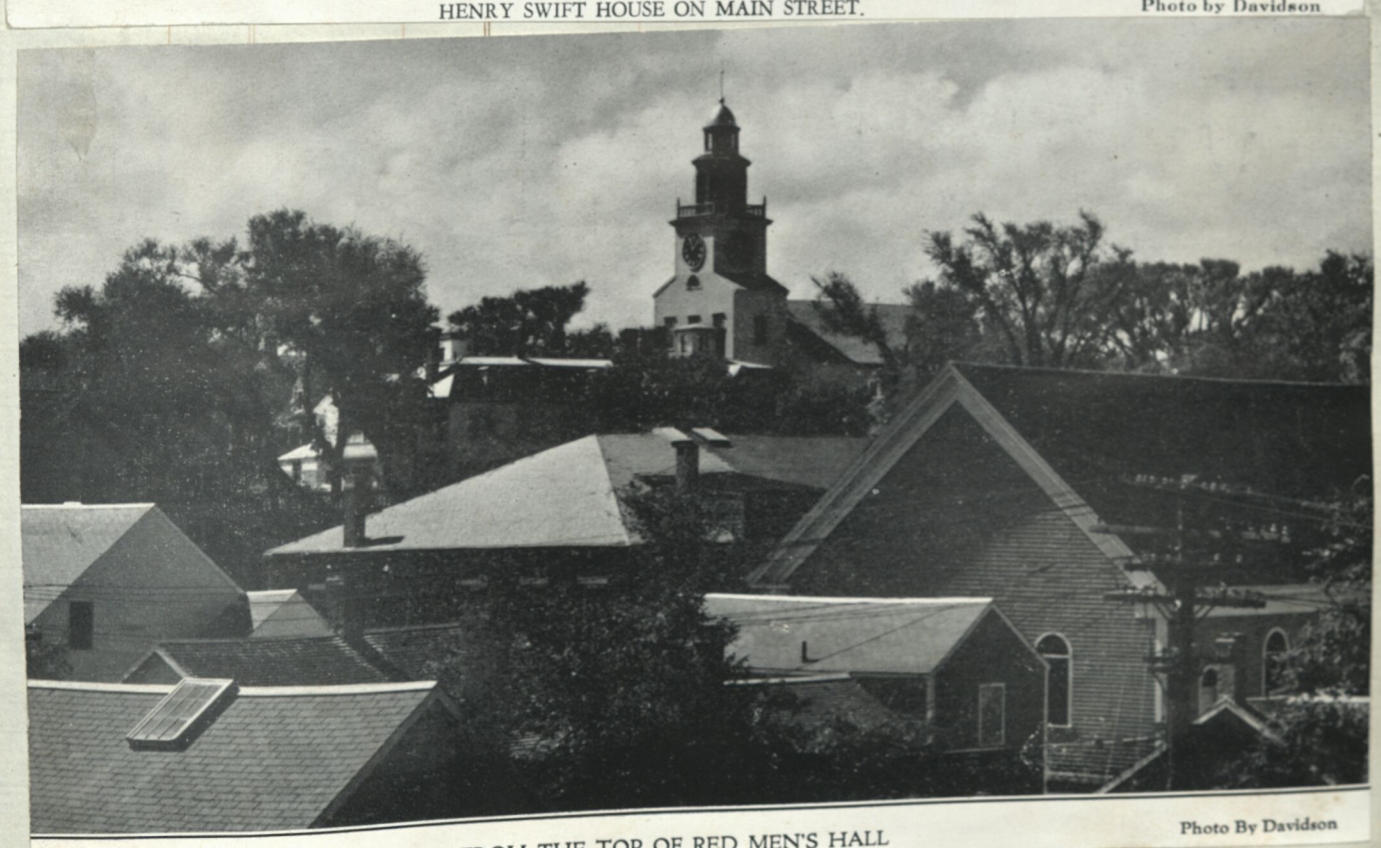
He must have taken real pleasure in gathering together so much valuable material. We gain this impression from reading his introduction to "There Goes Flukes!" No man not thoroughly in love with his subject could have written such an entertaining foreword, preparing the reader for the pages of delight to follow. If Mr. Tripp took pride in the preparation of his material and in arranging his illustrations, the publishers could but share his pride in the fine example of the art preservative that resulted.

There are over thirty illustrations —action pictures every one—fascinating to look at, and instructive and entertaining as page after page is read. Again we say, "There Goes Flukes!" contains more true stories and more information relative to the whaling industry than any book of its type heretofore published.

Our hearty congratulations to the author, William H. Tripp; to the publishers, Reynolds Printing; and to the book-binders, Robert Burlen & Son, Boston. They have done a swell job.

THE RAINBOW FLEET CROSSING THE HARBOR.

HENRY SWIFT HOUSE ON MAIN STREET. Photo by Davidson



FROM THE TOP OF RED MEN'S HALL Photo By Davidson

THE NANTUCKET SOUTH SHOALS STATION AND THE VESSELS THAT HAVE GUARDED IT FROM 1854 TO 1931

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1931

FORTY-TWO miles southeast from this island is stationed the most isolated of all lightships in the world—the "Nantucket Shoals". It is the most important on the Atlantic coast, too, for it is the mark which incoming liners look for and listen for when approaching America; it is the first beacon which greets the steamship bound for New York and the last seen when leaving for the voyage across the Atlantic to Europe.

More than three-quarters of a century has a lightship been stationed on the "South Shoals" beyond Nantucket island—shoals which are shunned by navigators, and where many a staunch vessel has left her bones during the decades that have passed. "South Shoals" is what the Nantucketers have always called the station—and what they always will call it. But to the government, to the officers and crews of the ocean liners, it is "Nantucket Shoals"—a beacon that is always a welcome sight when approaching the coast from a long voyage.

The one word "Nantucket" which stands forth in large white letters from the sides of the beacon gives assurance that the voyage is nearing its end—that it is only a short run in to New York—and, knowing that the ship riding at her moorings is marking the edge of the shoals south of this island, the liner safely shapes her course for port. To a passenger approaching or leaving the United States for the first time, the lightship is naturally of great interest and the first name that impresses itself upon the mind is that of "Nantucket" extending a welcome to all ships bound westward and saying "bon voyage" to all bound eastward.

It was away back in 1853 that Uncle Sam *decided* to safeguard his shipping by placing a lightship on the shoals south of Nantucket island. Ocean liners were few then and the commerce was mostly up and down the coast, with practically everything "under sail". Disasters were frequent, for in those days there was no radio, no wireless, no submarine signals, no steam or electric fog signals—guides to navigation were few and far between and only an apology for the name as we know it today.

Last week the newest and most modern lightship that Uncle Sam has yet built was placed on the Nantucket station. She bears the number 117 and has every comfort and convenience that our good old Uncle could think of in order to make life aboard the floating beacon forty-odd miles away from Nantucket as pleasant and comfortable as possible for the men who man this lonely station.

New Vessel Most Modern Lightship in Service.

No. 117 is the latest thing in the government service. Five sister ships with 117 have just come off the shipbuilders' ways in Georgia. One is at Fire island, one will go to Cape Charles and the other three are bound for the west coast.

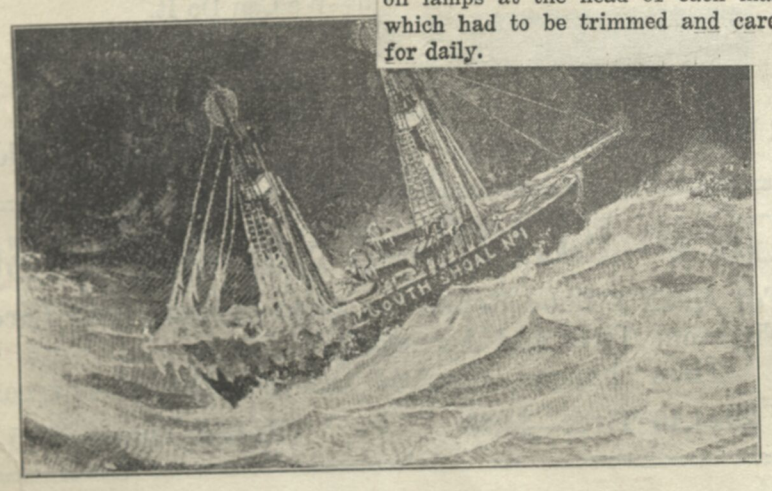
An old-time lightship man would rub his eyes in amazement at the perfection of efficiency and modern up-to-dateness which exists everywhere aboard this leviathan among lightships. Her lamps are 1000-watt and her beacon is 16,000 candle-power.

All steel from stem to stern, with an immense pilot house forward with captain's quarters and bath adjacent, spacious radio house aft and with a trim neatness that far outrivals the other lightships, the vessel within and without far surpasses the vessels of the government lightship service built a few years ago, and is to the older wooden lightships what an 1812 frigate would be to a modern battleship.

Frigidaires, continuous hot and cold water, bathtubs of the latest type, staterooms for sailors as well as for officers, and a library—all are a part of the equipment.

An oil-burning kitchen range, rather immense looking to the lay person, an electric windlass, an electric boat hoist, the very perfection of sanitary arrangements "go with the new lightship."

The huge bell, as large as a medium-sized church bell, set near the fore peak forward of the pilot house, is now used only for purposes of saluting. In old times the ringing of such a bell was kept up during all fogs, 24 hours round the clock, providing the fog continued that long. Also old time lightships carried a galaxy of kerosene oil lamps at the head of each mast which had to be trimmed and cared for daily.



THE OLD SOUTH SHOALS LIGHTSHIP NO. 1.
From drawing made years ago, from which a wood cut was made.

The generous-sized radio station astern provides service for the ship's radio beacon and submarine oscillator.

The beacon is a radio fog signal of a characteristic code that is transmitted through the air, each station having a separate code, the one on this station, Number 117, being the first dash of the radio code and being transmitted simultaneously with the first blast of the ship's submarine oscillator.

A ship lost at sea approaching the lightship may determine her distance from 117 by noting the elasped time between the reception of this radio code dash and the reception of the oscillation. The radio flash is transmitted instantly; the oscillation travels at the rate of 5000 feet per second through the water. This distance, multiplied by the elapsed time since the reception of the radio dash, enables the pilot to get his exact distance from the lightship.

The new lightship now on Nantucket Shoals, together with Pollock Rip and Vineyard Sound lightships, will be synchronized into a group by means of the radio signals of which a ship off the coast can immediately determine its exact position with respect to these stations. The radio-beacon on each ship will operate on 314 kilocycles, transmitting on the second fifteen minutes of each hour in clear weather, and continuously when there is fog or low visibility at the station, during the silent intervals of the radio-beacons on the two other lightships.

Lightship No. 117, if suddenly thrown upon her power resources through the parting of a link of the immense 150 fathom chain piled in the fore peak—a chain which in size and holding strength is the world's last word—could probably without much trouble outride the worst storm and eventually come back to port under her own power. She is equipped with the very latest Diesel engines—an equipment complete in every detail, generating power, light, refrigeration, heat—everything that modern invention can devise to make life aboard ship as comfortable and convenient as it is ashore.

The new lightship's "whistle", as it would be termed a few years ago, is now a so-called aero-oscillator which runs by means of an electric current, both an alternating and a direct current. In action it is an immense metal diaphragm in vibration. As one of the ship's officers stated, "It doesn't seem so loud to hear, but it has a great penetrating force." With a fair wind it carries for a distance of 10 to 12 miles.

No. 117 went on her station last week with a crew of fourteen men. She is in command of Capt. David B. Studley, who has been in charge of the other ships which have marked Nantucket Shoals for the last seventeen years. The chief engineer is William Wallace Perry. With them are three oilers, a steward and five sailors, making the total fourteen in the crew. It is an outfit in which Uncle Sam can well take pride and which Capt. George E. Eaton, the superintendent in charge of this district, naturally looks upon as the queen of his fleet.

* * * * *

"South Shoals" Station Established Three Quarters of a Century Ago.

It was over three-quarters of a century ago that a lightship was first established on what is known as Nantucket South Shoals, but at that time the station was only about nineteen miles from this island, inside of what is still known as "Davis Shoal". So near was the first lightship station to the island that the vessel could be seen from the tower riding at her moorings and her light could often be seen at night.

The first mention of the Nantucket South Shoals station which appears on the records of the Bureau of Lighthouses in Washington is dated November 22, 1853, when Capt. Samuel Bunker of Nantucket was appointed "as keeper of the light boat at Nantucket Shoals, Mass." There seems to have been some delay in the matter after Captain Bunker was appointed, for the station was not actually established until the 15th of June, 1854, when the "light boat", with Captain Bunker in command and a crew of five men under him, went out and dropped her anchor just outside of what was at that time called the "South Shoals", although only a comparatively few miles south of this island.

During the winter which followed the vessel broke adrift and after being tossed around by gales and storms she stranded near Montauk point, Long Island. The fact that she was missing from her station was first noticed by the look-out in the South Tower, it being the custom of the "watchman" to scan the horizon at day-break and see if there were any vessels in distress.

The Nantucket South Shoals lightship in 1854 was a crude kind of a craft, wholly unfitted to ride out the heavy seas on her station. Although the government records regarding the early lightships are incomplete and give practically no details regarding the original South Shoals vessel or the men who manned her, reference to newspaper files indicates that she was a Nantucket whaling vessel which had made one voyage but was of too small tonnage to suit the owners.

It is impossible to obtain the name she formerly bore, but the fact that Uncle Sam did not authorize the building of a lightship for this station until a year after the first vessel was established there, gives strength to the tradition that the first beacon was a second-hand craft.

When the lightship broke adrift in the winter of 1855 the only means she had of making her way towards land was by a leg-of-mutton sail. Captain Bunker did his best to reach port safely after the vessel parted from her moorings, but she was caught in a second easterly storm while he was trying to work her to port, her sail was torn to shreds and she stranded at Montauk.

Lightship Built in 1855 Was of Oak.

The importance of the South Shoals station to shipping had been determined, however, by the short time the original lightship had remained on her station, so the government lost no time in taking steps for the construction of another vessel. Congress promptly made an appropriation and a substantial, sea-worthy vessel was the result. She was built at the Kittery (Portsmouth) Navy Yard of white-oak and live-oak throughout, and so well was she constructed that she occupied the station nearly thirty-seven years.

The vessel was numbered 1 and was 103 feet long. She took her place on the South Shoals, in January, 1856, and although she had no power other than sails, she was able to withstand the pounding of the seas and the threshing of the gales. The old No. 1 had some thrilling experiences, breaking from her moorings many times, but always withstanding the fury of the elements and several times making her way back to her station unaided, picking up her moorings and resuming her lonesome vigil.

"No. 1" virtually had two hulls, the space between them being filled through holes at short intervals in the inner side of the bulwarks with salt—"to keep her sweet". The holes were closed by plugs attached to the bulwarks by short bits of tarred rope, and the line of plugs running the length of the vessel formed a series of black dots near the rail which at once caught the eye as a distinguishing mark. "No. 1" had two masts, as have all the lightships which have succeeded her, each mast being 71 feet high. Directly behind each of these lantern-masts was a mast for sails 41 feet high. "No. 1" was really a very substantial craft, well-fitted for the hard service as a lightship, and she was not condemned until last September—three-quarters of a century after she was built.

Although the "No. 1" passed through many thrilling experiences during her term of service on the South Shoals station, and since then off the coast of Georgia, in all probability the worst throughout her long career occurred

during the heavy storm of October 13, 1878, when a northeast gale parted her moorings and before the storm abated she had been blown hundreds of miles out to sea and was down near Bermuda, over 800 miles from her station, when the gale ended. The lightship made her way back under sail, reached port safely, and after necessary repairs were completed she resumed her station. At that time she was off duty over three months, and the crew were able to have their Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners ashore with their families.

South Shoals Station Moved Offshore in 1892

During the fourteen years that followed, the vessel broke adrift several times, but was able to take up her station again. In 1892 the government decided to move the lightship about ten miles further off-shore, which became a much more exposed situation. The old No. 1 had troublous times during the years 1891 and 1892 and broke adrift twice. The first time she did not resume her anchorage for nine days and in the second case it was fourteen days before she anchored.

The government then decided to build another lightship for the South Shoals station, which was given the number 9. The old No. 1 was withdrawn in November, 1892, and taken down the coast to the "Martins Industry" station north of the entrance to the Savannah river (now known as the Savannah lightship station). There she remained until September 15, 1930, on which date she was permanently withdrawn after being in service seventy-five years.

The "No. 9", which succeeded old "No. 1", did not mark the South Shoals station long, for she was withdrawn a few months later and lightship "No. 39" took her place. But neither of these vessels was well-fitted for the rough weather so far off shore and in the autumn of 1893 a new lightship was completed and took the place of "No. 39".

This vessel was "No. 54" and heavily constructed, but as she was a "floor sea" type vessel she nearly foundered in the first heavy gale and had to be removed, the "No. 39" again taking up the station. The latter vessel marked the station that winter (1893-4) and rode out several very severe storms without mishap.

The fact that "No. 54" had proved to be the wrong type of construction caused the government to give more careful consideration to the conditions so often encountered on the South Shoals. In the spring of 1894 lightship No. 58 was placed on the station to relieve No. 39 until a new vessel could be placed in service which was to be given the number "66". This latter vessel was of a different type of construction, being especially designed for the rough service off Nantucket island.

Station Again Shifted Off-shore When "No. 66" Was Built.

In 1896, when the new vessel was ready for service, it was decided to move the South Shoals station still further off shore and she was given moorings more than twice the distance the original lightship was located in 1854. So when "No. 66" was ready for service she went out to sea 42 miles southeast of Nantucket and took up the job of marking the most important lightship station on the coast, moored in 180 feet of water far outside of Asia Rip.

Eleven years later it was decided to build another vessel for this important station and in 1907 lightship No. 85 was completed and replaced No. 66. Sixteen years later another vessel was built for the Nantucket station, "No. 106" taking up her vigil there on the 23rd of August, 1923, replacing No. 85. "No. 106" has been on duty there ever since, except at the times when a "relief" has replaced her while she was in port for repairs and overhauling.

And now the newest vessel of them all—Uncle Sam's latest word in lightships—has been placed on the station at South Shoals—No. 117. She is a vessel that has "all the comforts of home" for the men who man her—conditions far different from those which were met when so many Nantucket men "went on the lightship" for their livelihood years ago.

* * * * *

No. 66 Was Used For First Wireless Telegraph Demonstration.

It was the lightship No. 66 that received the first wireless message when Marconi's invention was given its first practical test in 1901 and demonstrated its value commercially and as a means of communication between ships at sea. The New York Herald sponsored this movement and spent thousands upon thousands of dollars in order to show to the world that Marconi's invention was something more than a pipe dream.

The Herald established a wireless station at Siasconset, which was equipped by Marconi's representatives and manned by a number of his trained operators. It secured from the United States government permission to place a wireless telegraph outfit on the Nantucket South Shoals lightship, and a force of riggers were sent out to place the top-mast on the ship as she rode at her moorings forty-two miles away from Nantucket. (Well the writer recalls that experience at South Shoals in 1901.)

It was a noteworthy occasion—that demonstration in August thirty years ago—and the No. 66 played a very important part in the inauguration of the first wireless telegraph station in America. The first message was received from an in-coming liner on the 16th of August, when communication was established between No. 66 and the steamship Lucania when the latter was 52 miles distant from the lightship. The message was then transmitted from the lightship to the wireless station at 'Sconset, and from that point forwarded over the telegraph cable to New York city.

It was a wonderful thing at that time—sending messages through the air from a steamship at sea—and the Nantucket lightship, working in conjunction with the station at 'Sconset, was for many years thereafter the most important wireless outfit anywhere on the coast. Sending a message a distance of fifty miles through the air was thirty years ago a marvellous thing, but now-a-days wireless flashes and the radio encircle the world with everybody looking upon it as an ordinary convenience of the commercial and domestic affairs of modern life. But many of those who "listen in" today do not know that it was the Nantucket lightship No. 66 which was used for the first demonstration of wireless telegraphy in America.

* * * * *

No. 85 Sprang Aleak and Foundered in 1905.

Although the lightships which have marked the South Shoals station—ten of them in all, not counting the "Relief" vessels—met with many a thrilling experience, rode out many a gale, broke adrift many a time, the worst experience of them all was encountered by the Relief Lightship No. 58, during a heavy gale on the 10th of December, 1905. The vessel had been buffeted by tremendous seas for several days and labored heavily day and night until a bad leak developed. All pumps and hand-bailing facilities were used in an endeavor to keep the water down and a radio message was sent ashore informing the department of the vessel's plight and asking that help be sent out without delay.

The tender Azalea left New Bedford early Sunday evening, in spite of the heavy gale, and after a fearful trip reached the distressed lightship at 4.30 Monday morning. It required several hours to get a hawser to the vessel, as both the lightship and the Azalea were being tossed around by heavy seas and working in a storm of gale force. Finally a line was shot aboard, by means of which a hawser was made fast and the tender started for New Bedford with the sinking lightship in tow.

But the leak increased steadily and the pumps were soon practically useless. After being towed 5½ hours, the lightship's captain signalled that he must abandon ship at once and the crew of thirteen men were taken off and placed aboard the Azalea only ten minutes before she foundered and passed out of sight south of Nantucket, about eighteen miles distant from the South Shoals station, in 25 fathoms of water. The Azalea headed about for New Bedford and made port a few hours later with the details of a gallant fight made against great odds.

* * * * *

Came Ashore For Butter.

Before the lightship was stationed so far from land, it was not a very great journey for members of the crew to come ashore, especially when getting shy of "grub". There are numerous experiences told of trips in from the lightship, but one of the most interesting is often related by James H. Wood, Sr., who was on the lightboat with Capt. Benjamin Morris.

The supply of provisions was getting low on board—that is, the men were out of butter and bare bread was altogether too much like prison fare—so Captain Morris decided to send a boat ashore. The first mate was all right aboard the lightship but he knew practically nothing of handling a ship's boat and crew, so the skipper assigned to Mr. Wood the task of taking the boat to Nantucket.

It was a long journey, and soon after they put off from the lightship (the old No. 1) the fog shut in thick. Captain Morris sounded the signal for the men to return on board, but either they did not hear it, or else they were bound to enjoy some liberty ashore, for they kept on the course they had started. Hours later land was sighted and it proved to be Tom Nevers Head.

"We kept along the shore," said Mr. Wood in relating the story, "and when we passed by 'Sconset a lot of people came down onto the beach and called to us. But we kept on around the east end and when we reached the Haulover we ran ashore and pulled the boat across the beach to the harbor."

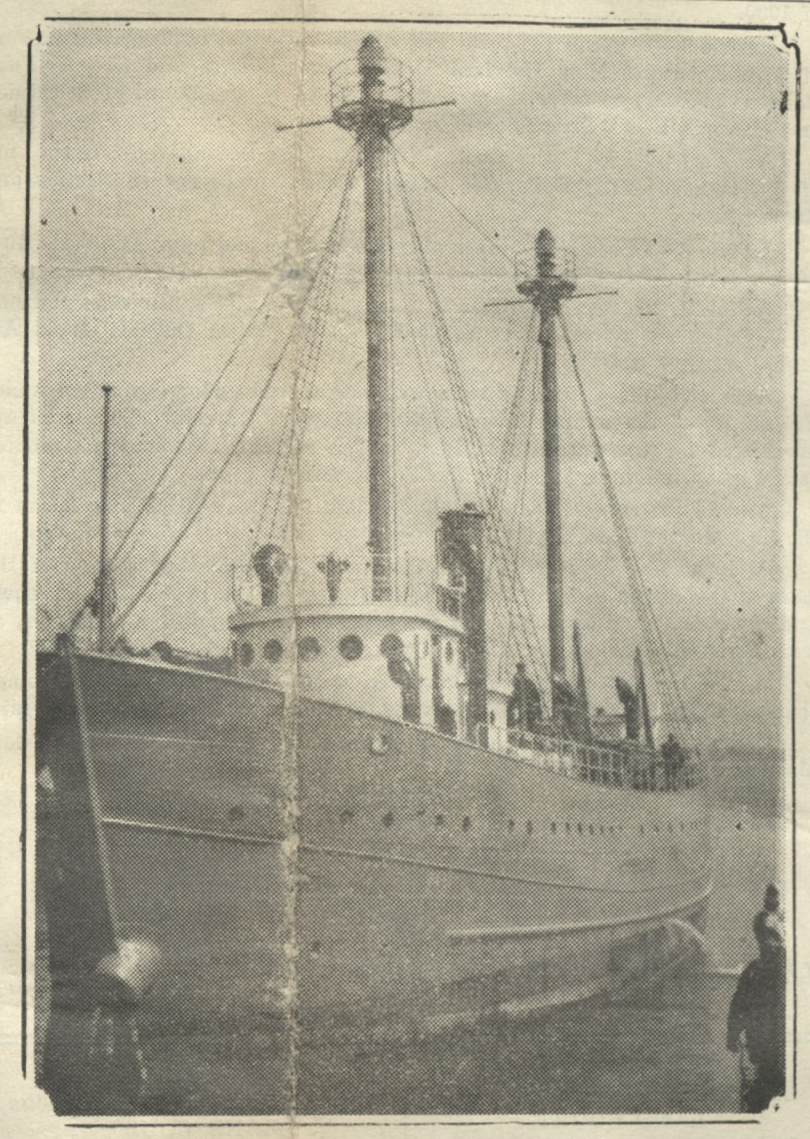
Darkness fell and the conditions continued thick, so that it was impossible to follow the course down the harbor and the boat was running onto a shoal every once in a while. Finally the men decided to lay to and turn in for a snooze, as they had become tired from their long journey.

Early in the morning hours the fog lifted and Mr. Wood aroused his fellows and they continued the trip down the harbor.

Some time after, when approaching the dock, they were hailed by a Nantucket fisherman with: "Where you fellows coming from?"

"South Shoals," was the reply.

"What are you doing in here?



THE NEW "NANTUCKET LIGHTSHIP" NO. 117.

From a photo taken for the Boston Traveller when the vessel reached the government station at Chelsea a few weeks ago to be fitted out for service.

THE NEW LIGHTSHIP RIDING AT HER MOORINGS.

What's happened? Has the lightship sunk or burned up?"

"Neither," replied Mr. Wood. "We just ran out of butter, so thought we had better come ashore and get some."

That trip "after butter" has ever since been looked upon in a jovial manner, but it was only one of numtrous journeys which were made by the lightship's crews when the station was much nearer the island than it is today.

* * * * *

Life Aboard The Lightship Had Its Thrills.

As one writer put it some forty years ago (before the beacon was shifted so far off-shore) "only the peculiarly dangerous character of the coast could have warranted the government placing a lightship in so exposed a position." Around Nantucket island is a veritable grave-yard, for many a good ship has left her bones on the shoals that surround it. There are records of hundreds of disasters to vessels on the island's shores and outlying shoals, but many more wrecks have occurred, many more vessels lost and hundreds of lives taken in toll, of which there can be no record.

Only one who has been out on the South Shoals vessel, who has been aboard through a storm when the ship tossed and rolled and strained at her moorings every minute of the day and night, can sense any realization of what life out on this distant beacon

"NO. 106" AT HER STATION IN A QUIET SEA.
From a photograph taken by John Jay Cisco from the deck of a liner when returning from Europe a few years ago.

really means. It is an experience that one can never forget, yet one which one does not care to repeat, for "once is enough", especially when the trip has been made "just for the novelty of the thing" or "to have a cruise."

The writer knows what life aboard the old "66" was like and thirty years later it affords some very entertaining recollections, but to go out to South Shoals today "just for the cruise" might not bring the thrills that it brought in 1901. Although "66" was then considered a modern vessel and had many comforts and conveniences that her predecessors did not have, she would not be anywhere in comparison with the new vessel now marking the station, with its electric lights, refrigerating plant, bath-rooms, hot and cold water and other necessities of modern life ashore which have been carried out to the men at sea.

* * * * *

Many Nantucket Men Served There.

During the first fifty years of the "South Shoals" station, there was not a time but Nantucket men were numbered among its crew; in fact, during the first ten or fifteen years of service it was claimed that every man on board the lightship was a Nantucket man. Up to 1894—a period of forty years—the South Shoals vessel was always commanded by a Nantucketer, the captains serving in the following order from the time the first vessel took up the station in 1854 until Capt. David E. Ray gave up the command in 1894. The Nantucket men commanding the lightship during these forty years were in the following order:

Samuel Bunker, Allen Gifford, George C. Gardner, 2d, Thomas James, Benjamin Morris, Andrew J. Sandsbury, Isaac Hamblin and David E. Ray. Captain Sandsbury probably spent the greatest number of years aboard "South Shoals", as he served five years as mate with Captain James and was himself in command of the vessel for nineteen years.

The records of the Lighthouse Department are very incomplete prior to 1875 and we have had great difficulty in securing the complete list of men who commanded the South Shoals vessel during the first twenty years the station was established. Careful search, however, has revealed the above list of names, which is thought to be a correct list of the Nantucket men who have been in command.

With the help of subscribers and reference to files of The Inquirer and Mirror, covering a study lasting several months, we are presenting below what is probably as complete a list of the Nantucket men who have served on the Nantucket lightship as can be obtained. There may be some omissions, and if any have occurred it is unintentional, as every possible effort has been made to present a complete record.

The last Nantucket man to serve on the South Shoals station was the late Charles Sylvia, who came ashore only a few weeks before the "No. 58" foundered in 1905. Since that time there has been no Nantucket man on the South Shoals vessel.

The list of men who have served is presented herewith in alphabetical order—not in the manner in which they served:

William D. Appleton.
Jonathan Barnard.
Thomas Barrally.
Jethro Barrett.
John Bates.
William H. Bates.
Thomas Bearse.
Samuel Bunker (captain).
Edward Burdick.
William Caswell.
Edward F. Chadwick.
John Chadwick.
Obed Coffin.
Oliver Coffin.
Samuel Coleman.
Charles Crocker.
Benjamin F. Gardner.
George C. Gardner, 2nd (captain).
Alonzo D. Fisher.
Frank Fisher.
Joseph Fisher.
George Gardner.
Jacob Gibbs.
James H. Gibbs.
William Gibbs.
Allen Gifford (captain).
Thomas Grant.
David Hall.
Davis Hall.
Isaac Hamblin (captain).
Alexander Hillman.
Alvin Hull.
Albert Hussey.
Obed Luce Hussey.
Charles James.
Edwin James.
Thomas James (captain).
Edward F. Joy.
Arthur Lewis.
George S. Long.
Marcellus Manter.
Owen S. Manter.
Benjamin Morris (captain).
John Mumford.
Thomas Nickerson.
David E. Ray (captain).
George Ray.
Sylvester Raymond.
Joseph G. Remsen.
Andrew J. Sandsbury (captain).
George P. Sandsbury.
William P. Sandsbury.
Serene Serenos.
John C. Smith.
Roland Spencer.
Charles Sylvia.
Joseph Sylvia.
George Swain.
Charles Thomas.
Frank Thomas.
John Thomas.
Joseph Thompson.
Edward H. Whelden.
Augustus Wilcomb.
James H. Wood, Sr.
Benjamin Wyer.

* * * * *

"Lightship Baskets" First Made at South Shoal.

The art of making "lightship baskets" originated on the South Shoals vessel, where the members of the crew spent many a lonely hour in this manner and when they came ashore "on liberty" after four or five months (perhaps more) tossing around on the little lightship far out of sight of land, they would bring with them baskets of various sizes and shapes—often "nested"—which members of their families would sell. It was labor that "took time", yet it kept the men employed when they tired of playing checkers or high-low-jack, and from long and close association apart from the world they almost actually disliked one another's company. The use of "tobacco boxes" for the bottoms of the baskets came about aboard "South Shoals" because a certain kind of wood was used in making the boxes which seemed to be especially suited for basket-making. At that time most all the men "chewed tobacco" and it was "plug tobacco", of course, with "B. L." and "Lorillard's" the most popular brands aboard ship.

When the men from time to time gave up their jobs on the lightship and came ashore to earn their livelihood, the art of basket-making was brought with them and the making of light-ship baskets became something distinctive of Nantucket, which is carried on to some extent today by men who never trod on the deck of a lightship.

* * * * *

The "Bearings" of The Station.

The Nantucket South Shoals Lightship is moored in 180 feet of water, about 14 miles from Asia Rip, Phelps Bank, Nantucket Shoals, and about 42 miles to the south and east of Nantucket island. Latitude 40 degrees 37 minutes N. Longitude 69 degrees 36 minutes west. Distant from Fire Island Lightship 166 miles; from Ambrose Channel Lightship 193 miles; Sankaty Head lighthouse bears 42 miles N 7-8 W from the South Shoals vessel.

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11/8/1891

Whale Rams a Steamer.

The Norwegian steamer Mount Vernon came into New Orleans, Tuesday afternon, with a score of plates on the port side badly damaged in a fight with a whale in the Gulf of Mexico.

Three days out from Bocas del Toro and not far from the entrance to the South Pass at the mouth of the Mississippi, Capt. Falsen says he was awakened early on the morning of January 1 by the prow of his ship striking something soft. He ran on deck and saw a huge whale which he estimates at 75 feet long, backing away from the forward quarter of the Mount Vernon.

A hundred yards from the ship the whale stopped, hrashed the sea with its tail and then drove straight at the boat. The whale's head struck just below the point where the skipper stood. The blow was tremendous and the steel plates buckled. Falsen was thrown to the deck.

But, naturally, it was the whale that suffered most. With the rebound of the blow he was hurled back. His crushed head was upreared for a moment and then the body sank.

Cottle Buys Belvedere.

Captain Stephen W. Cottle, of Marthas Vineyard, has purchased the steam whaler Belvedere from William Lewis & Son.

The Belvedere is 440 tons burthen and considered the best steam whaler that goes to the Arctic ocean.

Captain Cottle owns all but a small piece of the whaler, and he will fit her out immediately for a trip to the Arctic, to command her himself.

The Belvedere arrived from her last voyage to the Arctic, Nov. 16, 1908, when she captured three whales. She left New Bedford, Aug. 17, 1880, and has been on the Pacific coast ever since that time engaged in the Arctic whale fishery.

The steamer Karluk, which Captain Cottle commanded last year, will be fitted this season to go north under command of Captain Charles Foley of Nantucket. She will be fitted by Stabens & Friedman. Captain Foley is an experienced Arctic whaleman and has been many voyages to the northern ocean. He sailed for a number of years in vessels managed by the Pacific Steam Whaleship Company.

Steamer Jeannette will be fitted this season to sail under command of Captain George W. Porter. Last year the Jeannette was commanded by Captain Foley, who came down from the Arctic with five whales.

Captain Bodfish of the Vineyard will go north this season in the steamer Herman, which he commanded last year, bringing down 8,500 pounds of whalebone.

This will make the Arctic fleet comprise four steam whalers the coming season. The schooner Rosie H. Wolkie wintered at Bailey island this winter, and at last accounts was reported clean.

Barks John and Winthrop will go to the Japan sea under command of Captain Joseph, and the Gay Head will fit out later at San Francisco to sail under command of Captain James Wing.

It is said that the steamers Beluga, Narwhal, Thrasher and Bowhead will not be sent north this season.—N. B. Mercury.

News From the Whalers.

A gist of whaling news reached the city Saturday morning. The first report was received in a cablegram from Mossemader, Africa, regarding the whaling brig Sullivan, which sailed from this port June 17, 1908. She was last reported at Ascension, December 8, on which date she sailed from that place, after Captain Heggarty had left her to come home.

The cable stated that Captain Freitas who assumed command, had picked up 55 barrels of sperm oil since leaving Ascension.

The total catch of the Sullivan is now 388 barrels sperm oil.

A cable received in this city Saturday reported the brig Viola, Captain John A. Cook, at Barbados. Captain Cook had made the passage from St. Helena since March 9th. He wanted some whaling supplies shipped to Dominique. The Viola had 7 barrels sperm oil on board.

Letters received in this city from vessels of the fleet report schooner A. E. Whyland, January 1st, with 225 barrels sperm oil; bark Alice Knowles with 25 barrels February 15th, the first report received from her since she sailed from here October 8th. Tilton, with 100 barrels sperm oil, February 15th, the first report since she sailed from home, November 5th last. Bark Greyhound with 250 barrels sperm oil, February 15th.

Whaling schooner Valkyrie, which sailed from here in October, is the only whaler that has not been reported.—N. B. Standard.

April 1—1911

The Whaling Industry in Japan.

Capt. Richard Swain sends us from Yokohama a clipping taken from the North China Daily News, which is actually a report concerning the development of the whale fishery of Japan, as compared with the decline of the American industry. It reads:

"Whales of the mysticete and denticete species abound in Japanese waters. They were first brought to the notice of American whalers by Captain Winship, of Brighton, Mass., who reported to his friends in Nantucket that on a voyage from China he had seen large sperm whales off the coast of Japan. The result of this information was that in 1820 the American whaler Maro, Capt. Joseph Allen, and an English ship commanded by Capt. F. Coffin, of Nantucket, first visited the coast of Japan, and in the short space of three months succeeded in filling their vessels. The coast became thereafter a favourite resort for American whaleships. In 1850, out of the 543 vessels whaling under the American flag, it is safe to assume that fully 100 were pursuing their calling off the coast of Japan. In fact, the number of the vessels in this vicinity, the occasional loss of the vessels on the coast of Japan and the experience of the crews thereof, was one of the principal reasons for the dispatch of the Perry expedition.

With the decline of the American whale fishery the vessels grew gradually less and in this present year only one American whaler has hunted on this coast.

While whales had been hunted for many years around the coast of Japan, the methods employed were crude and the results doubtful and unimportant. In 1894 and 1895 the Japanese Government dispatched a number of young men to San Francisco and New Bedford, where they shipped in the ordinary way before the mast on board of American whaling vessels. On their return a number of whaling vessels were constructed, largely with Government assistance, and sent with the before-mentioned Japanese in charge; but for a time they met with only indifferent success.

Gradually, however, as the crews became more and more acquainted with American methods, the vessels made better catches, and the business can now be described as in a flourishing condition. Some difficulty was at first encountered in marketing the product, for, while there is a market for the whale meat in Japan, there is, strange to say, none for sperm oil. This difficulty was eventually surmounted, the Government taking a large quantity of the refined sperm oil on board of and for use of the naval vessels, while the surplus of the oil and also the bone from the right whales are shipped to and disposed of in London.

To supply the home demand for whale meat it was found that the sailing vessels on the American plan were not suitable; hence about eight years ago a number of steam whalers were bought in Norway and brought out to Japan, and at present over forty of these are employed. These steamers hunt from shore stations, to which they tow the whales after capturing them, which is done by shooting a heavy harpoon and explosive bomb into them. Upon the return to the station, the whales are hauled ashore, the blubber stripped and either sold fresh or salted, while the rest of the carcase and the bones are turned into fertilizers. Where it is impossible to market the blubber, either fresh or salted, it is put up in cans. The most of the companies engaged are in a prosperous condition and are paying dividends of from twenty-five to sixty per cent.

This branch of the industry is being carefully fostered by the Government, and numerous books containing the experiences and results of the studies of the students sent abroad have been published. To show the thoroughness with which these students carried out their work, one of these books, which contains the narrative of the voyage on an American whaler in the Atlantic Ocean which three of the students made, contains a full and complete description of the construction of the vessel, the size of every timber, plank and bolt, the length of every rope, the size and dimensions of all the whaling gear, the amount of food taken to sea, the whole illustrated with numerous sketches and plates showing how the hold was stowed, how the whales were cut in, oil boiled and stowed, the shares, outfit and equipment of the crews, and even a list giving the extent of the clothes that the captain took to sea with him.

Owing to the want of encouragement, the American whaling fleet, which once numbered over 700 vessels, manned by over 30,000 seamen, 85 per cent. of whom were native born, and to which in time of war our navy always looked for seamen, has practically disappeared from the sea. In Japan the people are encouraged to build whaling vessels, and the Navy Department purchases the refined sperm oil for use on the war vessels. Sperm oil is and always has been the best lubricant for machinery, although the price is higher than manufactured oils."

More News from the Arctic Fleet.

Bartlett Allen of Fairhaven, has received a letter from his brother, Warren W. Allen, who is fourth officer on the whaler Alexander, imprisoned in the Arctic ice. Mr. Allen writes under date of Oct. 21st, and after telling about being caught, and that the Alexander was at Herschel island, he says:

"I am sorrry to say we are short on provisions and fuel too. We have to look ahead one year before there is any prospect of us getting out. I have been here before so have nothing to say. I suppose you will have your turkey Christmas, but our turkey will be salt horse and bread and butter. There are five ships of us wintering here. We are now short of provisions and have coffee but once a day, tea twice a day. For dinner we will have a stew, but there are only six ducks for 48 persons on the Alexander.

They are the same on the Bowhead, for she has been up here two winters, but we are in hopes to see some deer meat soon. In fact, some of the ships are very short, and the Karluck is in the same fix as the Bowhead, as she has been up here over a winter. It was a good thing that the Narwhal left some lumber here the last time she wintered, also some meat and butter, or we should have been shorter than we are on food. The winter has set in and it has been down to ten below zero."

1906

The Whale Fishery.

The review of the whale fishery for the year 1910, as published in the Whaleman's Shipping List, is as follows:

The tonnage of the whale fishery during the year was increased 851 tons, six vessels having been added; the number of vessels on January 1, 1911, being 39 and the total tonnage 8,255 tons, against 33 vessels, 7,404 tons, on Januray 1, 1910. Four vessels were added to the New Bedford fleet for sperm whaling in the Atlantic, and two vessels to the San Francisco fleet to cruise in the Northern seas.

There were no disasters during the year.

Steamers Herman and Jeannette of San Francisco went to the Arctic and returned with about 20,000 lbs. of whalebone, the larger portion having been secured by shore parties. The steamer Karluk, that wintered in the Arctic 1909-10, was very successful, returning to port with a catch of 33,000 lbs. of whalebone. Steamer Belvedere, which has been laid up in San Francisco for over two years, and the last of the Northern whalers hailing from New Bedford, has been sold to Captain Stephen M. Cottle of Marthas Vineyard, and will be fitted for the Arctic for the coming season, to be commanded by himself. Steamers Herman, Jeannette and Karluk will also be fitted for the Arctic the present season, and barks Gay Head and John and Winthrop will go to the Japan sea and Southern Ochotsk.

There are now in port at New Bedford seven vessels, all of which, except perhaps one, will probably be fitted out the coming month to cruise in the North and South Atlantic oceans.

The Atlantic fleet of whalers were more successful than in previous years, the catch obtained being 17,505 barrels of sperm oil, 420 barrels whale oil, and 10,090 pounds whalebone.

MAY 20—1916

Was Famous Whaling Captain.

Capt. George O. Barker, one of New Bedford's famous whaling captains, died at his home in that city on Saturday last, aged eighty-one years.

Captain Baker was born April 6, 1835, in Dartmouth, and at the age of 13 years shipped as a cabin boy on the bark George Washington. He was a sailor before the mast at 16 years of age, third mate, and boat steerer at 20, mate at 25 and master of a ship at 30. He continued at sea as a whaleman for 42 years, retiring in 1890.

During that time he had gone out as master of six vessels, the ship Edward Cary from San Francisco, schooner Portia from Chili, bark Valparaiso from Chili, bark Cape Horn Pigeon from Dartmouth, two voyages; bark Europa, two voyages, and the bark Josephine.

While sailing as master, the ships which he commanded took over three hundred whales, an average of 12 a year for 25 years. During his best seasons he took seventeen whales before squaring away for his home port. He brought into port 25,000 barrels of oil, of which 13,000 were hump back, 7,000 right whale, 5,000 sperm and 65,000 pounds of bone.

Captain Baker in 1913 unveiled the Whaleman's statue in front of the New Bedford public library, the gift of William W. Crapo.

The deceased is survived by a widow and two daughters, Miss Jane Baker and Mrs. Vincent Francis, both of New Bedford.

MARCH 23—1918

Whale Catch of 1910.

From various sources it is now possible to form an estimate of the results obtained in 1910 in different parts of the world by whaing vessels owned in Sandefjord, Larvik, Tonsberg and other ports in southern Norway, says the Field, London. The fields of operation covered a wide area, and included Shetland, the Hebrides, the Faero islands, the west coast of Ireland, Iceland, Spitzbergen, South Georgia, South Shetland, the Falkland islands, Kerguelen and the coast of Chili and of southwest Africa.

While the take in 1909 was very satisfactory, that of 1910 proved still more so, especially in Antartic waters, and this season a large number of additions are being made to the fleet.

In the Hebrides, Shetlands, and on the west coast of Ireland, 16 vessels secured 734 whales, representing an average of 1,300 barrels of oil each. Among the fish captured were several sperm whales and 17 North cape whales, of which latter kind four were killed in Shetland waters, where none of these valuable monsters had been gotten before. It would appear, however, that a petition is to be presented to parliament on the part of the Shetland fishermen that the capture of whales should be absolutely prohibited from June 1 to July 5. Such prohibition applies even now within a certain distance of the coast, but should it be extended, it will practically ruin the industry, as the period in question is the best in the whole year.

In the Faero isles 16 vessels secured an average of 725 casks of oil. Here the fish were larger and fatter than they have been for many years, yielding in some instances as many as 25 casks each, as against 15 the previous season. Among the rarer species captured there were four sperm whales and two North cape whales.

On the east and west coasts of Iceland 32 vessels were engaged, securing in all 649 whales, or an average of 750 casks of oil per ship. Several blue and a number of humpback whales were captured, but the bulk of the take consisted of rorquals. Thick and stormy weather interfered greatly with the fishing, especially in the earlier part of the year, and the distances which the carcases have to be towed constitute a drawback.

Off Spitzbergen four vessels belonying to a company in Larvik captured 99 whales and three bottlenoses, representing 3,600 casks of oil, and two vessels owned in Sandejord caught 66 whales and a bottlenose, which produced 1,800 casks. The former of these companies has a permanent station at Green harbor on the Ice fjord, while the other works with a floating boiling down establishment.

The ice conditions were comparatively favorable, as on May 29 there was already open water at the entrance to Green harbor, although not until June 12 could the station be reached. As early as the middle of July the drift ice began to give trouble, filling up the fjords and inlets. The best take was made between 2½ degrees east longitude and 1 degree west longitude, and operations were conducted as far north as 80 degrees, where, however, no great success attended them. The old grounds in Hornsund and Bellsund were not visited by whalers last year. Including those of all nationalities, 68 whaling vessels, besides tugs and transports, were employed in 1910 in these northern waters, and the quantity of oil obtained by them was about 58,500 casks, or about 10,000 less than the preceding year; while the quantity of guano obtained was also considerably smaller.

While the take in the Northern Arctic was relatively only moderate, that in the Antarctic was larger than it has ever been. In 1908 14 vessels with one land station and six floating boiling down establishments, obtained on an average 4,150 casks of oil each, or in all about 58,000 casks. In 1909 double the number of vessels with six land stations and eight floating establishments obtained 116,000 casks, or an average of about 3,860 per vessel. Last year from the two most important of the whaling areas alone in the Southern Arctic 147,300 casks of oil were procured, or an average of 5,900 per vessel. The fishing last year at South Georgia was very productive, whales being extremely productive. Among those captured were 11 right whales, but the humpbacks were the most numerous. In all, about 4,000 whales, representing 166,800 casks of oil, or rather more than the whole of the production of the world four years ago, were captured by 14 vessels, and such are the preparations being made that it is expected some 6,000 will be accounted for this year (1911).

An immense waste of raw material has hitherto taken place in these seas, the parially stripped carcases of innumerable whales having been cast adrift. Last year an effort was made to remedy this evil, and 3,800 barrels of oil were recovered from what would otherwise have become derelicts, by means of a large floating boiling down establishment.

At South Shetland six vessels from Sandefjord had 1,035 whales, which produced 22,500 casks of oil. In association with these there were two newly fitted out boiling down steamers of about 4,700 tons each; these can extract 250 casks a day, and carry a cargo of about 20,000 casks. Two other Norwegian vessels and three belonging to a Chilian company had between them 896 whales, which produced 10,000 casks of oil. The take included about 150 blue whales and some 300 rorquals; the rest were humpbacks. Formerly, most of the fish were taken off the whaling fleet harbor on Deception; last year the largest number were captured somewhat further south on the coast of Grahamsland. As yet these seas undoubtedly abound to a marvelous extent with whales, but how long this will continue to be the case is another matter, for, as a result of the success hitherto obtained, many more vessels will be employed there this year than last.

On the coast of Chili two vessels belonging to a Norwegian company, from a permanent station at Corral in Valdivia, secured 7,000 casks of oil, the fish captured being principally blue and humpbacked whales. Another company is forming a station further south, at San Pedro, and a third, a Chilian one, caught 20 of the valuable right whales in the neighborhood of Punta Arenas, where it has its headquarters. The whales on the southern part of the Chili coast are very large and fat.

At Kerguelen two Norwegian vessels, in association with transport and towing steamers, met with but moderate success. In addition to whaling proper, they hunted sea elephants, of which a considerable number are found here.

On the Portuguese West African coast the Viking company of Sandefjord, with two vessels and a floating boiling down establishment, obtained 13,000 casks of oil; while the South African whaling company, from permanent stations at Durban and in Saldana, obtained 20,000 casks, besides manufacturing a large quantity of guano.

The Newfoundland whale fishing turned out much more satisfactorily in 1909 than might have been expected, in view of the number of complaints that had been made in regard to it, and seven vessels captured 518 whales, of which 80 were of the blue species. For last year full returns are not yet available, but up to Sept. 20, one vessel had 120 fish, a very satisfactory result. On the coast of British Columbia the whaling industry continues to be very successful, and six new vessels from Norway were added last year to the existing fleet. A considerable number of whalers work along the coasts of Japan and Corea, and several of the companies which own these have amalgamated under the name of the Oriental whaling company, with headquarters at Osaka.

With regard to the right whale fishery, one of the Dundee ships brought home the produce of five of these huge creatures, including 6,500 pounds of whalebone; another, the Scotia, had three whales and 2,500 pounds of whalebone; and a third, the Morning Star, got seven in Davis strait and 14,000 pounds of whalebone.

The right whale fishery, as carried on from New Bedford and San Francisco, is falling off.—Boston Globe.

When the Alice Knowles Went Down.

From the New Bedford Standard.

The only two survivors of the whaling bark Alice Knowles, which was lost in a hurricane near the Western Ground in the Atlantic ocean on September 3d, are in New Bedford.

They are Jules Duarte and Quintin St. Antoine Gracie, the former a boatsteerer and the latter a seaman. The former had been three years in the bark, having been shipped at St. Nicholas, while Gracie was shipped over a year ago at St. Vincent, C. V. I. Neither had been whaling before.

According to the survivors, 25 men were lost. The men say that it had been blowing hard the night of the 2d of September, and that the gale increased to hurricane proportions towards the early hours of the morning. All hands had been called on deck, and all sail on the ship had been taken off, excepting the forestaysail, and even with this small piece of canvas showing the bark was being tossed about in a lively manner.

The Knowles was on the starboard tack, and while some heavy seas had boarded the vessel, she had not carried anything away up to the time the puff struck her that capsized her.

This was 2 a. m. on the morning of the 3d. When the heavy squall struck the Knowles the forestaysail held enough wind to allow the craft to be knocked down on her beamends, and although the sail was carried away, she did not right.

Duarte says that all was confusion on board the whaler. He heard Captain Hegarty, once or twice, giving some orders, and he made for safety, getting hold of a whaleboat by the gunwhales. He was trying to pull himself into the boat which was above the sea on its cranes, when a lurch of the vessel brought the sides of the whaleboat together, it being broken, and Duarte had two fingers badly lacerated. He said that the bark had not been five minutes on her beamends, when a terrible wave came along and completely engulfed the capsized craft, and it tore men, casks, boats and everything from the deck of the craft before it. All were driven into the sea.

When he came up from the sudden immersion, he swam some ways from the vessel, or where she was supposed to be, and felt something rubbing against his side, which he seized.

It proved to be the stern of a whaleboat, that he later recognized as a boat that had been stoven by a whale, and had been on top of the afterhouse. Clinging to the boat was Gracie, and both had taken the precaution to strip every article of clothing from them. They clung to the boat in the hurricane until daylight, when they looked about the waste of waters, and strange as it may seem the only thing they saw was an empty cask, which was being carried away on top of the waves. No sight of a single person on any wreckage was seen.

The two sailors had a desperate time in clinging to the part of the whaleboat they had picked up, and there was nothing to eat or drink in the stern of the boat. For four nights and three days they just simply drifted with the piece of wreckage, trying to keep each other's courage up. They were in a frightful condition on the morning of the third day, and their arms and legs were drawn up close to their bodies in a cramped position, so long had they been obliged to hold to the piece of wreckage.

They saw no ship, and Duarte said that in another half hour after the schoone Fred W. Thayer picked them up, that he would have been obliged to let go the wreckage and be drowned. Gracie was nearly as bad off. It was at 8 o'clock in the morning when they were finally rescued by the craft, which was on a voyage from New York to Pernambuco, Brazil.

They remained on the craft and made the return voyage to New York in her, arriving in New York some ten days ago, and coming on to this city.

The first news of the probable loss of the Knowles was brought by Captain Henry Mandly, Jr., when whaling schooner William A. Graber arrived here Sunday, September 23d last year. The Graber had a hurricane September 5th, and on her way home September 12th, he picked up a cask which came from the Knowles and passed through other wreckage, a door from a cabin house, pine casks, line racks for tubs, all indicating the wreck of a whaler, and that the Knowles. He cruised about the spot for some time, but saw nothing else.

Time went by and the Knowles did not arrive, when finally confirmation of her loss was received by the arrival of the Thayer at Pernambuco with the two survivors.

The Alice Knowles sailed from New Bedford April 20, 1915, and had taken, all told, 3200 barrels of sperm oil, 1600 barrels being on board, 400 barrels having been taken since the bark left Barbadoes May 17, 1917. The catch on board the Knowles was valued at about $45,000, while the vessel with inventory was valued at something like $15,000 to $20,000 more. The Knowles was built at North Weymouth in 1878 by N. P. Kean for J. P. Knowles. She was 288 tons burthen. After some years she was sold to J. & W. R. Wing, who sold her to Captain Hegarty and others in 1915.

Alice Knowles Lost.

The whaling schooner William A. Graber arrived at New Bedford, Sunday, from a four-months' trip to the western grounds in the Atlantic ocean, with the news of the probable loss of the whaling bark Alice Knowles of New Bedford with all hands.

The Alice Knowles had spoken the Graber on August 28. On September 5 the Graber was in a blow of hurricane force which smashed the ship's bulwarks and davits. Just one week later the Graber picked up a sperm oil cask marked "W" and "A. K.," the mark of the Alice Knowles, and saw a painted door from the cabinhouse, and four other casks, besides much whaling paraphernalia, all indicating the wreckage was from the Knowles.

The Alice Knowles sailed April 20, 1915. Captain W. C. Hegarty of Somerset was the master, and Emanuel Alves first mate. Captain Hegarty's oldest son, Elton, was on board. The other officers were Peter Burger, second mate; Joseph Burger, third mate; Joseph Almeida, fourth mate; and Enos Rose, boat steerer.

1917

Tanks in a Whaler.

From the New Bedford Standard.

Two tanks to hold oil have been placed in under the decks of the bark Greyhound, and two more will be placed in the vessel later. The Greyhound's skipper, Capt. Carvello, is much pleased to have the tanks, for he says that many times when whales have been cited with a deck lumbered with casks after a cutting in and trying out, the boats could not be lowered for fear the casks would be dashed about with not enough men left on the vessel to take care of them. He remembers when the owner of the schooner Mystic, the late Captain Edwards, put tanks in the schooner, how everybody laughed and thought it was a foolish experiment, but the foresight of Captain Edwards has been followed by several of the agents later, and they have proved a great facility in the whaling business.

1917

Tragic Incidents of Mutiny on a Whaleship.

(Written for the Lewiston, Me., Journal.)

Living in Auburn at 81 years is Charles R. Mansfield, a hero of the Civil war, a forty-niner in the California gold fields, sailor, shoe manufacturer and member of Lynn Post, G. A. R., the largest in the country. He also is undoubtedly the sole survivor of the crew of the famous whaling ship, Junior, out of New Bedford, which in 1857, was the scene of a cruel mutiny and dreadful slaughter, the details of which crime are recorded in the annals of the United States circuit court in Boston.

"I was born," said he, "up in the little town of Charlotte, Vt., where I learned how to farm and work long hours—at a time when a 16-hour day was expected of every laborer. I lost my parents early in life and so when I was 20 years old I decided to try my fortunes in Boston. I set forth and made my way thither by means of a cattle train. My first job was in a big mercantile plant on Merchants' Row. I knocked around the city at various kinds of work until the following spring of 1857, when I decided to try the sea. Going to New Bedford I shipped as steward for a three years' voyage on the bark Junior, little dreaming of the terrible experiences that were to be my lot.

It was with a high hope in my breast that I watched this vessel pull out of port on the Fourth of July, for I longed to see the world. I was only a green country lad, used to hardships. But the life aboard that ship opened my eyes to some of the worst phases of human nature. For the ship's officers, as was shown in the subsequent trial in Boston, were arrogant and cruel, the food was poor and dissatisfaction reigned.

We had been out of Buzzard's Bay hardly five weeks before trouble began to brew. It started in the steerage with the boat-steerers, one, Cyrus Plummer from Providence, R. I., being the instigator. He did not want to go north, whaling, and he frankly declared that rather than do this he would take the ship himself. Working on the discontent of the sailors, Plummer secured their co-operation, these men swearing on the Bible to stand by each other.

The first attempt to capture the ship, out of the hands of Capt. Archibald Mellon of Nantucket, was made when the bark was off Fayal in the Western Islands. It proved a fizzle. The second attempt came when the Junior was cruising in the South Atlantic, and this, too, failed.

Then came Christmas night—horror of horrors—when we were in the South Pacific, between New Zealand and New Holland. Plummer had charge of the watch on deck and the captain and officers were asleep below. We were in the forecastle when Plummer rushed in, a blood-dripping dirk in his hand, and announced that he had killed the captain and proposed to take the ship to Australia.

We soon learned that the mutineers had armed themselves with hatchets and whaling-spades, while Plummer and two of his ring-leaders had firearms. They had descended into the cabin when the officers were sound asleep. Capt. Mellen was shot in his sleep, but was able to spring from his berth in an effort to escape. Plummer, however, downed his man and drove the steel into the captain's head. Meanwhile Third Mate John Smith, out of Boston, was being slaughtered with a whaling-spade by Cornelius Burns, who hailed from Little Falls, N. Y. Henry Lord, second mate, who had closed with Richard Cartha, another mutineer, was shot, point-blank, but was not killed and later was able to reach the deck. There he was found by the mutineers and bound and gagged. The fourth officer attacked was First Mate Nelson Provost, who while still asleep was shot by his townsman and neighbor, John G. Hall, and was left as dead. But Provost escaped with a flesh-wound and hid in the hold.

Provost's narrow escape proved a miracle of grace, inasmuch as it developed that Plummer could not manage the ship nor make port anywhere. After five terrible days, during which the bodies of the two murdered men were thrown overboard with no further ceremony than curses, and a fire which started in the cabin was extinguished in time to save the ship, the search to find Provost ended. The latter was all but dead from his wound, hunger and exhaustion. The mutineers wanted to string him to the yard-arm, but Plummer knew Provost could steer the vessel to land and, fortunately, Plummer had no special grievance against him. Thus, on Provost's promise to take the vessel to port, he was allowed to live, though kept under constant guard.

When the Junior was within 20 miles of Australian shores, the mutineers threw all the whaling equipment overboard, took valuables and put off in two boats to make their escape. Provost and the loyal crew went on with the vessel to Sydney, where the tragedy was reported to the authorities. Within two months all the mutineers were hunted down except Burns and Hall, who were never heard from by people interested in the Junior.

It was through my identification that Plummer and his companions were caught. The American consul had taken me to Cape Race, where the men were under arrest for smuggling, for this purpose. The men were sent back to Massachusetts on the return voyage of the Junior, but I remained in Australia for a time. Later I had my experience in the gold fields of California, but decided that cooking for the miners was more profitable than mining and that was my lot until I again came East.

In the meantime, after a long trial in Boston, with able legal talent and a mysteriously vigorous defense of the mutineers, Plummer was convicted for murder and his companions for manslaughter. Plummer, however, did not hang. He was sentenced for life but was pardoned out by Governor Talbot 15 years later. Curiously enough, from the time of this pardon in 1874, Plummer was not heard from for 23 years, when it was reported that his dead body had been found in a hermit's hut near a famous Vulture mine in Arizona. He died friendless and alone."

Two Expeditions for Sea Elephant Trips.

2/26/1916

New Bedford Mercury.

Captain B. D. Cleveland, who was reported the other day as looking for a vessel to fit out for a trip to Kergulen or Desolation Island, may have opposition, it being reported that Miller Bros., of Boston, have been talking about fitting out an expedition to that place for sea elephants, from which it is expected to secure a ready sale of the oil at 70 to 75 cents a gallon, about twice as much as sperm oil is selling for at the present time.

A New Bedford whaling firm has had inquiries from Boston parties who wish to purchase a whaling vessel, and it is known that Boston parties have been to New London, to try to engage the services of Captain Mitchell, a veteran whaling master, and a mariner who has made trips to Desolation with great success.

It is said that the Norwegians, who held a license from the French government, have abandoned whaling at Desolation, and have indicated a willingness to sell out their license, and it may cause a fight to secure the license between the two expeditions that are reported to be fitting out.

There is a ready sale for the sea elephant oil in France, where it is used for salads, the oil being exceptionally clear and sweet. Feb. 26 1916

Death of a Veteran Whaleman.

Captain John B. Nicholson, a veteran whaleman, died at his home in this city early this morning, aged 90 years. Captain Nicholson was a well known master mariner, who, in the fifties, sailed out of Nantucket. For the past dozen years or more he had lived here in retirement, afflicted with failing sight. Many knew him 30 years ago, when he was an officer on the first palace steamers plying between Fall River and New York.

Captain Nicholson was in command as early as 1853, and like others who have followed the seas, has had a varied experience—an experience which began when he was but 13 years of age. He was a native of Nantucket, and was born October 9, 1821, and was a son of the late Benoni and Deborah Nicholson. The only schooling which he acquired was in his early youth, and a portion of his time during that period was given to his father, who needed his assistance.

Like all boys born and bred on the Sea Girt Isle, a sailor's life was his ideal, and early in the winter of 1834, he left his home, came to this city, and on December 5 of that year sailed on the bark Hesper, Captain Obed Fosdick of Fairhaven. It was a cruise for sperm whales in the Southern Pacific, and on September 13, 1838, he returned, well pleased with his initiation into a whaleman's life. The voyage resulted in taking 1,350 barrels of oil, and after remaining at home in Nantucket eleven months he obtained the billet for which he was waiting—a boatsteerer's berth.

At the age of 17 he signed on in that position with Captain Moses Brown who sailed out of Nantucket, June 27, 1839, in command of ship Ploughboy. It proved to be a four years' cruise in southern waters for sperm and right whales, and what is more, young Nicholson came home as first officer, and he but 21 years of age.

The death of the mate and other changes aft brought about this promotion, and when the Ploughboy was brought over the bar by the camels that spring day, there was no prouder man on the island than Nicholson, who in the eight years that he had been at sea had risen from boy to first mate. The voyage netted a catch of about 1,500 barrels of oil.

After remaining at home four months he went out as second mate of brig Tyleston, Captain Obed Luce, sailing out of Nantucket, Oct. 21, 1843, for an Atlantic ocean cruise of 17 months It was a mighty poor voyage, and young Nicholson had only the experience at the end of the cruise, for the oil taken on the voyage hardly paid for the coopering, so far as the foremasts hands were concerned. The Tyleston returned home in the spring of '45. By Aug. 12 of that year he was again at sea. This time as second mate of ship John Adams, which was built at Rochester in 1812. She was one of the largest ships sailing out of Nantucket then. Captain William Rawson was in command and the Adams left port, as was the custom after 1842, in the camels, which was propelled over the bar into deep water. The ship was fitted for a four years' cruise in the Southern Pacific, and during her absence the crew stowed down 1,450 barrels of sperm oil. He arrived home June 30, 1849, and the following Septemer, on the 12th, went out as mate in the old ship Ganges, with Captain Thomas Coffin, 2d. It was another Pacific ocean cruise which lasted nearly four years, and the 1,850 barrels of sperm oil sold at $1.33 per gallon.

Returning home in 1853 he was promised the ship on the next voyage. His stay on shore was about three months, for on October 19 of that year he sailed in command. With him was his wife.

Captain Nicholson made many the successful voyages before he retired from the sea.—N. B. Standard, 14th.

Regarding the Mate Who Wanted "Ser-vil-i-tee."

The old Nantucket whaling story of the mate who wanted naught but "ser-vil-i-tee" of his captain has been often told and as often mis-quoted. The Boston Globe endeavors to set its readers aright once more, and from the issue of Tuesday last we clip the following regarding what the Globe calls the "standarized version of the famous profane classic that T. R. most lamentably misquoted":

If Col. Roosevelt, asked to comment on the defeat of Mr. Hughes, really said to a correspondent: "I am in the same position as the mate to whom the captain of a New Bedford ship said: 'What I want from you, sir, is silence and d—n little of that,'" he showed depressing ignorance of a great New England classic.—Boston Globe.

Dear Globe—Please print the "great New England classic," and refresh our memories and enlighten those of us who do not happen to know the story.

Boston. C. W. Irving.

'Twas on the whaler Mozambique, a hundred and forty days at sea an, not a drop of ile in the tanks. An' I wuz forrard, an' I hears the man in the crow's nest say: "Thar she blows!" An' I goes aft, an' I says: "Cap'n Simmons," says I, "the man on the lookout says: 'Thar she blows.' Shall I lower?" He tuk a look at the clouds, Cap'n Simmons did, an' he says: "Mr. Simms," says he, "it's a-blowin' quite too peart, an' I don't see fitten for to lower." An' I went forrard. An' the man on the lookout sings out again: "Thar she blows and spouts!"

An' I goes aft. An' I says to Cap'n Simmons, says I: "Cap'n Simmons," says I, "thar she blows and spouts. Shall I lower?" An' Cap'n Simmons, he says to me, says he: "Mr. Simms," says he, "as I told you once before, the wind is blowin' quite too peart, an' I don't see fitten to lower." An' I went forrard. An' the lookout hailed again. "On deck, sir," says he. "Thar she blows, an' spouts, an' breaches!"

An' I goes aft. "Cap'n Simmons," says I, "thar she blows, an' spouts, an' breaches! Shall I lower?" An' Cap'n Simmons, he says, says he: "Mr. Simms," says he, "I've told you twice already that it's a-blowin' quite too peart, an' I don't see fitten for to lower!" An' I went forrard. An' I hears the man on the lookout say: "Thar she blows, an' spouts, an' belches, an' breaches, an' sperm at that!"

An' I goes aft. "Cap'n Simmons," says I, "thar she blows, an' spouts, an' belches, an' breaches, an' sperm at that! Now shall I lower?" An' Cap'n Simmons, he tuk another look at the scuddin' 'clouds, an' he says to me, says he: "Mr. Simms," says he, "It's a-blowin' right smart peart, an' I don't see fitten for to lower; but you may lower if you like, an' be damned to ye!"

An' I went forrard, an' sings out for volunteers, an' the boys just tumbles over each other a-droppin' into the boat. An' I tuk the steerin' oar aft, an' we chased that critter into the middle of the next watch. "Way enough, boys," says I. "Now put me just three seas nearer an' give me the iron, because I'm hell on the long dart." An' they gin me the iron—an' I socked it to her—an' it tuk. Down she goes, an' the rope fairly smoked as it payed out of the tub an' aroun' the roller. Up she comes, clost alongside, an' I give her the lance, an' that settled her.

Cap'n Simmons, he'd worked the ship to wind'ard, an' thar he laid, clost alongside, with his yards backed. He done it smart an' handy, I'll give him credit for that. An' when we tows alongside, thar stood Cap'n Simmons at the gangway with tears in his eyes as big as fishballs.

An' he says. "Mr. Simms," says he, "forty years," says he, "I've sailed the seas," says he, "as man an' boy, an' you're the best fust mate I ever see. You're the finest mate that ever sailed on the good ship Mozambique, or as ever I sailed shipmates with. Mr. Simms," says he, "down in my cabin, in the forrard till of the port locker, you'll find whiskey, gin, terbacker, an' the best New England rum. Them's yourn for the rest of the v'y'ge."

An' I says to him, says I: "Cap'n Simmons," says I, "I don't want your whiskey, nor your gin an' your terbacker, nor your best New England rum. All I wants from you, sir, for the rest of this v'y'ge, is ser-vil-i-tee, and that of the blank-blankest cheapest kind!" An' I went forrard.

DEC. 8—1918

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Regarding the Mate Who Wanted "Ser-vil-i-tee." (2)

[Continued from First Page]

about the statement of the New Bedford whaling captain to his mate has confounded two classics, committing a fault analogous to that of confounding Virgil's Æneid with the Georgics. It was the mate of a whaler who, after a time of stress with whales, stated that all he wished from the captain was "see-vility"* and that of the damndest commonest kind; whereas it was on another and entirely different occasion that the captain of a whaler addressed a refractory mate with the statement that "All I want from you is silence—and damn little of that."

It is a matter of profound regret to me to see the New Bedford Mercury falling from grace in such fashion as to ignore even the fact that these are two totally distinct stories. For the information of the New Bedford Mercury I will state that while I cannot myself claim whaling ancestry, yet that my children number both Coffins and Starbucks among their forebears. The two anecdotes are as I have given them; but I am not able to state with precision who among the four characters were Coffins and who were Starbucks.

Nantucket papers please copy.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Oyster Bay, November 27.

*In some versions this is pronounced with the long i—"si-vility."

In the same issue the Sun dips a little deeper into the controversy and claims editorially to have the exact record of this interesting bit of Nantucket history. The Sun's editorial is as follows:

The Colonel, as Is Often the Case, Is Right!

In a communication printed in another column of The Sun, Colonel Roosevelt disposes once and forever of certain rash critics who have questioned the exactitude of his recent reference to a certain incident in the history of New Bedford whaling. We congratulate him upon the analytical skill and authoritative brevity with which he differentiates two entirely distinct and unrelated anecdotes; namely, that of the captain who enjoined upon his mate a profane minimum of respectful silence, and that of the mate who so nobly scorned the conciliatory offer of his superior officer when he, the mate, had finally brought the whale alongside after having his professional judgment aspersed by the captain.

There is no subject, with the possible exception of the Fourth Dimension and the deathbed remark of Heinrich Heine, upon which there has been so much confusion of thought and inaccuracy of information. Colonel Roosevelt has added to his many eminent public services another of no small importance.

While he is wholly right as to the main point, the separate entity of the silence anecdote and the civility anecdote, we must venture to indicate to him a slight departure from the accepted and orthodox version when he reports the mate as replying to the captain that all he wanted was "see-vility, and that of the damndest commonest kind." What the mate axed of the captain (and our decorous types shall not shrink from the performance of their full duty) was "a little see-vility, and that of the commonest god-damned kind." The precise phraseology of the aggrieved mate's dictum was first established, we believe, by the laborious but pleasurable researches of the late Francis Hopkinson Smith in Bristol, Barnstable and Dukes counties, Massachusetts, and on Nantucket. The results of Mr. Smith's investigations were embodied by him in an invaluable monograph, long preserved in the archives of the Tile Club. When that learned society came to untimely dissolution the authentic record passed into the possession of The Sun.

It is not surprising that even Colonel Roosevelt should go slightly astray in reporting from hearsay the language employed by the mate in the see-vility story. There are many variant versions, as was shown seven or eight years ago when we printed an exhaustive series of controversial articles on the subject. So careful a scholar as Will Hicok Low departs somewhat from the recognized text when he tells, in "A Chronicle of Friendships," how Robert Louis Stevenson heard with immense joy in France the narrative as told by American lips.

As has been said, the exact record is in the custody of this establishment. We have the facts, the remarks verbatim, and even the names (although unfortunately not the date); and these are quite at Colonel Roosevelt's service if his historical activities take him further into this interesting field.

[Perhaps Brother Starbuck, the acknowledged authority on Nantucket's whaling history, may find in the above something which actually merits his attention.—Ed.]

(1) Once More the Immortal and Profane Whaler.

From the New Bedford Mercury.

"I can only reply to your request by quoting the remark of the old New Bedford whaling captain to his mate," said Theodore Roosevelt last evening to a group of reporters at the Langdon Hotel, when asked to comment upon the result of the election.

"As you may recall," continued Mr. Roosevelt, smiling, "the captain's remark was this:

'All I want out of you is silence, and d—n little of that.' "

This is a fuddled version of the famous New Bedford whaling story. Mr. Roosevelt frequently undertakes to tell it and uses a mongrel version of the classic. There are many variants upon the story. They were swapped by The Morning Mercury and The Sun in the course of a long-drawn-out controversy several years ago.

At the time it was proposed that the variants should be taken in hand and standardized. This was never done, but there were points in all the versions upon which there were universal agreement. Mr. Roosevelt's hybrid version agrees with none of them. We do not propose to re-open a question which will spoil good neighborhoods, but we will say that the famous remark—whatever it was—was made by the mate to Cap'n Coffin and not by the captain to the mate.

It was "see-vility," not "silence," that the mate wanted of the captain. "I don't want your whiskey, no more your cigars," said the mate to the captain. "All I wants out of you, Cap'n Coffin, is see-vility, and that of the commonest, d—ndest kind." The other termination is, "All I wants out of you, Cap'n Coffin, is see-vility, and I wants d—n little of that." The latter climax, which Roosevelt employs, is declared to be Hibernian rather than Yankee. We cannot permit such a careless quotation to pass unchallenged.

Roosevelt Says "Nantucket Papers Please Copy."

This little controversy relative to the "whaler classic" is really getting interesting. In its issue of Wednesday last Theodore Roosevelt comes back at the New York Sun in the following communication:

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: I regret to say that your correspondent who takes exception to my quotation

Continued on Third Page.

1912

Twenty-seven Whales.

To be exact, was the number taken by the brig Daisy, of New Bedford, during the sixteen-thousand-mile voyage which Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, assistant curator of the American Museum of Natural History, will describe by word and picture, under the auspices of the Nantucket Historical Association, in the Unitarian church, on Wednesday evening, July 26th.

No good Nantucketer should miss this event as the opportunity may never again be afforded to see with one's own eyes, just how whaling was done, and to hear all the various operations described by one who had a part in them and who knows how to make the story as interesting as it is graphic.

President Gilbert Grosvenor, of the National Geographic Society, writes Dr. Murphy:

"Yours is the ideal lecture; full of meat, humor, beautiful pictures—and excellently delivered. I have heard many enthusiastic comments on the interest of your talk and the clearness with which you imparted the information. Please advise me whenever you have a new lecture."

The Explorers Club of New York, the Essex Institute of Salem, and the Brooks Club of New Bedford are among the many organizations where Dr. Murphy has been enthusiastically received, showing that his lectures are of no less interest to the practical men of affairs who have themselves participated in many of the events he describes than to audiences of a more purely scientific character.

Few towns of the size of Nantucket have enjoyed the rare privilege of hearing this speaker, and it is a matter for congratulation that we are to be so favored.

1912

When the Whale Sank the Kathleen.

Capt. Thomas Jenkins, the veteran whaleman who died at New Bedford last week, wrote the account of the loss of the Kathleen in 1902, when she was struck by a maddened whale, the manuscript being in the possession of the editor of the Mercury. The story will call to the minds of Nantucketers the loss of the whaleship Essex nearly a century ago. Captain Jenkins, of the Kathleen, wrote:

"A few days after March 17, 1902, was one of the finest whaling days I have ever seen—smooth water and a clear sky. At 1 p. m. the man aloft raised white water, which proved to be sperm whales—a lot of them—heading one way and another. When we got within a mile of them we lowered four boats, and soon after Mr. Nichols, the first mate, struck a whale. The other whales went to leeward, and I followed them with the ship till I was sure the boats saw them.

Mr. Nichols then had his whale dead, about one mile to windward, so I came to wind on the port tack; but it took us some time to get up to the mate, as we could not carry any foretopsail or flying jibs, as the topmast had given out. Mr. Nichols had wafed his whale and was chasing others. I ran the ship alongside of the dead whale, and after darting at him two or three times managed to get fast and get him alongside. Just then it was reported the boats to leeward were out of sight

I went up to the topmast crosstrees and sat down to look for the missing boats. I then heard a whale spout off the weather beam, and glancing that way, saw sure enough, a large whale, not more than 500 feet from us, coming directly for the ship. Mr. Nichols was alongside, just going to hoist his boat.

I told him there was a whale, a big fellow, trying to get alongside and to go and help him along. He took him head and head and did not get fast. I do not know why. He was certainly near enough, the boat steerer said too near, and did not have a chance to swing his iron.

Instead of that whale going down, or going to windward as they most always do, he kept coming for the ship, only much faster than he was coming before he was darted at. When he got within 30 feet of the ship he saw or heard something and tried to go under the ship, but he was so near and was coming so fast he did not have room to get clear of her.

He struck the ship forward of the mizzen rigging and about five or six feet under water. It shook the ship considerably when he struck her. Then he tried to come up, and he raised the stern up some two or three feet, so when she came down her counters made a big splash.

The whale came up on the other side of the ship and lay there and rolled; did not seem to know what to do. I asked the cooper if he thought the whale had hurt the ship any, and he said he did not think so, for he had not heard anything crack.

A few minutes later one of the men went to the forecastle to get some dry clothes and he found the floor covered with water. He cried out and then I knew that the ship must have quite a hole in her. I immediately ordered flags set at all three mastheads, a signal for all boats to come on board, under any and all circumstances.

I set two gangs at work getting bread and water and then went to the cabin and found Mrs. Jenkins reading. She did not know there was anything the matter with the ship. I told her the ship was sinking, to get some warm clothing as soon as she could, but not to try to save anything else. The first thing she did was to go for the parrot and take him on deck. Then she got a jacket and an old shawl.

By that time it was time to take to the boat, which we did without any confusion whatever. There were 21 of us in the boat and she was pretty near the water, so deep that the water came over the centre-board, so that some of us had to keep bailing all the time, while the rest were paddling down to the boat that was still lying down by the whale. The ship rolled over to windward five minutes after we got clear of her."

The ship's company was distributed among the other boats and a course was laid for Barbadoes, 1060 miles away. The following day a steamer picked up the boat's crew. Another boat, which carried 10 men, reached Barbadoes nine days later, the men having subsisted for that period on a little ship bread and five gallons of water.

Only two other vessels were ever sunk by whales—the ship Ann Alexander in 1850, and the Essex in 1820.

MAR. 5—1904

New Bedford Towboats.

The recent arrival at that port of the new tugboat J. T Sherman and the prospective retirement from active service of the old tug Nellie, mark an epoch in towboat history of New Bedford which the Standard thinks worthy of special mention, and the issue of Saturday last contained a lengthy article on the subject, from which we clip the following paragraphs of interest to the people of Nantucket. The Standard says:

"To speak of the history of New Bedford towboats is, in some ways, to review the whole history of local steamboating, a subject which has been already treated fully in local print, and more fully than the scope of this article will permit. But, since early steamboats of all classes attended to local towing before there was sufficient need to employ regular specific tugs, any consideration of towboats must start at the beginning of things. From earliest times and down to comparatively recent days, the New Bedford whaling captain scorned such a thing as a towboat; if he couldn't hoist his sails at the wharf with the picturesque song of the bo'sn and sail proudly out of port independent of prosaic steam, he felt himself deficient. And in the days when quarantine and immigration laws were less stringent, it was the custom for a skillful master mariner to lay his ship alongside the wharf and proudly claim that he had personally brought his voyage to a successful end. Compared with the wheezy, puffing steam tug the old days certainly appeal to the romantic side of one with striking force.

In the old days the Vineyard boats, and even the Fairhaven ferry, advertised their schedules with considerable elasticity, claiming the right to do towing in conjunction with their regular trips. The man who started for the Vineyard or Nantucket was likely to arrive hours later than he had contemplated, because the steamer would divert her course and tow some whaleship out to sea past the Hen and Chickens lightship. And if it suited the pocketbook of the company, a day's trip might be omitted for the same reason. In this way every steam craft was a towboat.

It may not be generally known, but so far as the writer has been able to discover, New Bedford had a steamboat within a decade from the time when Fulton first steamed up the Hudson in his experimental Clermont. And, strange as it may seem, this pioneer came into port via Nantucket. If there were earlier steamers here, no recorded trace of them remains. On May 5, 1818, the steamboat Eagle made her first trip from this port to Nantucket with passengers, succeeding the previous system of sailing packets. She caused a tremendous sensation, and her feat of making the trip in eight hours, twice what is now occupied, was the marvel of the day. Her prospects seemed extremely bright, but their realization was far from what it should have been. In August the line was discontinued and sailing packets resumed their sway.

In 1829 Nantucket had about reached the pinnacle of its prosperity, and the demand for a steamboat was strong. Jacob Barker, who was a resident of New York, purchased the Marco Boz-

zaris, built in 1826, and on May 1st sent her to Nantucket to run between that port and New Bedford. Edward H. Barker was her master and recorded owner, though his brother probably furnished the money. Something of the size of this craft may be appreciated when it is stated that the Monohansett is of 489 tons, while the Marco Bozzaris was only of 129 tons. The Marco Bozzaris had been on her route only a month when her boilers gave out and she had to return to New York, where new ones were fitted. She ran until 1831, when she was sold to New Bedford, and remained in these waters many years.

In 1832 the Nantucket Steamboat company was organized to run between New Bedford and Nantucket, and the Telegraph was built and placed in command of Captain E. H. Barker. She was the first steamboat owned in Nantucket. In turn she was commanded by Captain Lot Phinney and Captain James H. Barker. Till September 26, 1854, she ran on her original line, but was then changed to Hyannis, to which point the Old Colony had extended its line of railroad, the nearest point to Nantucket. After 1842, the Telegraph was used as a spare boat, her regular place being taken by the Massachusetts. The old Telegraph, when she became so decrepit as to have bad repute, was renamed "Nebraska," and in 1858, when both had been replaced by the more familiar Island Home, they were both sold to parties in Keyport, N. J. These two old boats were unique in having upright beams instead of walking beams.

When the Nantucket boat took up her route to Hyannis instead of to this port, the Vineyard was left without a steamboat, and for a time the New Bedford & Marthas Vineyard Steamboat company chartered and ran the steamer George Law, first to Nantucket and later only to the Vineyard. In 1854, however, this charter was cancelled, for the company had built at New York a new steamer, called the Eagle's Wing. She was of 409 60-95 tons, by far the largest boat owned in these parts up to that time. In the summer of 1861, however, she was burned off Rocky point, Providence river. Some of her machinery was saved and entered into the Monohansett when that craft was built to replace her.

In 1862 the Monohanset was built at the yard of Thomas Collier, Forty-second street, New York city, and came here soon after launching. She arrived in July, 1862, but was on her line only three weeks, when she was chartered by the government and went south. It is said that her first charter, which ran five months, was $500 a day, a gilt-edge proposition for her owners."

1912

Ambergris Which Has and Has Not Been Found.

From the Boston Globe

When New Bedford people read that Clarence Grinnell, keeper of the Seaconnet Point Golf Club, had picked up on Seaconnet Beach, a chunk of ambergris weighing 12 pounds, which he had been assured by chemists at Brown University was worth $150 an ounce, they knew that the man would turn up there, because most of the ambergris in the world is marketed through that port. They were also skeptical whether it would turn out to be ambergris.

The New Bedford authorities have read many times of finds of ambergris. When the finders come to have their hopes verified they are disillusioned ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

Ambergris or not, they knew it was not worth $1800 a pound, because the record price of an exceptionally fine piece is $500 a pound, and the average lot sells for from $100 to $250 a pound. The best expert is Augustus G. Moulton, for many years connected with the old whaling firm of J. & W. R. Wing. Mr. Moulton is not a chemical expert, but depends upon the results of his experience in handling most of the ambergris that has been brought to this port for a number of decades.

He knows the general appearance, its consistency, and if he doesn't always know to a certainty whether a sample is ambergris, he can be relied upon to know what is not ambergris.

Mr Grinnell, the finder of the alleged ambergris at Seaconnet, brought his treasure to Mr. Moulton, who told him for a certainty that his find was not ambergris. Ambergris resists penetration by a needle, as does wax, but that quality was lacking in the sample from Seaconnet. A toothpick penetrated it as easily as it would penetrate butter and Mr. Moulton pronounced the stuff valueless.

Mr. Moulton has had a number of interesting experiences in identifying ambergris. A number of years ago the firm of J. & W. R. Wing received a 12-pound lump from a whaling station at the Azores. Mr. Moulton regarded it as ambergris, although it was different from any he had ever seen. It was submitted to Dodge & Alcott, chemists of New York, who deal in ambergris, and they offered $8 an ounce for it, which was accepted. A draft for $800 was forwarded the man who sent it. He had difficulty in getting the draft cashed until he explained how he came by it, and his hopes of cornering the entire catch, which was much larger, were ruined.

From that time on various lots from the same catch were sent to the Wings, but the chemists refused to take any more, saying that the lot they bought was worthless. Some time afterwards Mr. Moulton learned the secret of the peculiar quality, which lay in the fact that those who took it boiled it to preserve it and thereby ruined it.

Some years ago a chemist discovered what he thought would be a satisfactory substitute. It was manufactured and sold for $100 a pound, but while it served the same purpose for a short period, it lost its effectiveness after a while, and the perfumers went back to ambergris.

Just now there is a scarcity of the supply and a find would bring a good price. A short time ago a woman brought a piece of what she believed to be ambergris. It was so marked and was found in a sea chest which had belonged to the woman's brother. Mr. Moulton doubted if it was ambergris, it was so dry, but the woman said it had been in the chest in the attic for 40 years. A sample was forwarded to the New York chemists. They agreed they did not know what it was, but they were certain it was not ambergris.

The largest lot ever taken was by Capt. James A. M. Earle, while in the bark Superior, off Australia. The lump weighed nearly 1000 pounds, and it was years before it was disposed of. The last large lot taken weighed about 100 pounds and was secured from a whale on the coast of Africa, the brig Viola and the bark Bertha being mated and dividing the catch. The piece was light gray in color and extra fine in quality. It brought nearly $300 a pound.

A $10,000 Catch.

1917

From the New Bedford Standard.

With 380 barrels of sperm oil in her hold, the whaling schooner Ellen A. Swift, Captain George Dunham, came up the river Tuesday afternoon and docked at Merrill's wharf. It was only a "plumb puddin' voyage" of less than three months to the Hatteras grounds, yet its catch at present war prices is worth approximately $10,000, and not a single boat was lost.

The last sperm oil sold here brought 85 cents a gallon. An oil cask contains approximately 31½ gallons—so that the catch of 380 barrels contains about 11,970 gallons, worth at wholesale $10,174.50. Not a bad return for a voyage which began on May 13th last!

1917

ORNING, AUGUST 4, 1917

Viola Brought Home Cargo Worth $72,000.

Whaling brig Viola, Captain Joseph Luiz, arrived at New Bedford Tuesday afternoon from a voyage to the Atlantic ocean which has lasted just 10 months and four days, with a cargo valued at just over $72,000.

She has taken on the voyage nearly 1300 barrels of sperm oil worth at the present selling price 85 cents a gallon, and 121 pounds of valuable ambergris worth about $37,000.

The Viola sailed September 27th last year and proceeded south, and late in January was off the River Platte, where she had picked up a good start of her large take of sperm oil. Late in January or the first of February, she saw a German craft, which was cruising about the River Platte mouth, but the German, although sailing quite close to the whaler several times, didn't offer to bother the American brig.

A few days after seeing the German for the last time, Captain Luiz's vessel was boarded by a British cruiser, who inquired if he had seen a German craft, and then the British lieutenant who had come to the Viola in a boat, informed Captain Luiz that it was a German raider, and that she had sunk many vessels, and that as war was imminent between the United States and Germany that Captain Luiz had better be on the lookout.

"I immediately had cold feet," said Captain Luiz, "and not wishing to lose my big catch of ambergris and sperm oil, which at that time amounted to over $50,000, I sailed away from the vicinity, so that the German wouldn't be tempted to take my vessel. I proceeded to the western ground, where I found good whaling, but the weather was rough, preventing lowering many times when whales were seen. What whales the Viola captured were fairly good sized. I left the western ground for home on July 4th, and had a rough passage."

Schooner Valkyrie, was seen June 28th, having taken 130 barrels sperm oil. Schooners Arthur V. S. Woodruff and William A. Graber, were seen on the western grounds six weeks ago, having taken no oil. They were just out from home.

The Viola has been an extremely lucky vessel, and she sailed on her first voyage just seven years and three days ago. She has made four voyages in that time, and has brought into port 9000 barrels of sperm oil, and 270 pounds of ambergris.

The Viola will be immediately fitted out for another voyage to sail in about a month or five weeks. Captain Luiz will probably sail in command of her.

1913

Whalers Get Ambergris.

From the New Bedford Mercury.

A cablegram to J. & W. R. Wing, reports the arrival at St. Helena, last Thursday, of the bark Charles W. Morgan, Captain Church, with a catch of 700 barrels of sperm oil, and 15 pounds of ambergris. This makes a total catch for the Morgan of 2,425 barrels sperm oil since she sailed from here May 10, 1911.

A letter from Captain Lopes, of the schooner A. E. Whyland of this port, reports her at Dominique April 22nd. He reports the following whalers with their catches:

	Barrels
Bark Bertha	400
Schooner Carleton Bell	550
Schooner T. Towner	500
Schooner Mystic	200
Bark Alice Knowles	600
Brig Viola	800
Schooner Valkyria	160
Schooner Cameo	600
Schooner A. E. Whyland	370
Schooner J. R. Manta	350
Schooner A. V. S. Wooudruff	550

The Whyland had taken 50 pounds of ambergris, which was not first class, only medium grade.

1913 Whaling Season Yields Great Return.

1/24 1914

The whaling season of the year just ended has been one of the most successful on record, and it is estimated that the yield of oil amounted to about 800,000 casks. Norwegian enterprise was chiefly responsible, particularly in the Southern Hemisphere.

There is a fear the industry is being overdone, and it is probable steps will soon be taken for the purpose of putting a stop to indiscriminate slaughter. The colonial secretary, acting in co-operation with the Natural History Museum, has sent a mission to South Georgia Island, in order to investigate the conditions under which whaling is carried on there, and, so far as the Falklands are concerned, it is understood that the issue of the new licenses has ceased.

An international conference on the subject has been proposed, and it is likely that one will be held next year.

Jan. 24 1914

AUG. 15-1914

Home With 2,700 Barrels.

Whaling schooner Mystic arrived at New Bedford last Saturday morning.

The Mystic, a three-masted schooner of 203 tons, left New Bedford, October 3, 1910, and the shipments already made, together with the 275 barrels of oil aboard at the present time, bring the total for the voyage up to 2700 barrels.

The captain reported a rather uneventful voyage, although at times heavy seas have been experienced, with the crews working at the pumps every two hours. There were 33 on board, including the captain and his wife.

On account of the activities of foreign warships along the coast, the first question asked of the Mystic's captain when seen by reporters was as to whether he had seen any of the vessels. The captain reported seeing a torpedo boat destroyer Friday and this was believed to have been a United States boat patrolling local waters. He heard heavy cannonading all day Friday.

The Mystic reports that she saw the Greyhound on June 12, the Nicholson on June 14, and the Morning Star on the 28th, but none of them reported exceptional luck.

The Mystic left Dominique April 23 and ran into Statia four days later for provisions.

SEPT. 4, 1909

Catch Worth $12,000.

With every cask filled with sperm oil, the whaling schooner Valkyrie, Capt. John A. Cook, has just returned to New Bedford from a "plum pudding" voyage on the Atlantic ocean.

When Capt. Cook, owner and master of the schooner, a year ago predicted that he could take a small vessel and "fill her in less than no time by making a plum pudding voyage in the Atlantic" his friends smiled at him and at his enthusiasm, for they well knew that the last time he did whaling, and at which he was engaged 20 years, was chasing the bowhead in the cold climates, vastly different whaling from skirting the edge of the gulf stream for the playful sperm.

He interested Erskine Clement of Boston, and together they bought the fishing schooner Valkyrie and fitted her out. Now the schooner has returned with a catch worth $12,000. She has only been gone since April 27. This catch amounts to 650 barrels of oil.

She visited the Western and the Hatteras grounds. Plenty of choppy weather was encountered, but the whales were plentiful and tame.

1945

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Scientists Claim Modern Whaling Will Exterminate Whales.

In the October 22d issue of *Time* magazine is an interesting article on modern whaling. The arrival in New York harbor last week of 2 Norwegian whalers, the huge 22,000-ton ship *Sir James Clark Ross*, and the smaller *Thorshammer*, to be fitted out for voyages to the Antarctic whaling regions, touched off the question as to whether or not the modern whaling methods would ultimately exterminate the whale in antarctic seas.

Time's article reads as follows:

"Once the U .S. had been the world's greatest whaling nation. In the 1840's as many as 735 ships and 40,000 men went out from narrow New England ports to hunt in the seven seas. The incredibly hard life which inspired Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* also inspired less printable tales.

"With the rise of the oil industry, the number of whalers dropped. Yet the catch swelled enormously. Romance gave way to cold, scientific slaughter, chiefly to supply soap and oleomargarine makers. Whale-ships became enormous floating factories, fed by small, 150-ft. killer ships firing harpoons tipped with explosive shells.

"The whales are jerked aboard the factory ship through a hole in the stern, cut up and rendered into whale oil in a few gory, noisome hours.

"By 1938, the low pay of foreign whalers had put all but two U. S. ships out of business. Harpooners, who reportedly have made as much as $125,000 a season, were so scarce in the U. S. that Norwegian killer ships had to be hired. Then Congress, prodded by a farm bloc, delivered the final thrust. In 1939 it slapped a 3c-a-pound tax on all oil from whales caught by foreign killer ships after the 33 floating factories had made the greatest kill ever—some 64,000 whales. Forced to quit, the two U. S. whaleships were sold, one to Argentina, the other, eventually, to the Japs.

"War, which scattered the international whaling fleet, caught the U. S. short of sperm oil, badly needed for lubricating delicate submarine instruments. Most of the British and Norwegian whalers were converted into tankers and sunk or captured. But the *Sir James Clark Ross* and *Thorshammer* managed to sneak past the Nazis and arrived in U. S. ports. ....They were escorted by the Navy and hunted whales for the U. S. off Peru and in the Antarctic for three seasons, and brought in a total of 263,000 barrels of oil, worth nearly $8,000,000.

"With Europe starved for fats, Britain and Norway are hustling to get big fleets operating again. Norway expects to send another three or four ships into the Antarctic this season. Britain launched three new whalers last summer (one for Norway) at a cost of some $4,500,000 apiece. With two captured Nazi ships, Britain expects to have three factory ships operating this season.

"In addition to oil, Anglo-Norwegian whalers, hunting near their home ports, hope to bring back whale meat for butcher ships, boast that a new method of quick-freezing makes it as tender as beef.

"Already counting on getting 150,000 tons of whale oil this season, (worth $27,000,000 at present prices), whalers hope to have a $30,000,000-a-year business before many years have passed. They intend to ask, at the meeting next month, for a relaxation of the international whaling agreement, which now restricts kills to 16,000 blue-whale units (two fin whales or two and a half humpbacks are counted as one blue-whale unit). They argue that with fewer ships, tight restrictions are no longer necessary.

"But zoologists feel differently. Tall, husky Robert Cuchman Murphy, the Curator of Oceanic birds at Manhattan's Museum of Natural History, and top U. S. expert on whales, last week predicted: if the floating factories again make their heavy prewar kills, commercial whaling will come to an end in five years."

* * * * *

Fifty years ago, veteran Nantucket whalemen stated that if the harpoon or bomb-gun and steam-whalers were developed in the same ratio as the 19-century sperm whaling, the whales in every sea would be pursued to extinction. Observers aboard the U. S. factory-whaler in 1938 declared that the addition of ten more such ships to the fleets of the various countries represented, would wipe out the Antarctic whales in less than a dozen years.

1945

APRIL - 1922

"Whale Oil Gus" Heard From Again.

From the Pasadena, Cal., News.

An interesting visitor in Pasadena this week is Capt. A. E. Folger, better known as "Whale Oil Gus." Sea captain, whale hunter, linguist and story teller, he is known in many parts of the United States, having lectured in nearly every city in the country—and been royally received, too.

Capt. Folger is visiting old friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Goodfellow, 855 East Villa street, and plans to be here until Tuesday. "Li'l Monday" is with him and Pasadenans will recall having heard them at the Y. M. C. A. three or four years ago.

Capt. Folger has with him an assortment of harpoons, whaling guns, hand lances, bomb lances, darting guns, kite harpoons, blubber boarding, leaning and mincing knives, cutting spades, whale bone, whale teeth, and many other interesting relics. One of the harpoons shown by the captain belonged to his grandfather, Captain Alexander C. Swain of Nantucket, Mass., which is also his own home. This harpoon is 100 years old, the captain says, and there are only two others in the world like it. One of these is in Washington, D. C. and the other is in New York.

According to Capt. Folger there are twenty-seven kinds of whales in the water and only one kind has teeth. The other twenty-six have 365 bones on each side of the jaw and from each of them hangs a strand of hair. Whales live on a fine animal which floats in masses on the water like red dust. It is called bret. The whale strains the water through these hairs and retains the bret, blowing out the water through his spout-hole.

Capt. Folger goes on to say, "I have seen $9000 worth of bone taken from one animal. You know the whale is an animal, I suppose? Most people don't. The whale suckles its young and the little whale is able to swim with its mother as soon as born.

"A whale's ear is the size of a lead pencil, and his eye is not bigger than a cow's. He can hear a noise twelve miles away. A half century ago whalebone was worth about 20 cents a pound. Now it is worth fifty times that price. Whales are being killed off rapidly. Modern slaughter of them is likely to bring about their extermination and they are likely to become as rare as your buffalo.

"My grandfather was a whaler and followed the sea for forty years. The last time he was seen his feet were sticking out one side of a big whale's mouth and his head out of the other. No, he wasn't swallowed. A whale's mouth will hold twenty-five people, but an orange will choke him. So you see we have to take with a grain of salt that story about Jonah being swallowed by a whale.

"In my father's time there were 1200 whalemen sailing out of Nantucket, but the last one went out in the 70's. In the old days Nantucketers thought nothing of seeing folks go up the street with blubber and whale steaks. I think a good, juicy tenderloin from a humpback whale knocks the spots out of anything I ever had on shore."

Capt. Folger has had many thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes. So remarkable are some of his tales that he carries a Bible when he tells them, in order that people may know he speaks the truth. He recounts how on one occasion he fell from the rigging 100 feet to the water. Before the ship could be stopped and a boat lowered, darkness came, and it was not until fourteen hours later that the captain was rescued. By keeping his hands and feet moving he managed to keep afloat, he said.

The captain has for a number of years been making lectures throughout the country and is known far and wide. He carries a pile of letters from educational leaders everywhere endorsing his entertainment as clean, educational and intensely interesting.

Steamer San Blas Hit by Whale Off Nantucket.

You may not believe this story, but the officers of the United Fruit steamer San Blas swear by the great horn-spoon that it is true.

Lagging along Saturday morning, about 80 miles south of Nantucket Lightship with plenty of time to get to Long wharf with a cargo of bananas from Honduras, the Blas suddenly was shaken fore and aft by a bump on the bow.

It was just after 4 o'clock in the morning and the visibility was none too good. The ship has struck a submerged wreck, thought Chief Officer James H. Kerr, on watch.

Capt. George H. Grant jumped to the bridge and took a quick look around.

"Mr. Kerr," said the captain, "do you know what I think has happened?" He glanced over the side and continued:

"We just ran into a whale."

No sign of the whale could be seen, but the water was tinted red, as if from blood.

May 11, 1929-

AUG-26-1911

Home From Two Years' Voyage.

Disgusted with whaling this season on the Hatteras grounds, Captain Senna of the schooner Carleton Bell, turned his vessel's prow homeward bound three or four days ago, and arrived here yesterday afternoon with a catch of 300 barrels sperm oil for the season. He says that the whales seemed to be p'entiful, but he could not get his crew to catch them, they were so wary and shy. He said that he saw whales six times a week ago in a short time and all he was able to get out of the lowerings was a matter of 50 barrels of oil, so he headed for home and at the same time the New Bedford bark Bertha started for her homeward bound trip. The Bertha had taken 450 barrels of sperm oil.

Captain Senna has been out two years and in that time has taken 2,200 barrels of oil, all told. He has had no startling experiences the past season, but last winter on the River Platte grounds he lost two boats in rough weather. A week ago the Bell saw the schooner Ellen A. Swift, but did not ascertain her catch. He also saw the schooner A. M. Nicholson, and a catch of 380 barrels sperm oil was reported for Captain Smith. A letter received in this city yesterday from on board the schooner stated the catch of the Nicholson was 400 barrels, and that she would stay out until September.

Arriving whalers report that the Nicholson has a crazy man on board, a sailor, who is so violently insane that it is necessary to confine him in a straight jacket.—N. B. Mercury, 19th.

JUNE 15-1918

Whalers Told to "Go Home and Stay There."

Two whaleships which arrived at New Bedford, Sunday, reported they had been held up by a German submarine off Cape Hatteras.

Captain J. T. Gonsalves of the schooner A. M. Nicholson said that, on his pleading with the captain of the U-boat that he was a poor man and that the loss of his vessel meant ruin, he was allowed to proceed with his ship and $30,000 cargo of sperm oil unharmed.

After leaving the Nicholson the submarine headed for the schooner Ellen A. Swift, also returning from the whaling grounds, but before reaching her the U-boat commander sighted a steamer and went after her, sending her to the bottom.

Captain Gonsalves of the Nicholson said the submarine suddenly appeared alongside the schooner, June 5, and sent a shot across the bow. In response to commands shouted from the deck of the raider, the crew of 25 men tumbled into their small boats, without pausing even to drop their sails.

They rowed up to within easy talking distance of the submarine, and the German commander asked them the name of the ship and cargo. Captain Gonsalves told him, and added:

"For God's sake, captain, don't sink this vessel. I am a poor man, and it will ruin me. I'm a big owner in her."

"Don't you know that it is a poor time to buy vessel property when people are at war?" the German retorted.

"I bought this craft before the war," Captain Gonsalves told him.

Just then the German caught sight of the Swift, and asked Captain Gonsalves if he knew what she was. When informed that she was also a whaler, the German said:

"You get aboard your vessel, and get home as quick as you can and tell the other vessel to go with you, and don't let me catch you out this way again."

Captain Gonsalves was only too glad to obey and the whaler's men hurried back aboard their ship and cracked on all sail to hasten away from the vicinity lest the submarine's skipper experienced a sudden change of heart. On their way to port they sighted another submarine, or the same one. They explained they did not stop to try to identify her.

The story told by Captain J. T. Gonsalves of the whaling schooner A. M. Nicholson, which arrived safely last Sunday, after having been held up by a German submarine off Cape Hatteras, has excited unusual interest in naval shipping circles. According to the captain, the whaler was spared upon representation by the master that he was the owner and would be ruined if she were sunk. Some naval officers are persuaded that the captain of the U-boat was influenced by a motive not explained by tenderness of heart.

Captain Gonsalves hails from the Cape Verde islands, which at one time were suspected of being the innocent location of a German submarine base. Captain Gonsalves and his crew, who also are Portuguese, have been closely examined by naval officers and all confirmed the captain's story.

4/28/1922

Whale Hunting on Top of United States.

On the shore of the Arctic Ocean at the extreme northern point of Alaska lives a tribe of Eskimos who are declared to be the greatest whale hunters in the world. These hardy natives brave the dangers of the Arctic seas in open boats, skirting treacherous ice floes, facing deadly blizzards in search of game, which they often pursue scores of miles from land.

Whales are hunted in the Arctic in May and June, when the ice fields have broken up and swept southward into Bering Sea, and again in September, before winter seals the ocean with its impenetrable cap of ice. The mammals enter the extreme northern waters when the ice goes out in the spring, and stay until the ice returns. But the Eskimo pursues the whale when it appears early in the season, then turns his attention to seal and duck hunting, returning to the hunt for the mammal in the fall to fill his larder for the long winter.

The Eskimos of the Arctic have strange customs. It has proved difficult to convert them to the ways of the white man. Of the practical arts of the latter, the natives have adopted whale boats and firearms. The methods of hunting are their own.

With sails hoisted to the wind, the boats to the number of 10 or 12, each carrying three or four hunters armed with rifles, depart out upon the Arctic Ocean. They spread out over a vast area fully 50 miles square. Each boat carries a flag, and when a whale is struck, the signal is hoisted, whereupon all the other boats hasten to the assistance of the fortunate hunters. Usually the whale has been killed by the time the other boats come up.

A few of the Eskimo hunters have whaling guns, which shoot an explosive harpoon that instantly kills. Others have only their rifles or spears with markers and buoys consisting of seal skins inflated with air.

When a whale is captured, the boats of the hunters assemble at the scene as quickly as they can. The boats are lined out, with sails up, each towing the other, the dead whale bringing up the rear, and the slow voyage homeward is begun. When shore is reached, the whale must be cut up in the water, since there are not enough men to drag the great carcass up on shore.

When the whaling season is over, each successful hunter gives a na-lu-ka-tak (celebration), with the rest of the villagers as his guests. There is feasting, blanket tossing, and a dance at the end of the program, which often lasts for days. All the old men and women, and the sick Eskimos, are guests of the prince of the whale hunt. Those not able to walk are carried by the men or hauled on sleds to that part of the village selected for the feast.—Lawrence William Pedrose in Popular Mechanics.

1922 Jan. 28

AUG 19-1911

From the Atlantic Whalers.

Captain Joseph T. Edward, of New Bedford, has recently received a letter from Jamaica from his nephew, Captain John T. Edwards, of the schooner Cameo, which had 350 barrels of oil July 20, and reports the following vessels with their respective catches: Schooner Mystic, July 15, 290 barrels; bark Greyhound, July 19, 120 barrels; schooner Pedro Valero, July 11, 250 barrels; schooner Margaret, July 16, 300 barrels; schooner J. R Manta, July 16, 270 barrels; bark Alice Knowles, July 8, 75 barrels; bark Wanderer, July 8, 400 barrels; brig Viola, July 14, 300 barrels; bark Morning Star, July 14, 200 barrels; bark Andrew Hicks, July 14, 200 barrels; brig Sullivan just arrived on the grounds, no report of oil.

OCT. 7-1922

Now Hunt Whales in Fast Motor Boats.

From the New York Sun.

If the old whalers could revisit Cook Strait, they would surely watch with amazement the hunting of whales by their great-grandsons. A century ago the strait that divides the two main islands of New Zealand was a great meeting place of British, American and French whaling ships. It was no uncommon thing, according to log books till in existence, to see seventy or eighty boats put out from the ships and the shore stations when whales were sighted. A strange chapter of New Zealand history was written by the whalers in the wild, rough days prior to the coming of the law in 1840.

The right whales used to come in their thousands to the New Zealand bays. They were regular in their habits before men had thinned their numbers and driven them from accustomed haunts. They arrived off the New Zealand coast from the north in the beginning of May, skirted the western coastline of the North Island, passed between Kapiti Island and the mainland, crossed Cook Strait and entered Cloudy Bay, where numerous deep sounds and inlets gave them a wide choice of secluded waters. Their progress was leisurely. Some of them passed right through Cook Strait and appeared at the Chatham Islands in June. Others went round South Island by way of Preservation Inlet and Foveaux Strait, says the Wellington, New Zealand, correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor.

The whales were all away from New Zealand by the end of October. The fishing therefore, was done during the winter months and as Cook Strait even then was notorious for fierce and tricky weather, the whalers had need to be skillful, resourceful and brave. In 1839, when the industry was at its height, there were at least thirty-seven American whaling ships in New Zealand waters, twelve of them hailing from New Bedford and others from Fairhaven, Warren, New London, Newburyport and Salem and Nantucket.

The harpoon and the lance were the weapons of the old whalers. The heavy boats were rowed by their crews in pursuit of the whales. Following a long fight of the kind made familiar to most people by the writings of F. T. Bullen and other tellers of sea stories the whale often would sink and be lost, or bad weather would compel its abandonment. Both these things figure frequently in the records of the Cook Strait whalers.

Some lineal descendants of the whalers of eighty to a hundred years ago are catching whales in Cook Strait today, but the methods are changed, indeed. Swift motor launches, capable of a speed of 30 knots, have taken the place of the row boats; breech-loading swivel guns, electrically controlled bombs and air pumps have supplanted the harpoon and the lance. One of the traditions of the old days was that the whale was exceedingly acute of hearing and must be approached without noise lest it should take alarm and dive. But experience has shown beyond all question that the racing motor boat, clattering like a machine gun, has a very much better chance of getting within reach of the whale than has the row boat with muffled oars.

A Cook Strait whaling motor boat of 1922 has a crew of two, said to be the smallest whale-hunting complement in the world. The hunt, which sometimes can be viewed from one of the high headlands is a thrilling spectacle. A puff of spray tells of the blowing whale, and the boat, which has been rocking idly in the swell, or sauntering watchfully, jumps suddenly into its racing gait and rushes toward the big, rolling creature.

MAY-19-1910

News From Whalers.

Whaling brig Sullivan, Heggerty, arrived at Fish Bay, Africa, a few days ago with a catch of 1,000 barrels of sperm oil.

Captain Heggerty has been out less than two years, having sailed from this port June 17, 1908, and has taken 2,550 barrels of sperm oil in that time.

News comes by the schooner Richard W. Clark, which arrived yesterday, that the whaling bark Platina of this port, McKenzie, took ten pounds of ambergris on her cruise on the coast of Africa last winter. The Clark brought the valuable lot, worth somewhere between $300 and $500 a pound. It is said to be of first quality.

The Platina lost a sailor by death on her last cruise, James Buckley, who was shipped in Boston. The man had an ailment which the officers of the Platina could not diagnose, and the medicines given him failed to revive him.—N. B. Standard.

FEB. 8-1896

THE BOUNDING BILLOW.

Another of the Old-Time Whalers Is to be Sold and Broken Up.

(San Francisco Call.)

The old whaler Bounding Billow, that for forty-two years has braved "the stormy winds that blow," has probably made her last voyage. She is now being dismantled in Oakland Creek, and as soon as everything that can be taken out of her has been removed, the hulk will be sold to the highest bidder. It will then be taken to California city and burned in order to save the copper and iron.

The old vessel will make a great bon fire, as her timbers are soaked with oil from the thousands of whales taken in the frozen Arctic and the southern seas. With her will go one of the few remaining relics of the old-time fleet that at one time made their headquarters at New Bedford and Nantucket, and brought wealth and prosperity to the inhabitants of those towns. Steam is now driving the "wind jammers" out of the whaling business, and in a few years there will not be a sailing vessel clearing for Point Barrow. Old-time captains who cannot get anybody to fit out a whaler for a cruise say the business is played out, but the successes of the Pacific Steam Whaling company tell a different story.

In her time the Bounding Billow has probably brought more "oil and bone" into this port than any other whaler of the old class. She was almost invariably successful and many a time boatsteerers have paid a bonus to get a chance to ship. The last time she went out was in 1892. She brought back 700 barrels of oil and 7,000 pounds of whalebone, but this did not pay expenses, and as the agents, Wright, Bowne & Co., about that time got into difficulties the vessel was laid up in Oakland Creek. When she was fitted out for her last cruise about $3,000 was spent on her outfit, and it is this sum the receiver of the Wright, Bowne & Co. estate is trying to recover.

The boats, running gear, canned goods, equipments, such as oars, rowlocks, rope, harpoons, etc., have been sold to vessels now fitting out, and the Andrew Hicks will take some of them with her when she sails in a few days. This has raised a row between the owners and the ship-chandlers. The latter say that the sale of these goods is injuring their business, but the receiver says: "I am doing the best I can by the estate of Wright, Bowne & Co., and if you don't like it you can lump it."

By the sale of the Bounding Billow in this way it is expected that quite a large sum will be secured. Had she been sold as a whaler, fully equipped, the chances are that she would not have brought more than $2,500, but with all her equipment gone the chances are that she will bring that sum at auction this week. Her masts, spars, sound timber and old iron and copper will well repay the purchaser.

The Bounding Billow was built at Chelsea, Mass., in 1854. She is 240 tons gross burden, 119 feet long, 27 feet 5 inches broad, 12 feet 2 inches deep, and was originally owned by J. & W. R. Wing of New Bedford. About two months ago there was a prospect of fitting her out for another cruise, but the necessary money could not be raised, so the scheme fell through. Now the old bark's days are numbered.

APRIL-1922

Whaler Greyhound Lost at Sea.

From the New Bedford Standard.

News of the loss of the old whaling bark Greyhound reached this city in a cablegram dated St. Vincent, Friday, March 17. The brief cable reported the total loss of the vessel, with all hands on board saved. Since 1920 the Greyhound has been running as a Cape Verde packet, and her last voyage out of here was last November, when she sailed for the Cape Verde islands. The Greyhound, after arriving in the islands, was doing a trading business to the coast of Africa, and it is understood here that she was lost off the coast of Guinea. The Greyhound was the second oldest whaler afloat, the oldest being the bark Charles W. Morgan, now tied up at Fairhaven.

The bark Greyhound was formerly owned by the J. & W. R. Wing Company, and has been in the pursuit of whales in every sea on the globe. She was sold by the Wings to Captain John A. Cook of Provincetown, and the latter later sold the bark to Samuel Horvitz and Antone F. Sylvia. They removed the bark's whaling gear and sold her as a packet to Jose Antone Andrade in 1920. The bark was built in a New Bedford shipyard.

The cablegram bringing the news of the loss of the bark comes from Andrade, who is now in St. Vincent, and was received here by his nephew, Antone Delgado.

AUG-15-1914

End of the Gay Head.

The whaler Gay Head has gone the way of its quarry. The old bark with the snug to'gallant masts and the Bermuda spanker is piled up on the rocks of West Head in Castle bay, Alaska, and $20,000 worth of sperm boiling is slathered along a mile of foam. Captain and crew of thirty were saved. L. E. James, managing owner, of San Francisco, was notified of the vessel's wreck through the wireless station at Chignik.

It was a famous old ship, the Gay Head. A relic of the whaling days when Honolulu harbor could hardly hold the wooden hulls that scraped against each other in fitting out time, when the lazarette was stocked with okolehao and the price of sperm oil gave every hardy man of the crew a share that made two years whaling almost worth while.

Since the steamships with their forecastle head harpoon guns and the latest slinging and cutting devices have come into fashion, the old-time whalers dropped out, and the Gay Head was one of the last of them.

The Gay Head's skipper, Captain George W. Porter, as well known as his ship, has whaled the Pacific for full thirty years.

AUG. 15, 1914

Whales With Whiskers.

Whales with whiskers are not at all numerous in this part of the world. In fact, it is more than likely that any of the old whalers along the North Atlantic coast would laugh at the suggestion that a whale with whiskers ever had been seen, except possibly in the dreams of nature fakers.

Yet several sets of whale whiskers soon will form part of the collection at the American Museum of Natural History. They were obtained by Professor Roy C. Andrews of the Museum staff, on his 38,000-mile trip through unfrequented parts of the Pacific ocean.

Professor Andrews does not call them whiskers, however. There is some scientific name for them. But whiskers they are, in the common usage of the word, for Professor Andrews says he found the patches of hair growing beneath the lower jaw of several whales which were captured during his Pacific voyaging. The hair grew in heavy tufts.

The tufts were hacked away, roots and all, and were carefully preserved by the professor. They will form one of the most interesting exhibits in the museum's department of aquatic animals.

1911-8-21

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MAY 26, 1945.

Captain Eber Bunker—"Father of Australian Whaling."

One of the pioneer whalemen to the South Seas was Captain Eber Bunker, who took ships out of London following the War of the Revolution, rounding Cape of Good Hope and proceeding to the coasts of New Holland and New Zealand.

In the light of recorded facts there can be little doubt that Captain Eber was the "Father of the Australian Whaling Industry," as many references to him, notably those in Australian and New Zealand newspapers, have definite descriptions of his prowess.

Captain Bunker was of Quaker parentage. He was undoubtedly the same Captain Eber Bunker, of Nantucket, who, with a number of other Nantucketers removed to London subsequent to the Revolution to take out British whalers. Alexander Starbuck has him listed as Captain of the *Pomona* of London, along with Captain Owen Bunker, who commanded the ship *Brothers*, and Captain Tristram Bunker of the *Scorpion*. Over one hundred Nantucket whalemen removed to London and Milford Haven, in Wales, about this time, and an equal number went with William Rotch to establish a Nantucket whaling colony at Dunkirk.

The late W. Frederick Brown, a native of this island who spent most of his life in Australia, became interested in Captain Bunker and talked with some of his descendants at that time—around the turn of this century. He wrote of him as another Nantucket man who had become "transplanted in Australia."

The date of Captain Eber Bunker's birth is thought to be 1762. He took the ship *William and Ann* to Australia in 1790 with "185 involuntary passengers." His most famous voyage was in the *Albion*, in which he made the shortest passage under sail from London to Sydney. It was also in the *Albion* that Captain Eber Bunker took Lieutenant Bowen to Risdon Cove, in Van Dieman's Land, afterwards Tasmania, for which it is stated he received 50 acres on the banks of the Derwent River, said to be the first grant of land in Tasmania.

In 1786, Captain Bunker married Miss Margaret Thompson, daughter of Henry Thompson, Post Captain of the Royal Navy and personal pilot of King George. When Captain Bunker established his country seat in New South Wales, it was called "Collingwood," after hs wife's second cousin, Lord Collingwood, who succeeded Lord Nelson as Commander in Chief of the Royal Navy.

Captain Bunker made a number of excellent whaling voyages in the ship *Albion*. In June, 1802, he sailed from London and three months later was off the New Zealand coast, where he took most of his oil. It was on this voyage that he discovered a group of eight small islands in 24 degrees 5 minutes south latitude. Some of the islands were from two to three miles in length and well wooded. He reported his discovery upon arrival at Sydney in July, 1803.

In 1807 Captain Bunker was in command of the *Elizabeth*, a whaler that was owned by Campbell & Wilson, of London. In 1808 he came into Port Jackson (Sydney)in command of the *Pegasus*, with his wife on board, and he subsequently sailed in an Australian-built ship the *Governor Macquarie*,

King George III received as a present from Captain Bunker a pair of black swans, supposed to have been the first taken to England from Australia. At this time Lord Castlereagh persuaded him to request a grant of land. Captain Bunker was modest in his request and received a few hundred acres at Liverpool, New South Wales, where he built his home. The land is now a suburb of Sydney. He was granted several other areas, one grant being on the Hawkesbury River, some thirty miles north of Sydney, and another in what is now Sydney proper and still bears the name Bunker's Hill from the eminence which once featured its location.

Captain Bunker married three times. Following the death of his first wife, he married the widow of an English officer. His third wife was the widow of Captain Minchin of the 102d Regiment.

He had four sons and two daughters. Three of his sons grew to manhood, and the eldest, Henry Edmund, was lost at sea. James Bunker became a whaler. His eldest daughter, Isabella, married Captain Thomas Laycock, while his youngest daughter Mary Ann Bunker never married.

* * * * *

A member of the present staff of General Douglas MacArthur is Colonel Laurence Eliot Bunker, son of Mrs. Clarence Bunker, of Wellesley Hills, Mass. One day, while poring over a map of Australian waters, he came upon Bunker Islands, off the east coast of Australia, and immediately launched a search to learn if this was a "Nantucket Bunker." Colonel Bunker found a number of articles concerning Captain Eber in the various Australian libraries. As a fitting climax to his search, Colonel Bunker had an interesting experience in Sydney, of which he writes to his mother as follows:

"On our way from Canberra to Sydney, I persuaded the General to stop long enough in Liverpool to see if I could find Captain Eber's grave. St. Luke's is right on the main highway and having been built in 1819 is one of the local antiquities. At first I thought I was going to be quite unsuccessful as there was no sign of a grave near the church. But I found it about a block down the road and there in the front row was the big flat stone which was made much later than the time of his death, as it also commemorates two of his grand-daughters. I found an advertisement in the Sydney Gazette of 20 May, 1824, which ney Gazetter of 20 May, 1824, which read: 'To be let, for the term of three years from the first of July next that valuable and desirable farm known as Bunker's Farm, situate adjoining Liverpool, and bounded by the Georges River....." I haven't seen the photostat of Captain Bunker's chart of his Bunker Islands yet. It is dated 17 of April, 1803."

* * * * *

Colonel Bunker, who is of Nantucket descent, has found many references to the redoubtable Captain Eber in several Australian books and also in a newspaper file at the Mitchell Library in Sydney. At present, the Colonel is with General MacArthur in the Phllippines but hopes to get further opportunity to return to Australia and search for more information about Captain Bunker's earlier experiences in the "land down under."

—E. A. S.

Oldest Whaler Sails Again.

Bark Canton, the oldest whaler in the world, sailed from New Bedford, Thursday, on a South Atlantic ocean whaling voyage, under command of Capt. Valentine Rose.

For 62 years the old blubber hunter has been chasing whales in different oceans, and hardly a league of any of the whaling grounds of the globe has escaped being disturbed by her blunt old prow.

Homely, as compared with the modern clipper built vessels, the old Canton looks dear to the whaleman of years ago who have sailed in her. A dull sailer now, the time was when owned by the Girards of Baltimore she was considered a clipper, and made several voyages to the orient and to the West Indies before being converted into an ocean free lance.

A conservative estimate of the amount of oil taken by the vessel in her voyages is 625,000 barrels, which has averaged over $20 a barrel, which would credit the Canton with $4,500,000 in oil, and nearly half as much in whalebone. APR. 20-1907

ORNING, FEBRUARY 2[3]
1918

Introducing Whale Meat as a Food, Fresh or Canned.

From the New York Post.

Will New York take kindly to whale meat? Will fresh whale at 12½ cents a pound and canned whale at 18 cents a pound prove sufficiently attractive when offered alongside of beef and lamb and pork at double and treble the price to tempt the New York housewife to try the new gastronomic adventure? And having once been introduced, will it succeed in winning a following so that whale stew and whale hash become household bywords and planked whale steak, bordered with samp, appear as a matter of course on the menus of our best hotels and restaurants?

These are questions that ought to be answered in a comparatively short time, for within a few weeks a serious effort is to be made to popularize whale meat as an article of diet, not only in New York, but throughout the United States. It will be in a sense an experiment. It may not succeed. The Americans—notwithstanding the hardships of meatless days and other days that are meatless because the price of meat is getting beyond the reach of many—may nevertheless turn up their noses at whale and refuse to be satisfied with a food that has for years constituted one of the chief articles of diet in Japan. That may happen. On the other hand they may taste of the whale and find it good, and in that event there will be great rejoicing in Mr. Hoover's Food Administration office, which is eagerly awaiting the outcome of the experiment and in the meantime lending all possible encouragement to those who have undertaken it. For among those who have the problem of food conservation in hand it is figured that the Pacific Coast whaling stations are capable of furnishing us with 75,000,000 pounds of whale meat a year—which means that if Americans will consume that much whale meat the demand at home for beef and pork and other meats so sorely needed abroad will be reduced by 75,000,000 pounds.

Even that may seem like a small item, a mere drop in the bucket, when compared with the vast quantities of meat consumed in the United States annually.

Whale meat had its private introduction in New York only a few days ago when a score or more distinguished citizens were invited to an all-whale luncheon prepared by Chef Seraphim Millon of Delmonico's and served at the American Museum of Natural History. The man behind the luncheon was Roy Chapman Andrews, assistant curator of mammals at the Museum, and probably the leading authority on whales in this country. The luncheon was no treat to Mr. Andrews. He has not only hunted and tracked whales half way round the globe, but has eaten whale in Alaska and Japan—lived on whale meat three weeks, in fact—and had even served whale dishes in his home in Bronxville, N. Y., when there were guests present who didn't know they were eating whale and who thought it was mighty good.

The testimony of these initiates was sufficiently favorable to give promise of a far wider popularity for the new food when it begins to arrive in quantity in the New York market.

The only question is, will Americans let a prejudice stand in the way of their getting a first-rate food that is palatable and wholesome and at the same time obtainable at one-half or one-third the price of most other meats?

There is no denying that a prejudice does exist and that this will have to be overcome if whale meat is ever to become a staple in the market. The impression that the whale is a kind of fish is widespread. An attempt on a small scale to introduce fresh whale meat in San Francisco and elsewhere along the Pacific Coast last year resulted in the sale of only 150 tons of the meat. The public seemed determined to class the article with sea food; and to make matters worse most of the dealers kept their whale meat in the same ice boxes and on the same counters with fish, so that the whale meat of commerce did acquire a kind of fishy flavor to which it was not entitled.

Here in the East, with our memories of the glories of the whalers, the prejudice against the whale as a food is most presistent. Hardly a day has gone by since the luncheon at the Museum but Mr. Andrews has received complaints from seafaring men and the like, who insist that whale meat simply cannot be eaten, that it is not food.

"These men," said Mr. Andrews, "are right when they refer to the sperm whale and the so-called right whale and bow-head, which were the varieties of whale that used to be hunted exclusively in the old days. The flesh of the sperm and the right and the bowhead is not fit to eat. These are all the larger sizes of whale, and they are getting scarce. But there are four other varieties—smaller whales—which are good to eat. These are the humpback, which makes the best eating, the finback, the sei whale, and the blue or sulphur bottom, which is not so good as the others, though eatable.

The flesh of these whales looks like beef, only it has a coarser grain. But it doesn't taste like beef at all. It has a gamey flavor, and if served as venison or bear meat it would fool nine men out of ten. I have served it that way at my own table and fooled any number of guests.

There is an oiliness about the meat which can be removed by boiling in water with a dash of soda added. In Japan, where one of the favorite ways of eating it is chopped raw, they don't seem to mind the oiliness, but here in this country the meat will probably be found more palatable with the oil removed. For that reason canned meat is likely to prove more popular than the fresh—in the process of canning the meat is cooked and the oil removed. Canned whale meat requires little or no cooking."

In Japan,where 50,000 tons of whale meat are consumed as food in a year, more than 60 percent. of the whale is sent to market. Mr. Andrews says he watched a 50-ton whale being cut up in Japan, and that 37 tons were extracted for food. The remaining 13 tons—bones,viscera and blubber—were utilized in other ways. There is practically no waste in a whale.

But it will probably be some time before Americans devour quite so much of a given whale. In fact, as a beginning only the choice cuts of the whale—seven or eight tons in all—are to be marketed. This meat, as Mr. Andrews described it, comes from the back of the whale, and corresponds in a sense to the chops of a lamb. But it is not likely that "whale chops" will ever make their appearance on the New York bill-of-fare. Mr. Andrews estimates that one whale chop would furnish enough meat to feed thirty men.

As a matter of fact, when New Yorkers go to market next April and find whale for sale, they will not be expected to order different cuts of the new meat. The fresh meat, shipped here in refrigerator cars, will come in huge chunks—all meat and no bones or fat—and from these the marketman will be able to carve pieces of any size.

Whether fresh or canned, there is nearly as much nourishment in whale meat as in roast beef.

One of the reasons for the prevailing prejudice against whale for food is attributed by Mr. Andrews to the belief that the whale goes about devouring schools of fish and other things which tend to impair the quali-

163.40
163.40
255.00
255.00
10.00

ty and palatability of its meat. This is altogether contrary to the facts, he says.

"The whale does not eat fish," said Mr. Andrews emphatically. "There is a superstition among the fishermen of Norway that whales off the coast are a good sign, because they drive the fish inshore, but this is probably nothing more than superstition. The fact is that rarely if ever is a fish found inside of a captured whale. The chief article of diet of the whale is the shrimp. At a mouthful an average whale can devour a barrel of shrimps, and so long as shrimps are plentiful, the whale will eat nothing else. Once in a long while, when very hungry, the whale has been known to eat herring. But the belief that all manner of deep-sea animals are food for whales is entirely wrong. In the matter of diet, few animals whose flesh we now eat can compare for fastidiousness with the much-maligned whale. It is a cleaner animal by a good deal than our friend the hog and even the steer. No one need be afraid of whale meat on the score of cleanliness."

First shipments of whale meat from the Pacific are expected to reach New York shortly after the opening of the whaling season in April.

Nov. 11-1911

Sunbeam Lost.

News has been received that the old whaling bark Sunbeam, formerly owned by the J. & W. R. Wing company and now in the Cape Verde packet trade, is ashore at Wolfe Island, Darien, Ga., and will be a total loss. The bark Sunbeam, in command of Captain Isaac Azuly, left New Bedford a week or ten days ago for Brunswick, Ga., to load lumber for the Cape Verde Islands. Captain Manuel Ferreira, the owner of the bark, left the city several days ago for Brunswick, to join the bark and make the return trip to the island. There were no passengers aboard the bark and it is believed that the crew escaped safe'y.

The Sunbeam, on her last whaling voyage, made a year or two ago, was one of the oldest whalers sailing from New Bedford. She was built in the middle of the 19th century, and for nearly 50 years sailed out of this port as a whaling vessel. When she was sold by the Wing Company, Captain Silvia purchased her for $1,500, and after making a voyage to the Cape Verde Islands was sold to Captain Azuly and Captain Ferreira.—N. B. Standard.

MAY 6—1911

Bark Bertha's Good Luck.

A cablegram received by Captain James F. Avery reports the arrival of the bark Bertha at Dominique, on Thursday, with 850 barrels of sperm oil on board, taken since the bark left the Azores. During a single day sixteen whales were taken and 185 barrels stowed down. The bark will ship its oil home by the schooner Richard W. Clark and will cruise on the western grounds before returning home in the fall.

With the 55 pounds of ambergris taken by the Bertha, she having divided 110 pounds with the brig Viola, her voyage thus far has been very profitable. The ambergris of which Captain Avery has a sample, the rest being in a vault in Boston, is light gray and of the best quality.

While off the coast of Africa one day last winter, the Bertha hove in signt of the Viola and the Bertha's skipper went on board the new brig for a "yarn." Capt. Vieira cut his visit short, telling Capt. Cook that he couldn't stay longer because he was chasing a school of whales up to windward.

"I'll mate with you," said Cook.

"All right," said Capt. Vieira.

Those half dozen words were better than many legal documents. The third mate of the Bertha struck the whale having the ambergris and it was towed to the Viola to be cut in, the brig being the nearest vessel to where the whale was killed. The whale yielded only fifteen barrels of sperm oil, worth about $240, but the sluggish creature yielded 110 pounds of valuable ambergris, worth at least $60,000, according to experts who have examined the lump. It is the largest lump brought to New England in several years and is of uncommon high quality.—N. B. Standard.

ships, and were very popular as privateers, and later as slavers, opium traders and fruiters.

Some of the logs of these vessels tell of heartbreaking experiences while the ships lay in the "doldrums" for days, slatting idly on a breathless sea— an entry or so about men in irons and the mate suspended from duty.

"Heavy seas running, ship very wet, fore and aft," is all the space the struggle with the Horn in winter gets; and soon the ship is flying northward like a mad thing, with solid seas, slow to part, roaring over the cat-heads, while the spume soars to the lower topsails, and drive, drive, till at last on the ragged horizon the Farrallones loom, sharp and clear.

The log-books reflect the life that existed at sea when the canvas of the clippers whitened the sea lanes from Boston to China, the life that existed before the majestic ships gave place to the iron contraptions which today sail the ocean under the power of steam. A few tattered logs which were kept by captains of vessels in the late 18th and early 19th centuries have also been uncovered. These describe unbelievably long voyages in small vessels and the hardships the crews suffered while battling tempestuous seas thousands of miles from home.

The logs make plain the fact that it was New England only which bred a race of men who could apparently with equal skill, fell timber, build, spar and canvas a ship, load her with their own produce and sail her to any port of the world, return, too, with another cargo and gold enough in the master's cabin to represent a substantial balance of trade.

When once given a chance, the United States merchant marine will again come into its own—though not with the picturesque ships of the past—and the nation become the maritime power for which its position between two great oceans so naturally adapts it. Then will be gathered in a national museum all available records of ships and men that laid the foundations of a great overseas commerce, and high on the roll of fame will be written such ships as the Challenge, Comet, Winged Racer, and Neptune's Car, with those of their builders, Donald McKay, William H. Webb, Samuel Hall and Jacob Westervelt; and such masters as Palmer, Cressey, Waterman and Dumaresq.

The publication of the check-list of ships' logs will prove to be of the utmost value to the student of American maritime history; the writer who is seeking local color for stories of the sea, and articles on the rise and decline of the American merchant marine.

Mrs. Christa H. Holmes of the Historical Records Survey is at present inventorying the logs of Nantucket ships.

SEPT. 4-1937

Log Books of Clipper Ships of the Olden Days.

The glamorous age of the American clipper ship is recalled by the finding in various depositories in Boston, New Bedford, Salem, Dartmouth, and Nantucket, of a vast number of log-books which were kept by captains and mates on adventurous voyages to every port in the Seven Seas.

For many weeks workers on the staff of the Historical Records Survey have been engaged in inventorying these diaries of the sea for the purpose of preparing a check-list of this valuable source material.

The logs for the most part were written when the American merchant marine was at the peak of its supremacy, the age when the exquisite tea-clippers of Donald McKay made the Stars and Stripes the best-known flag in all the ports of the world. There are accounts of mutinies, wrecks, brushes with South Sea pirates and marauding natives, and the hundred and one incidents that are common to the deep-sea sailor, all told in the terse and graphic language, characteristic of ships' officers of the 40's and 50's.

The logs tell of ocean races across the Pacific, around the Horn and across the Atlantic, in which contests the American ships were usually victorious. A wealth of material that would delight the heart of a Joseph Conrad or a Clark Russell, is found in these journals of hard-bitten skippers and chief officers, who sailed through typhoons, hurricanes, and tempests with dauntless hearts to their home ports on the other side of the world.

There are logs of whaling ships out of New Bedford and Nantucket that teem with adventure on every page. Accounts are given of terrific struggles with the monsters of the deep in the far Pacific or amid the palm-clad islands of the Indian ocean, and the long voyage home with bumper cargoes of oil and bone.

There are records of voyages kept by captains and officers of the Baltimore clippers, the forerunners of the magnificent ships that came later. The Baltimore clippers were small

Bark C. W. Morgan Sold.

After ploughing the seas for 75 years after sperm, right, humpback and bowhead whales, the whaling bark Charles W. Morgan, familiar in all oceans of the globe, the oldest whaleship afloat today, has been sold to Capt. Benjamin D. Cleveland, who will fit her for a sea-elephanting voyage.

The Morgan was built for Charles W. Morgan in 1841. After several voyages, she was sold to Edward M. Robinson, who owned her during two more trips for whales.

Later I. Howland, Jr. & Co., took her and sent her out for whales until December 1, 1863, when the Wing Co. purchased her. She has been in constant service ever since and her last time in port was by far the longest time she has ever been idle.

She arrived here August 9, 1913, and has been moored at Fairhaven for the greater part of the time since. There is but little question that the vessel has sailed more miles and caught more whales than any other vessel afloat today. Her history is unequalled by any whale fisherman on either this or the Pacific coast.—N. B. Standard. JUNE 3-1916

SATURDAY MORNING, M

5/16/1942

"Tofa Alii!"

Which is the Samoan for "Farewell Oh Chief!"

The Last Harpooneer has gone over the horizon, the last living thread which held us to the great whaling era has broken and the Island mourns his going. I shall never forget my first meeting with George Grant, my dear and life-long friend.

It was in Wallace Adams' shack on the edge of the Basin; Wallace, the gentle, stood straight as a harpoon all wrapped in a yellow oil-skin apron, rubber boots on his feet, the battered visor of his cap cocked rakishly over his right eye, his hands dancing a quick buttering measure as he husked the shells away, tossing the white meat into a bright tin pail.

He gave me a quiet, shy smile pointing with his scallop knife to an upturned bucket. I sat down and joined the circle of old whalemen who hugged his autumn stove. No one spoke; my entrance had silenced them. I said nothing and waited, knowing that I had as good a right to be there as they did, for I had spent my boyhood wandering over Nantucket's largest farm—the Pacific Ocean. I, too, had been under sail and seen Yankee whalemen in the Bay of Islands on the north island of New Zealand, met Coffins and Macys in Tongatabu, and Starbucks and Folgers all over the South Seas. I had seen weary old whaleships, after interminable four-year voyages, creeping through Golden Gate past grim Alcatraz to land their hard-earned barrels of oil at Meigg's Wharf in San Francisco.

A shadowy figure across from me leaned forward and spat into the pot-bellied stove. He spoke icily through pursed lips.

"Heard tell you've been to Samoa?"

I nodded.

"Well," he snapped in triumph, "here's George Grant, who was born out there at the British Consulate's at Apia and brought aboard his father's ship *Mohawk* wrapped in a banana leaf!"

A tall boatsteerer elbowed his way through the group and stood before me, eyeing me suspiciously with the unblinking stare of a wild sea-bird. He suddenly shouted in a harsh, untamed voice:

"Talofa papalagi!"

George Grant, the last harpooner on the island, peered closer to watch my response; he had greeted me in Samoan to test my veracity saying:

"Hail to Thee, O Horizon Breaker!" which can be further translated.

"Hello, White Man!"

I stood speechless with astonishment, for in a heart-beat of time Wallace Adams' shack had melted away into the cold air, gone was New England and the ring of faces; I was hearing again the thunder of charging breakers tearing themselves feather-white on the hidden reefs of Mulinuu. I saw again the black-winged foxes and the smart frigate birds flying high into the setting sun. I heard the endless roar of the forest waterfalls at Vailima mingled with the singing voices of "God's dearest work.... the Samoan people." I saw again the clouds crowning the summit of Mount Vaea where Tusitala rests,

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea
And the hunter home from the hill."

After a while I heard myself answering the old whaleman as I held out my hand:

"Talofa alii, fafatai lava!" meaning, "Hail O Chief, great is my gratitude."

George Grant was as moved as I was, though his face showed no change while he held my hand in his grasp. His white hair, and hawk's beak of a nose, gave him a wild, free look; strange lights played behind his deep-set eyes and I saw that he, too, was fifteen thousand miles away on a far Pacific island seeing cocoanut trees waving along the clean white beaches, hearing the throbbing beat of wooden drums and the dreaded conch shells blowing the call to battle.

He could scent again the powdered sandlewood in his hair, the fresh cocoanut oil on his body, the sweet smelling frangipani wreath about his neck, the scarlet hibiscus flower behind his ear. His eyes held his youth as paradise was regained for an instant. His horny grip tightened until my fingers ached and I knew where his heart was and he knew that I knew.

The "Historical" was inspired to make the candle-factory into a Whaling Museum and had the wisdom to put George Grant in charge of the exhibits. During the winter months he worked alone among the relics of his vanished life, lovingly sharpening and polishing the lances, cutting-irons and arrow harpoons, setting them sailor-fashion in wooden brackets on the walls. He fitted out a full-sized whaleboat with tubs, lines, oars, paddles, water-keg, mast and sail, even serving the iron row-lock with tarred marlin to still the sound of oars that never will be heard again.

I shall miss my friend who spoke Samoan to me on the streets of Nantucket. He has gone to join the fine and upstanding deep-water men that I have known on this Island. No wonder Nantucket endears itself to those who have lived here for decades for we have known the giants.

"Tofa alii!"

AUSTIN STRONG.

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ORNING, JULY 11 1908.

Details of Wreck in the Arctic.

Thirty-five of the crew of the wrecked whaler William Baylies, crushed in the ice in the Gulf of Anadir, Siberian coast, May 15, reached Seattle last Thursday, passengers on the steamship Umatilla, and are now in that city penniless. The men had hoped to be taken from Alaska to San Francisco, but in this they were disappointed. Having been landed at an American port, they must now shift for themselves.

Henry Kruse, second officer of the Baylies, in speaking of the loss of the vessel, said:

"The Baylies left San Francisco last March," said he, "for the summer whaling cruise in the Arctic under command of Captain H. H. Bodfish, carrying 43 men in all. The run north was made without incident until the vessel met the ice in Bering sea, April 4th. For 21 days the whaler lay surrounded by such floes as those who have spent 14 years in the regions on whalers had never seen before. On April 25th the Baylies was near the Gulf of Anadir and the steam whaler Bowhead lay in the ice about three miles away.

Surrounded by giant bergs from the Arctic ocean, which towered forty feet above her decks, the whaler seemed to those aboard to be caught in some deep mountain valley. As long as the sea remained calm the vessel was safe in her snug haven, and until May 15th she lay in the ice with little change. On that day a strong northwest gale sprang up, and it soon became apparent to those aboard that the big bergs were going to make troublesome neighbors if they got too friendly. The ice closed in against the ship and those aboard began to worry for her safety. At about 10 o'clock at night it became apparent that the end would come in a few minutes and all hands were ordered to abandon the ship. Within twenty mniutes after this order the Baylies was crushed like an egg shell. Gathered in the shelter of an ice hummock we waited for morning, taking such comfort as we could from the improvised shelter. Many of the men had nothing but the clothes in which they stood.

When morning broke we set out across the rough ice to find the whaler Bowhead. Deep snow and great mountains and ridges of ice which had to be passed prolonged the journey, so that seventeen hours had passed when we reached the whaler. There we were sheltered and cared for until May 31st, when the Bowhead found a lead to open water and sailed for Nome, reaching that port June 21st."

NOV. 10—1906

The Arctic Fleet.

News from the Arctic whaling fleet is looked for any time, but at the hour of going to press neither the William Baylies nor the Monterey had arrived at San Francisco, and both are known to be on their way down. The Monterey left Ounalaska on Oct. 16, and the Baylies sailed from Nome on Oct. 12. Last season these two vessels were the only ones to come down, bringing with them news of the freeze-in of the rest of the fleet, and after the experience of a year ago, news from the fleet is awaited with interest.

In the old days of Arctic whaling the ships were always in port by the latter part of October, but since the introduction of steam it has been nothing uncommon for the vessels to remain out until the early part of November, but even then some one of the fleet has arrived down with the late news, and this is what is awaited with interest by those concerned in the industry. But 15 vessles were engaged in northern whaling the past season, not counting the Alexander, which was lost near Herschel Island.

3/11/1911

The Departure of Ship Phebe in 1842.

but if you have anything on board which you wish to sell for the purpose of buying recruits, you must first obtain permission from the proper authority.

You will not permit your men to sell their clothes to buy liquor with, and this article you will not allow to be brought on board the ship at any time, except in a very small quantity, for medical purposes only. When fruit is plenty, you may give it to the men freely, at the ship's expense.

Serious losses have occurred, both to lives and property, by suffering the officers to neglect a part of their duty, which you will not allow; we mean the practice of leaving the deck in charge of boat-steerers, who are not paid for that service; but we recommend to you to require the mates to take their regular watch in the night time, while at sea, through the whole voyage; it will be no justification for them to omit that part of their duty because it is not practiced aboard some other ship.

We wish you to maintain perfect order on board the ship; suffer no quarreling among the officers, and do not allow them to abuse the men; but if the men are impudent to the officers, require them to report to you, that you may be the judge of the case, and when punishment is required, cause the whole case to be written out in the log book—both offense and punishment; but punishment should not be inflicted when it can be avoided, as the success of the voyage d pends very much on harmony and united exertion. It is well understood by you that in making a contract with you to take charge of this ship, you are to head your own boat, as well as to head the voyage, and we have every confidence in your obtaining a voyage, by proper perseverance.

If you require more money for the ship's expenses, you are at liberty to draw on us for the deficiency, and we would recommend to you to take a right whale or humpback, and sell the oil to assist you in obtaining recruits. This is a very essential subject to be attended to, as the health of the crew depends very much on having plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit. When your voyage is drawing to a close and it is near time for you to leave for home, you need not consider that you are under any obligation to keep your present number of men good, provided there are any vacancies by desertion or otherwise, or that you have men on board on monthly wages. If you have enough to man three boats it is all that is required or necessary to navigate the ship home. We mention this to guard you against hiring men on monthly wages, merely to assist in navigating the ship; the law requires no such thing while you have enough, in your own judgment, to take care of the ship.

On the passage home we wish you to have an inventory of everything on board the ship, which belongs to her, made out; and have the tools put up in good order and secure from being pilfered. Please write to us by every opportunity and keep us informed of the state of the ship and progress of the voyage; and when you go into port and no direct opportunity occurs of sending letters home, leave them in care of some consul or other person who will take the trouble to forward them by first conveyance. Wishing you a happy and prosperous voyage, we are very respectfully,

Your assured friends,

C. Mitchell & Co.

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The wind-up of the voyage, as recorded in the log-book—that is, the last two weeks—merely states each day the direction of the wind, condition of the water, and the number of strokes the ship was leaking per hour up to the time she reached Pernambuco in January, 1847, and was condemned. The vessel had been leaking "from 150 to 290 strokes" for about four months, and as soon as possible after entering Pernambuco harbor, she was docked and the cargo of oil removed, to be sent home on the bark Carolina of Boston. The Phebe had taken during the voyage 1,175 barrels of sperm oil and 500 barrels of whale oil.

The ship's log-book, which was brought to Nantucket by Captain Harris, who took passage on the brig Eagle of Salem, is in perfect condition to this day, even though sixty-four years have passed since the good old ship went out of existence.

The voyage on the Phebe was the first and only one which Captain Harris made in command. Upoon his return to Nantucket after the Phebe was condemned, he learned that his father had died during his absence, and he thereupon assumed charge of the farm in Polpis, where he lived nearly fifty-seven years. He died in March, 1904, at the age of 91 years and 9 months.

Nov. 16—1907

Arctic Whaling Fleet Safe. Value of Catch $585,000.

No more anxiety need be felt for the safety of the Arctic whaling fleet this season. The vessels have all arrived at San Francisco, and their officers and crew will soon hasten homeward across the continent. The catch of bowheads this season has been sixty-five, of which thirty-six were captured as the result of the late whaling by the five vessels reported frozen in the ice last week. The entire yield of whalebone resulting from the season's cruise is not far from 117,000 pounds, which at the prevailing price for that commodity, means the snug sum of $585,000. The catch of the fleet was as follows:

Herman, Capt. J. A. Tilton	12
Bowhead, Capt. G. F. Tilton	9
Narwhal,	14
Jeanette, Capt. Hoffman	5
Karluk	1
Beluga, Capt. G. W. Porter	9
Belvedere, Capt. S. F. Cottle	6
Thrasher, Capt. C. H. Foley	5
William Baylies, Capt. H. H. Bodfish	4

A portion of the whales enumerated above were taken by the Narwhal in the fall of 1906, she having wintered in the Arctic during the season of 1906-7. As a whole, the season has been a very successful one, and every ship has made expenses, something which hasn't occurred for several years. Captain James A. Tilton of New Bedford, with steamer Herman, is high hook, and his twelve whales should net the ship at least $108,000.

And this is not the first time that Captain Tilton has made the banner cut, for in 1902 he came out of the Arctic with seventeen out of the fifty-eight whales taken by the fleet, and the following summer he was again the top notcher. Capt. George F. Tilton, master of the Bowhead, the man who made that famous foot journey across Alaska a few years ago, this season divides the honors of second place with Capt. G. W. Porter of the Beluga.

In summing up the season's work, the New Bedford Standard says as follows:

"The fact that the vessels have averaged well has been a matter of pleasing comment, and as a whole the season must be considered a successful one. Compared with past seasons, the cut is the best since 1900. During the latter part of the season, while the Herman, Beluga, Belvedere, Thrasher and William Baylies were in the Arctic, whales were seen in plenty, but unusually wild, making it difficult to strike them. That they were so plentiful no doubt is the cause for this quintet of steamers remaining north so long, and while many were anxious as to their safety when Captain Hoffman of the Jeanette made public his report, today there is rejoicing in the different homes of the officers and crews, for there isn't a man on either vessel who signed on, above the common sailor, for that cruise but is several hundred dollars better off than when he sailed out of San Francisco last spring.

And these men have earned their money, for the risk is great, much greater in fact than most people imagine. In years past hardly a season has seen its end without the loss of some whaler caught in the heavy ice, and in several instances whole fleets with precious cargoes of whalebone have been deserted in order that the crews might save their lives, notably the great disasters of 1871 and 1876, when millions of dollars were sunk in the cold waters of the northern ocean.

But the past season has been free from such disaster, and 1907 will go on record as one of the most successful of the new century. As compared with the catch of recent years the cuts are more evenly divided, and, as stated above, every ship has paid expenses. In looking over the record for the last seven years something of the work performed may be interesting to those who have not followed the record of ships and crews.

In 1900, when there were 12 ships engaged in prosecuting the industry, 70 whales were taken, while the following year but 59 whales were captured. This was the year that the late Captain David Devoll, master of the Belvedere, took 11, he being high hook. That same season three of the best steamers in the Arctic fleet were lost—the Balaena, the Grampus and the Fearless. Then comes the season of 1902 with its record of 58 whales, when Captain James A. Tilton stowed down the bone from 17 of these leviathans—nearly one third of the whole number captured. That was Captain Tilton's banner season, and he followed up this lucky streak the next season by finishing high hook again, the entire catch of the fleet being but 20.

In 1904 there was so much heavy ice that whaling was made difficult. Still at that 49 whales were taken, and then comes 1905 with its reminder of misgivings as to the fate of the crews of 12 ships which were imprisoned in the ice to the east of Point Barrow on Aug. 10th. The experience of those men who were forced to live under the shadow of the north pole during a long weary winter is now a matter of history. They passed through that terrible ordeal in safety, coming out safely to again take a chance with the treacherous ice.

That was the season that steamer William Baylies and the schooner Monterey came down to San Francisco with the news of the disaster. It was then that Captain H. H. Bodfish of the Baylies made a record cut, he having taken 17 out of 30 whales, the number captured by the fleet. Last year the catch dwindled down to but 15 whales, as only a very few vessels went north, and they gave as much attention as possible to the assistance of their comrades who had been imprisoned in the ice the season before.

Thus it will be seen that the season which has just ended compares very favorably with any season since 1900, when 70 whales were taken by a fleet of 12 vessels."

OCT. 24—1908

Catches Reported by North Whalers.

Mrs. Ada A. Sparks, wife of Boatheader Charles A. Sparks of the Arctic whaling steamer Beluga, has been informed that the Beluga has taken four, the Bowhead two and the Jeannette one whale the present season, the date when the ships named were last heard from not being stated. It is known that the Beluga took two bowheads early in the year, and that the Thrasher later took one.

According to the information conveyed to Mrs. Sparks, who lives in Provincetown, the Arctic fleet was not separated from all members of the bowhead kind by the floes that prevented progress east of Point Barrow. Whales may have been found on the Herald ground in sizable herds, and the reward of each engaged ship's company large.

Every ship that had not purposed wintering north is probably driving south, homeward bound, the custom of masters being to fly the field before Oct. 15.

No great measure of success attended the whalers in the north this season, it is believed, but the unexpected often occurs and it is not impossible that each ship may have secured enough baleen to assure a paying voyage.

Nov. 14—1908

Twenty-five Whales.

The whaling bark Beluga, Captain Porter, has arrived in port with a catch of five whales. She reports the following ships and the following catches: Belvedere, Captain Cottle, three whales; Bowhead, Captain Long, three; Jeannette, Captain Foley, three; Thrasher, Captain Wing, two; Karluk, Captain Wing, six, and Narwhal, Captain Leavitt, with three whales.

The Beluga sailed from San Francisco March 3 and was last reported Sept. 1st with four whales, off Point Barrow

Steamer Corwin arrived at Seattle 31st, from Nome, the passage being made in 22 days. When 12 days out the Corwin spoke whaler Jeannette, 165 miles north of Unimak pass. Practically all the whalers will soon leave to winter, the whole catch for the season being below the average. The Jeannette captured one whale with a head weighing over 3,520 pounds and it is estimated that the bone from the animal will bring $17,000 when marketed. This is the largest specimen ever taken in the Bering sea.

That the catch is the smallest in years is not at all surprising, as the fleet was unable to do anything with the early whaling. The ice would not permit of a cruise to the eastward of Point Barrow, and when it became apparent that it would be unsafe to venture on the grounds to the eastward the fleet on August 29 sailed for the grounds in the vicinity of Herald Island.

Took Over 600 Whales.

The steam whaler St. Lawrence followed the Orion to Victoria, B. C., 28th ult., and the work for the present season off the west coast of Vancouver island has been abandoned. The two whalers took over 600 whales during the summer. The St. Lawrence operated from Kyuquat, and broke the world's record. She took 318 whales, including 214 humpbacks, 66 sulphur bottoms, 10 finbacks and 1 sperm whale. The crew's earnings range from $300 to $400 for the season.

JULY—11—1908

Captain Bodfish to Command Jeannette.

Captain H. H. Bodfish of Vineyard Haven, formerly master of the wrecked steam whaler William Baylies, is to assume command of steam whaler Jeannette of San Francisco. The Jeannette sailed from San Francisco, March 3, 1908, in command of Captain Huffman, who returned to San Francisco ill, leaving the steamer in charge of Frank A. Long, the first officer. Captain Bodfish is to relieve Mr. Long as commander and will proceed to the Arctic in charge of the San Francisco whaler.

The damage by fire to steam whaler Bowhead was $2,000. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin, although there is no clew to the identity of the incendiary. Smoke was discovered pouring from the hatchways, and those aboard the steamer did all in their power with a small hose and a bucket brigade. Most of the men were ashore and a boat was hurriedly dispatched to bring aid. At Nome the fire fighters borrowed chemical apparatus and hastened back to the ship, finally checking the fire.

MAY 23 1908.

Whaling Prohibited.

The owners of whaling brig Daisy, which sailed from New Redford, May 13th, on a whaling cruise off the Crozettes and thence to the Desolation islands in search for sea elephants, received something of a surprise yesterday when informed that the taking of sea elephants on the Desolation islands had been prohibited by the French government.

This fact was made the more distressing as Captain Benjamin D. Cleveland, master and part owner of the brig, knew nothing of the prohibition at the time of the departure of the brig, and it is not at all probable that he will learn of the edict as he is not expected to make port until after he has finished his season's work at the Desolations, although if he should touch at the Azores he could be reached by cable. It is the opinion of those who have been made acquainted with the fact that Captain Cleveland cannot be held liable if overhauled by a French government vessel, as he had not been informed of the enforcement of the prohibition, notice of which it appears has also been sent to others who engage in whaling in that latitude.

It is claimed by some of the older whalemen that restrictions have long been placed on the taking of seal, sea elephants and whales off Kergulen Islands, but that never have they been enforced. It is the opinion of several who are interested financially in the cruise of the Daisy that the only move in the matter has been in the sending out of notices as printed above, and that no attempt will be made to send a French cruiser to that latitude.

It is also surmised that the publicity given to the present cruise of the Daisy, in which it was stated that she was to return to the United States with specimens of the sea elephant for the Peabody Museum at Yale University, has brought about the notice of prohibition.—N. B. Standard, 20th.

NOV. 9—1907

Arctic Whaling Fleet Caught in the Ice. Nantucket Man on the Baylies.

A dispatch from San Francisco, dated November 2, says: "Venturing too far to the westward in the Arctic ocean, in quest of whales, five vessels of the whaling fleet sailing from San Francisco more than a year ago with 225 men, may have been caught in the ice by the sudden closing in of the northern winter, according to Captain Hoffman of the whaler Jeanette, which arrived today. The missing vessels are the Herman, Captain James Tilton, of New Bedford; the Beluga, Captain Porter; the Belvedere, Captain Cottle; the Thrasher, Captain Foley; and the William Baylies, Captain H. H. Bodfish.

None of these whalers was seen by the men of the Jeanette, which once had to make a path through the ice pack with gun powder before the open sea was reached. All of the whalers went further to the northwest this season than usual, the Jeanette plainly sighting Prince William Land. Only one other vessel of the fleet, the Bowhead, reached the sea after the Jeanette escaped. The Bowhead was sighted off this port today."

The news which the Jeanette brings down from the far north is like a thunder bolt from a clear sky, for after the experience of two years ago, when 11 whaleships were imprisoned in the ice east of Point Barrow, friends of the officers and crew of the little fleet, which took the hazard of an Arctic cruise, hardly dreamed of these hardy seamen being again caught in such a predicament.

The experience of that winter in the frozen north with scanty rations for the more than 300 seamen everybody believed would serve as a lesson for the future. Then they came out of the land of the midnight sun without the loss of a single life.

AUG. 29—1908

Bark Sunbeam Returns.

Spick and span after a two years' voyage, the bark Sunbeam returned to New Bedford, Monday, having taken over 2,000 barrels of oil on the cruise. The Sunbeam was out just twenty-two months and eighteen days and her catch is considered a fair one for the time out. When she reached home she had on board 300 barrels of sperm oil, the other part of the catch having been sent home from Dominique. The Sunbeam struck her last whale Aug. 13, off the Hatteras grounds. The whale was a small one, yielding only 15 barrels of oil. The largest whales were taken off the Patagonian and on the South Atlantic grounds.

The only accident during the voyage occurred off the South Atlantic grounds near the mouth of the river Platte. A school of whales was sighted and each boats left the vessel and hooked on to a whale. Second Mate Gomes struck an unusually large whale and he knocked the keel of the small whale boat off and splintered the sides. Luckily the men were not thrown into the water, but as the boat was in a sinking condition the men were taken into some of the other boats. This is the only accident that occurred, but, as Captain McKenzie said, "That is all in the business."

There were no deaths or any accidents on the voyage, and with but one exception the crew is the same as started from New Bedford with the vessel. First Mate Joseph Lewis left the Sunbeam at Montevideo on account of sickness, and his place was taken by M. Coakley. The member of the crew who left the vessel at Montevideo was Archibald Cartwright of Nantucket, who shipped on the whaler as carpenter and greenhand.

Mrs. McKenzie has been with her husband the greater part of the voyage, having been home once during the cruise. A large crowd greeted the Sunbeam at the wharf this morning, among them being Mrs. McKenzie's daughter, who had with her a grandchild for Mrs. McKenzie, which she saw the first time this morning.

The last port which the Sunbeam touched at was Dominique, last May, when she sent home 880 barrels of oil. Since that time she has been cruising on the Hatteras grounds.—N. B. Standard, Aug. 25.

But what are their chances now. Caught in the ice to the eastward, where the fleet was supposed to prosecute late whaling, the show is decidedly slim of getting out, and the only means of safety open to the imperilled men will be to reach the Siberian coast and there live with the natives. The news which reaches this office is so meagre that it is difficult to judge just where the ships have been caught, but, if, as supposed, the fleet was engaged in whaling to the westward, after coming from their early cruise to the eastward of Point Barrow, as stated in the first dispatch from the fleet early in September, it is no use to try to disguise the fact that they are in a most dangerous condition. It was in this locality that the barks Mt. Wollaston, Captain Nye, and Vigilant, Captain Smithers, were caught in a trap never to return home.

At that time, the ice made early to the southward, closed the opening through Behring strait, shutting out every possible means of escape, while the Wollaston and the Vigilant were cruising off Herald island, the best whaling grounds west of Point Barrow.

When the Bowhead arrives in San Francisco, something more definite may be learned. Until then, there will be that awful anxiety so often experienced by the friends of Arctic whalemen in past years.

When the ice closed in on the Mt. Wollaston and the Vigilant in 1879, the barks Mercury and Helen Mar were in company, bound out of the Arctic ocean, and in the passage, both vessels were caught together, and the Mercury had to be abandoned to her fate, when both crews made their escape in the Helen Mar, which was the stronger vessel, and she only after a mighty effort, working day and night in sawing a channel through to clear water. At that time not a man experienced in Arctic whaling but predicted the total loss of the two ships which had taken a chance at late whaling on the Herald island grounds, and these predictions proved too true.

There is one element in this unfortunate occurrence favorable to the imprisoned whalemen. If able to reach land, or if they manage to run into open water near the shore, they know what is to be done, for the men of the Arctic whaling fleet today have a better knowledge of methods of procedure than did the men of 30 years ago, who never had passed a winter north.

Those who recall the experience of the crew of the old ship Citizen in 1853, may have some idea of the hardships to be encountered if the vessels have to be abandoned.

In years past, since wintering north under favorable conditions has been common, there have been several instances of ships being caught in the ice, the two most notable instances being in 1897, and two years ago. In both cases the vessels were close to shore and the crews wintered on board, but lived on short rations.

When the news reached this city that the Bowhead had touched at Nome, October 14th, and had nine whales, there was surprise that Captain George F. Tilton made no mention of the other ships, and some even then expressed surprise that he had nothing to report. He first cruised to the eastward and finished his whaling to the westward of Point Barrow. It was on the last named ground that he took five of the nine whales captured.

If the ships are crushed in the heavy ice of the Arctic, it means a loss, outside of any catch, of about $250,000. The Beluga and Belvedere were known to have taken whales on their eastern cruise.

A strange coincidence of this unfortunate happening is the fact that the first news of the disaster in 1905 reached this city on November 2nd, the exact date that the first word reached the Sunday Standard in the present instance, and it is to be hoped that the termination will be as satisfactory as the experience of two years ago, when only the schooner Monterey and William Baylies made the passage out in safety.—N. B. Standard, 3d.

MAR. 18—1905

Whaling News.

Barks Wanderer and Bertha, brig Daisy, and schooner Ellen A. Swift, of Provincetown, are being fitted at New Bedford for whaling voyages, the Wanderer, Bertha and E A. Swift for Atlantic ocean, and the Daisy for Desolation Island after sea elephants. In a short time work of fitting out the bark Canton will be begun, and the brig Sullivan, which is now in Philadelphia being sheathed and copppered, will come to New Bedford to be supplied with boats and whaling gear, when she will sail after sperm whales. In all probability the Provincetown schooner William A Grozier will soon fit for sperm whaling, and this will make seven whalers to sail from New Bedford this spring, a record not equalled for several yeras.

The schooner Golden Ball is to be overhauled to go to the coast of Africa to bring back the catch of the whaler Josephine and several other vessels which will arrive there early this spring.

Sailed from San Francisco, March 11th, steamer Thresher, on a whaling cruise.—N. B. Standard.

There She Blows! AUG-28/1897

Thursday morning, as Dr. Harrison Allen, of Philadelphia, a summer resident at 'Sconset, was meandering along the beach, he discovered a huge fish in the surf, directly off his cottage on Sunset Heights, which proved to be a calf sperm whale. "The "fish" was dead, and Dr. Allen called assistance and had it secured by fastening a rope about the fluke and to a piece of wreckage on the beach. It was late in the forenoon before the fact became generally known, when there was a stampede of cottagers to the scene, who viewed the remains as they were tossed about in the undertow. In Nantucket the news was circulated by crier, and quite a delegation took the late afternoon train out to secure a glimpse.

The railroad officials made terms with Dr. Allen to secure the animal for exhibition, the doctor stipulating that he should eventually have the skeleton. Accordingly, after the arrival of the evening train, a force of railroad employes went to the beach armed with "gear," and with the assistance of bystanders, the huge body was parbuck'ed up the sands to a point of safety, where it reposed in state.

It was a weird sight that was presented the onlookers, as the workmen flitted about the surf, struggling with the mass of blubber amid the flickering lights of a bonfire and hand lanterns.

A canvas was set up about the spot, and during Friday hundreds of people from Nantucket went over to satisfy their curiosity.

The whale, as above stated, is a calf sperm, about fifteen feet in length, and but a very few months old, as estimated by old whalemen, the teeth being just about to break through the gums. It had been dead presumably but a very short time, and was in an almost perfect state of preservation.

Nov. 21-1908

Arctic Whaling News.

With the return of the Arctic whalers from the frozen north many exciting incidents have been related of the struggles against ice and snow, and encounters with fierce whales.

The Norwhal reported when she arrived that since she left Port Clarence in July, not a ray of sun fell on the vessel while in the Bering sea. Continual blizzards were encountered, the men worked knee deep in snow on the decks and the huge ice floes prevented the men from sighting any whales.

The crew of the whaler William Baylies, which was crushed by the ice in Anadia bay, June 12th, were taken aboard the Bowhead. It is said that after the survivors of the Baylies were landed at Nome a mutiny broke out on the Bowhead. The Narwhal reports one death on the Bowhead, an unknown man who perished in a blizzard after he had been cut off from his ship.

The whaling bark John and Winthrop and the steamer Thrasher have both been reported in San Francisco with poor catches. The John and Winthrop has taken 700 barrels of sperm oil during the season and the Thrasher had the poorest catch of the Arctic whalers, having taken but two bowhead whales.

One incident is told by the Thrasher's crew of a large whale who took their line and made way with it after it had been cut asunder by a large ice floe.

The crew of the John and Winthrop complain of abusive treatment by Captain Shorey, and say that they were not given enough to eat. Captain Shorey denies the story and said that the men were fairly treated and had plenty to eat. The particular grievance of the men is that while the ship was lying at Honolulu on her eastward voyage, they asked for shore liberty but were refused and put in irons, while they claim the captain exchanged the provisions that were provided for the crew for dainty edibles for his own table.

Second Mate John Thomas's boat was attacked by a large whale off the coast of Japan, and had it not been for the prompt rescue afforded them by the other boats they feel certain that they would have perished. However, they were in the water over an hour, clinging to bits of wreckage before the rescue was made.

The Thrasher also reports that steamer Jeanette lost her propeller on Sept. 3 by being jammed in the ice. The crew of this steamer captured the largest whale of the season, one with a head weighing nearly two tons.

According to those on board the steamer Beluga, returning whaler, at San Francisco, the season's work was greatly hampered by heavy snowstorms and an unusual amount of ice. The Beluga was for weeks incased in snow and ice, and the crew worked at times knee deep in snow. On October 12th and 14th the whaler was in the clutches of a fierce blizzard, which compelled all hands to remain below to escape freezing to death.

The whaling steamer Bowhead has arrived at San Francisco from Unalaska, bringing 6000 pounds of whalebone and 600 blue fox skins. J. C. Gardner, a green hand, was in irons for having killed boat-steerer Cordora with a piece of lumber, Aug. 31. Gardner is but 18 years of age. He says he has an uncle who is a judge in the appellate court in Kentucky. He has been turned over to the United States marshal.

AUG-4-1906

More Whalers Return.

Two whalers arrived at New Bedford Monday, the bark A. R. Tucker, Captain Sylvanus Potter, and the schooner John R. Manta. The former has been out two years, while the latter has been away but 94 days.

The Tucker has had poor luck this summer and comes home with but 280 barrels of sperm oil, taken since she was on the coast of Africa. Her summer cruising has resulted in no oil taking. She has taken, all told, 1670 barrels. She sailed from St. Helena in April, and, after she had been at sea a few days, three men who had stowed away put in an appearance and they were landed Monday subject to the orders of the immigration officials here.

The Manta sailed from New Bedford April 26th and went to Hatteras ground where she practically filled up. She is commanded by Captain Manley and her short voyage will net about $10,000.

The Tucker was docked at the end of Central wharf, while the Manta remained in the stream.—N. B. Standard.

DEC. 9-1905

Word From the Arctic Whalers.

The veil of mystery that has shrouded the movements of 12 ships of the Arctic whaling fleet since Aug. 10 last has been raised, permitting enough of the secret, so long hidden by the spirit of the north, to escape and reveal that one, at least, perhaps all, of the ships and their living freight of nearly 500 souls are still safe.

A brief message arrived at Provincetown, Wednesday, addressed to the daughter of the master of steam whaler Bowhead. Capt. John A. Cook of the big steam whaler named was the writer of the dozen words that came over hundreds, nay thouasnds, of miles of snowy waste, nestling beneath the deerskin jacket of an Eskimo courier, to bring comfort to a whole community and gladden unspeakably one household of whose occupants Mrs. Atkins, the daughter, and Mrs. Emily Cook, the mother of the captain are two.

No one expected tidings from the iced-in waters before Dec. 25 at the earliest. Jan. 28 was the date when many looked for the first word from the beleaguered vessels, and some, doubtless, did not expect to hear again from them

The message which arrived was a telegram from Eagle, Alaksa, via Seattle, and it said: "Wintering at Herschel island; will write immediately; send letters to Fort Yukon." This message did not give a word of news concerning one of the dozen whale ships, but the silence of the captain on this point augurs well for the fleet's safety, since, if he knew that any craft had been crushed by the ice, he would have stated the fact, no matter how unpalatable the news. The word "wintering" may refer to the Bowhead only, however, for that ship alone may have succeeded in reaching Herschel island. In that case the failure to mention other ships would be explained.

One thing is certain, the Bowhead is at Herschel island, 180 miles west of Bailie island, where the fleet was congregated when last seen by outcoming ships, and as one vessel has succeeded in bucking her way that far west, it is reasonable to infer that others of the machine equipped vessels, notably the Olga, Bonanza and Charley Hanson, with gasoline engines, have likewise reached there.

This will make the third consecutive winter passed at Herschel island by the Bowhead. Last winter and the winter before she had an abundance of provisions, for she went up into the North prepared to stay two years. This year she was intending to come down to Frisco, as her provision supply would not admit of another winter stay. But the grim floes closed at the most inopportune season known since the blockade of the autumn of 1897, when six ships, with only food enough to last them to Frieso, and six others with sufficient to last until summer, were stuck fast.

A telegram was received at New Bedford from Capt. James. A. Tilton, of the steam whaler Alexander, dated Eagle, Alaska, December 5, as follows:

"Wintering Herschel island. Well. Write immediately and enclose your letter in envelope addressed to Postmaster, Fort Yukon, Alaska."

This is taken to mean that the entire fleet, about which there has been so much apprehension, is at Herschel island and all well. It is believed that the message put on the wire at Eagle city was brought down by the same runners who sent a dispatch received by Maj. Glassford at Seattle, announcing that the Norwegian exploration shio Gjoa, Capt. Roal Amundsen, had made the northwest passage. In the Seattle dispatch it is stated that the runners reported the Alexander and Bowhead at Cooper island and the Bonanza at King point. Cooper island does not appear on the maps, but King point is but a short distance from Herschel island, where there is a safe refuge from the ice and where provisions are to be had.

The situation of the fleet as now determined by these dispatches justifies the opinions of Capt. Hartson H. Bodfish, captain of the William Baylies, which got out of the Arctic before the shut-in. The families of the imprisoned whalemen are greatly relieved, because it is believed that no harm can come to the vessels or the men in their present positions.

Mail for Whalers.

Reindeer will be the means of locomotion for a squad of police which will leave Dawson City, Klondike, Dec. 15 to carry mail, food and other supplies to the whaling fleet frozen in the ice at Herschel Island, in the Arctic. One of the 11 ships imprisoned there is the Bowhead, Captain John A. Cook, of Brockton, in command. The trip of the relief party will be several hundred miles due north, crossing an uninhabited and wild territory, and then for sevreal miles over the ice which now sheathes McKenzie bay.

SEPT. 29-1906

The Arctic Catch.

Private dispatches received in this city yesterday from Nome give the amount of whalebone which the steamer Harold Dollar brought down from the Arctic whaling fleet as 50,000 pounds, and if the ruling price for this commodity is $4 per pound, its value will not exceed $200,000. The same dispatch, which by the way, was received by Edgar R. Lewis, gives no additional whales to the spring catch first printed in the Standard—Alexander, two; Beluga, two, and the Narwhal, William Baylies and Charles Hanson, one each.

As the Harold Dollar brought down but 50,000 pounds of whalebone, doubt is removed as to the loss of the bone from the six whales taken by Captain J. A. Tilton of the Alexander last fall. It is almost certain that the Dollar had taken on board from all the ships the fall catch before the wreck of the Alexander, consequently when that vessel went down she had on board only the bone from the two whales taken this spring.

The New York Herald prints the following:

"Seattle, Wash., Saturday.—The steamship Harold Dollar, which arrived yesterday from the north, reports that 12 whalers are still in the north. The whalers say that the catch of the entire fleet amounts to 52 whales.

"The men who returned on the Dollar tell stories of terrible suffering on the different ships, one of the principal causes being the lack of food. They also say that charges have been preferred against a number of the whaling captains.

"Two of the captains are now under arrest.

"The crew of the wrecked whaler Alexander are living ashore in the whaling station. The fifteen men have also been put ashore. Some of the men are scarcely able to walk."

The two whaling captains arrested, as stated above, are Captain Bodfish of the steamer William Baylies, and Captain Newth of the steamer Jeannette. Captain Newth was arrested at the same time as Captain Bodfish, both masters being taken from their vessels by Captain Hamlet of the revenue cutter Thetis.

In Captain Newth's ease the charge was an old one, that of kidnapping a young native woman from the coast near Nome. He would have been arrested last year, but the steamer did not come down. Captain Newth secured bail, as well as Captain Bodfish, and both are now at Nome.—N. B. Standard, 24th.

AUG - 15 - 1908

Whaling News.

J. & W. R. Wing of New Bedford have received a letter from Captain Scullion of whaling bark Alice Knowles dated July 27, latitude 33 29 north, longitude 52 27 west, with 500 barrels of sperm oil since last report. The letter was taken by steamer Giulia (Austrian) to New Orleans. Captain Scullion reported to the steamer that he was short of provisions and was furnished all he required. He also in his letter reports on July 15, bark Wanderer, Huggins, which sailed from home April 23, with 175 barrels sperm oil; the Greyhound, Edwards, with 175 barrels of oil and the Bertha, Gonsalves, with 200 barrels of sperm oil, all taken this season.

The cargo of whaling bark Platina was discharged at New Bedford, Tuesday afternoon, and came out in excellent order. The work of breaking out the cargo of the Andrew Hicks began Wednesday in the presence of a goodly number of spectators. When the Hicks is discharged the Ellen A. Swift's cargo will be landed. The large casks of oil are stored at the head of the wharf where the Platina and Andrew Hicks are berthed.

APR. 21 — 1906

New Arctic Whaling Record.

A letter from Mate James M. Gurney of the San Francisco whaler Beluga to his wife in Fairhaven states that the Beluga, with the steamers Belvidere of New Bedford and the Herman of San Francisco were at Bailie island, the letter being dated Oct. 24 of last year.

Mr. Gurney states that the Beluga had supplied the Belvidere with provisions, as the latter craft had not intended to remain in the north to winter. The Beluga had a two season's supply on hand, as she intended wintering when she left 'Frisco in the spring of 1905.

The steamer Beluga, writes Mr. Gurney, went further east than any other whaler ever went. They put in at Dolphin Union island, where the Norwegian exploring ship Gjoa was seen. A few years ago the steamer William Baylies went further east than any whaler had ever been before, but the record of the Beluga eclipses any Arctic cruising that has ever before been attempted. The straits were clear of ice when the Beluga was cruising to the eastward, and she secured four whales, which cut out 7000 pounds of whalebone.

Mate Gurney makes no mention in his letter of the steamer Narwhal or the schooner Olga, which, with the previous news from the same place, would indicate that these vessels are not at Bailie island, and it is only conjecture where they are. They are the only two of the fleet not yet reported. It is thought they might have reached Cape Bathurst in safety.

Mr. Gurney in his letter to his wife, says that he has sent some furs home, and presumed that she had received them before the letter got to them, which indicates that the men on the fleet to the eastward did not know that the other whalers were caught up north, as the furs were probably sent home on one of these vessels.—N. B. Standard.

Whaling Fleet Frozen in Arctic.

Twelve Vessels Fast in the Ice---Two Women With the Fleet---Other Similar Experiences.

What will be the fate of the 12 whalers and the 500 men composing their crews imprisoned in the Arctic ice pack? This is a question which will be a source of anxiety to the families and friends and owners for months to come, for there is little probability that their fate will be known until another summer.

Casualties in the Arctic ice pack are no unusual thing. Scarcely a season passes but one or more vessels are crushed. That is one of the hazards which are reckoned upon. And at intervals in the history of Arctic whaling whole fleets have been sacrificed.

There is nothing in past experiences which affords ground for sanguine hopes in the present emergency, at least so far as saving the ships and their cargoes, the aggregate value of which is more than $500,000.

In 1871, 33 vessels were caught in the ice. The crews, numbering over 1200 men, abandoned the fleet, and making their way to a fleet in the open sea beyond the ice pack, reached home in safety. But every vessel, with one exception, was crushed or burned, resulting in the loss of property valued at $1,090,000.

In 1876 a dozen ships were abandoned. Fifty men, members of the crews, took the chance of remaining with the fleet and were never heard from. The monetary loss was $660,000.

In 1888 five vessels were lost; and again in 1897 a half dozen vessels were caught. The crews were succored by a government relief expedition, but three of the vessels were crushed.

The latest report states that the vessels are imprisoned near Bailies island, although another report places them near the Mackenzie river. They are 1000 miles from the whaling station at Point Barrow, but the crews might reach the station at Herschel island.

If the ships are so fortunate as to release themselves they may find safe harbor at Bailies island, Herschel island or the mouth of the Mackenzie river, where the whalers often winter. But the probability is they were nipped in the open sea, in which case there is but a remote possibility that they will be liberated.

William F. Williams, who was with his father in the disaster of 1871, tells an interesting story. "The Arctic ice pack," he says, "is an indescribable thing, at least I judge so from the fact that I have never read anything that to my mind adequately describes it. The pack ice is an enormous accumulation of cakes or floes of snow-covered sea frozen ice of all sizes and shapes, but containing very few whose highest points are more than 10 feet above the sea level, and those have been formed by the crowding of one floe on top of another.

There are no icebergs, as there are on glaciers in these northernmost parts of either America or Asia. The pack is not, therefore, in its individual parts, imposing, grand or beautiful, but as a whole under all the varying conditions of an Arctic sky, from brilliant sunshine to a leaden gloom, it is a magnificent spectacle, and when you stop to consider that it represents ages of accumulation, and that there is beneath the surface nearly ten times more bulk than you can see, you realize that there is something to be considered beyond beautiful effects; that there is within it a power that cannot be expressed and can only be partially comprehended. The southern limit of the pack ice is not always the same. In 1871 it was unusually far south, but I do not believe the great central pack acts often as a unit, and probably there were large openings of clear water to the north and west, perhaps in the neighborhood of Wrangel land, caused by the separation of the pack or the result of the long period of westerly winds.

The little that is known of this great ice pack has been learned by the whalers, and of the many ships that have been lost in it, no wreckage has ever come back. It was in this great pack that the whaling barks Mt. Wollaston and Vigilant were lost the year that De Long entered the same pack ice to the westward of Wrangel island, and again the same in which, in 1876, 13 whaleships were lost to the northwest of Point Barrow. It was the central position of the great pack that had swung south and barred our escape.

The water at the edge of the pack where we were anchored was about 24 feet deep, yet the ice was on bottom and each day the tremendous force of the pack pressing in was driving it close to the shore. September 2 the brig Comet was sunk by getting between a grounded floe of ice and the moving pack. On the 7th the bark Roman was crushed in a similar manner, only in this case the pack performed one of its peculiar tricks of relaxing its grasp, allowing the floe to back, whereupon the vessel sank, giving the crew but scant time to save themselves. On the 8th the Awashoke was crushed and pushed partly out upon the ice. It was now apparent the situations were serious, and consultations between the captains were frequent. Captain Frazier of the Florida was sent down the coast in a whaleboat, and reported that seven ships were outside the pack in the vicinity of Icy cape, about 70 miles distant. They had lost their anchors and were in peril, but Captain Dowden of the Progress sent word back, 'Tell them I will wait for them as long as I have an anchor left or a spar to carry the sail. On September 12 the captains held a last consultation, and it was decided to abandon ship on the 14th, all signing a statement which briefly set forth the reasons, as follows: First, there was no harbor available; second, there was a lack of provisions to feed the crew longer than three months; and third, the country was bare of food and fuel. The colors were set on the 14th on all of the vessels, and everything was left as though we intended to return. All liquor was destroyed, so that the natives would not get drunk and commit depredation, but the medicine chests were forgotten, and later we were told the natives sampled the bottles and were made sick, whereupon they burned several of the vessels in retaliation.

It was depressing to abandon vessels absolutely sound, and my father and mother were particularly low-spirited, the more so, I think, that the Florida, of which he had been master eight years, and on which three of his children were born, lay near by. The great fleet of small boats rowed and sailed to Icy cape, where the night was spent. The next day the ships outside were boarded in a terrible storm, which made it a hazardous undertaking. One vessel, the Progress, took 188 men aboard, and it was close quarters."

The following year the returning whalemen found most of the vessels sunk, several beached and others had been burned by the Eskimos. One vessel, the Minerva, was saved. She lay on the edge of the beach, clear of the heavy ice which grounded outside, and received no material damage. One man had remained with the ship. The natives had threatened to kill him, but through the good offices of the women and an old chief he was spared. He saved a large quantity of bone, but the natives took most of it away. He said that a few days after the ships were left a northeast gale sprang up, and if the crew had been aboard the vessels might have been saved. Later on the Eskimos plundered the ships and wantonly destroyed everything they could find.

The beach was covered with whalebone and ivory, and when the ships came up the following year the natives went off in their canoes to trade. They cut the sails and rigging to make tents, and a native was found boiling blubber in a chronometer case.

In 1876, twenty vessels were caught much the same as in 1871, and after fruitless waiting it was decided to abandon the ships. The sailors made tents from the sails of the ships, and with about 25 days' rations all who chose to do so started for the land. After travelling four days across the ice and ferrying over open water, the party reached Point Barrow. While there they learned that a ship was lying eight miles to the south with a prospect of escape, and the party of 300 made their way to this ship, which proved to be the Florence. It was found on reaching her that a strip of ice only a quarter of a mile in width was hemming her in. The ice was from 30 to 50 feet in thickness, and the full force of the men set at work with spades to cut her out. There was a swift current of water, and by cutting in the ice so as to form channels for the water to run through an opening sufficiently wide for the vessel to pass was made, and the whalers escaped. But they left 50 men behind, too weak from sickness to make the exertion necessary to escape. The value of the New Bedford ships abandoned was $442,000, to which must be added the estimated value of the cargoes, $375,000. The catastrophe of 1897 is remembered from the fact that Capt. George F. Tilton made an overland expedition down the coast from Point Barrow to bring the news of the casualty, and by the equally wonderful overland journey to the Arctic shore made in the dead of winter by Lieut. Jarvis of the revenue cutter service and a party of revenue cutter officers who went north on the Bear as far as Port Townsend, and took along a herd of reindeer that the imprisoned men might not lack food.

The Orca was crushed and the Freeman abandoned, both crews going aboard the Belvidere, which reached winter quarters at Port Franklin, after which the crews of the two wrecked vessels went to Point Barrow, where they were quartered. Farther to the eastward were the Newport, Fearless and Jeannie in the clutch of the ice-pack, but within reach of Point Barrow. Several whalers were wintering at Herschel island in safe quarters.

The Belvidere at Sea Horse island was reached on March 25. The vessel was housed in. Provisions were short, but two meals a day being served, and they were wholly dependent upon hunting. The relief expedition pushed on to Point Barrow, which was reached after a journey of 1500 miles. Provisions at the station were short and great anxiety prevailed. Beef and pork which had been left in the old refuge station 10 years before were served out. They had undergone the freezing and thawing processes until little nourishment remained. Four days in the week one pound of this was issued, two days a half pound of frozen deer meat, and one day a half pound of frozen fish. On Sunday a quarter pound of beans was issued.

This with one pound of flour a day and a small allowance of tea and coffee, constituted the ration. Seventy-five men were living in one house, scarcely large enough to permit them to stand inside. Soot and smoke covered everything and filth and vermin were everywhere. A serious outbreak of disease menaced, but the revenue cutter officers assumed charge and soon improved conditions, the reindeer meat serving to ward off

Home from the Arctic

Eugene Perry, chief engineer of whaling steamer William Baylies, one of the two vessels escaping the grip of the Arctic ice, arrived at his home in Nantucket last Saturday. The steamer had another profitable voyage and brought back to San Francisco 35,000 pounds of bone. The value of her cargo is estimated at $150,000.

scurvy.

There are two women with the fleet this season, the wife of Captain Cook of the Bowhead and the wife of Captain MacGregor of the Karluk. Mrs. Cook has spent nine seasons in the Arctic, but her home is in Provincetown. Her first trip was in 1893, when she was an invalid and weighed but 90 pounds. She wintered in the Arctic and on her return weighed 130 pounds and was in vigorous health.

Bailie's island is just west of Cape Buthurst, north of Liverpool bay, and 300 miles beyond the Mackenzie river. Whalers have wintered there, the Beluga, Capt. H. H. Bodfish, putting in for a harbor in the winter of 1898, instead of going to Herschel island. It was a paying venture for Captain Bodfish, who came down to San Francisco in October, 1899, with 63 whales. This led other vessels to winter there, but the success has never been repeated.

Nearly all of the masters are New Bedford and Vineyard men, who have wintered in the Arctic many seasons. Captain James F. Tilton of the Alexander is one of the most famous, being a pioneer in wintering in the north. As a result of his first venture in this line he caught so many whales that he filled his ship with bone and did not bother to try out the blubber.

To sum up the situation, everything depends upon the hope that the ships have been able to make a safe harbor. If they are caught outside, as is reported, the destruction of the vessels is almost certain. In that case the crews will probably make the attempt to reach Herschel island, in which event most of them, it is hoped, will be found in good health next summer.—Boston Sunday Globe, 12th.

FEB. 13 1904.

A Veteran Whaleman.

The following is an excerpt from an interesting sketch of Capt John B. Nicholson, fromerly of this town, written for the New Bedford Standard by William G. Kirschbaum:

Living in retirement with a feeble sister at the corner of Cottage and Mill streets, is a well known master mariner, who in the fifties sailed out of Nantucket, but who has since made New Bedford his home. He has lived here in retirement for the last decade, afflicted with failing sight. Many who knew him 30 years ago, when he was an officer on the first palace steamers plying between Fall River and New York have no doubt thought that he had ere this gone to his long home, so little has been seen of him. It was only by chance that the writer learned that Captain John B. Nicholson, one of the old school whalemen, still resided here. So little is he seen out of doors that many of his former acquaintances had lost run of him, but he is hale and hearty, and excepting for trouble with his eyes, which keeps him indoors a great deal, he enjoys pretty good health.

Captain Nicholson was in command as early as 1853, and like others who have followed the seas, has had a varied experience—an experience which began when he was but 13 years of age. He is a native of Nantucket, and was born Oct. 9, 1821, and is a son of the late Benoni and Deborah Nicholson. The only schooling which he acquired was in his early youth, and a portion of his time during that period was given to his father, who needed his assistance. Like all boys born and bred on the Sea Girt Isle, a sailor's life was his ideal, and early in the winter of 1834, he left his home, came to this city, and on Dec. 5th of that year sailed on the bark Hesper, Captain Obed Fosdick of Fairhaven. It was a cruise for sperm whales in the Southern Pacific, and on Sept. 13, 1838, he returned, well pleased with his initiation into a whaleman's life. The voyage resulted in taking 1,350 barrels of oil, and after remaining home in Nantucket eleven months he obtained the billet for which he was waiting—a boatsteerer's berth. At the age of 17 he signed on in that position with Captain Moses Brown, who sailed out of Nantucket June 27, 1839, in command of ship Ploughboy. It proved to be a four years' cruise in southern waters for sperm and right whales and what is more, young Nicholson came home as first officer, and he but 21 years of age. The death of the mate and other changes aft brought about this promotion, and when the Ploughboy was brought over the bar by the camels that spring day, there was no prouder man on the island than Nicholson, who in the eight years that he had been at sea had risen from boy to first mate. The voyage netted a catch of about 1,500 barrels of oil.

After remaining at home four months he went out as second mate of brig Tyleston, Capain Obed Luce, which sailed out of Nantucket, Oct. 21, 1843, for an Atlantic ocean cruise of 17 months. It was a mighty poor voyage, and young Nicholson had only the experience at the end of the cruise, or the oil taken on the voyage hardly paid for the coopering so far as the foremast hands were concerned. The Tyleston returned home in the spring of '45 says Captain Nicholson. By August 12 of that year he was again at sea. This time as second mate of ship John Adams, which was built at Rochester in 1812. She was one of the largest ships sailing out of Nantucket in 1815. Captain William Rawson was in command and the Adams left port, as was the custom after 1842, in the camels which were propelled by steam over the bar into deep water. The ship was fitted for a four years' cruise in the Southern Pacific, and during her absence the crew stowed down 1,450 barrels of sperm oil. He arrived home June 30, 1849, and the following September, on the 12th, went out as mate in the old ship Ganges, with Captain Thomas Coffin, 2d. It was another Pacific ocean cruise which lasted nearly four years, and the 1,850 barrels of sperm oil sold at $1.33 per gallon.

Returning home in 1853, he was promised the ship on the next voyage.

His stay on shore was about three months, for on October 19 of that year he sailed in command. With him was his wife. The ship fitted for a four years' cruise in the same waters as the previous voyage. While at New Zealand Mrs. Nicholson gave birth to a daughter, and after some slight repairs to the ship, the captain continued his cruise. It was during this season that the child was taken sick and died, and touching at Rorationga, one of the group of Hervey Islands, the remains were there buried. Again a start was made to finish the season in those latitudes, but a few days after leaving, Roratonga Mrs. Nicholson became ill. The loss of her babe proved too much and she broke down completely, when Captain Nicholson put back to the island and left his wife with a Mr. Boscott, who was a missionary and physician as well. She remained under the care of this gentleman, but died shortly after the departure of the Ganges, and was buried alongside her daughter in the church yard at that place. This was in May, and the following December the ship again touched there, Captain Nicholson thinking to find his wife fully recovered and ready to accompany him on the voyage. But he was doomed to a great disappointment, and when the ship sailed away he left all that was dear to him on that lonely island in the far away Pacific. He continued his voyage in the waters of that ocean and soon after leaving Roratonga the second time the ship was found to be leaky. He put in at Sydney, New South Wales, in the spring of 1857, where the ship was condemned, and the oil sold. He had previously sent home a small quantity of sperm oil, and settling the affairs of the vessel at Sydney he returned home, taking passage on the Scotch ship Walter Hood, Captain Johnson, bound for London, and taking steamer at Liverpool for New York.

The loss of his wife and child was a severe blow to the Captain, and it seemed as if only hard luck followed him after their death. The voyage which started in favorably terminated with a run of hard luck which began with the illness of his child, and he arrived home disheartened and discouraged. His owners, having the utmost confidence in his ability, again and again urged him to take a ship, but he would not consent, being determined to abandon the sea which had bereft him of his loved ones. For a year he remained at home fully determined never again to go whaling. Repeatedly he was asked, and as often he refused. Finally, the late Zenas L. Adams persuaded him to once more try his luck. He would not go out in command, and when offered the same lay as master he sailed with Captain Zenas M. Coleman, in ship Atlantic. This was on August 2, 1858, sailing from Nantucket and returning to New Bedford, August 23, 1862. The ship brought home 1,400 barrels of sperm oil. She proved leaky on the voyage and was hove out at Bay of Islands for repairs. Captain Coleman, acting on instructions from the ship's owners, came direct to New Bedford for discharge. Nantucket was fast giving up the whaling industry, and the vessel was to be sold. She discharged here, the oil stored, and shortly after being purchased by New York parties, was used as a freighter. On her very first voyage out from New York with a cargo of kerosene oil she was lost, having never been heard from. The sperm oil taken on her last cruise as a blubber hunter remained stored here on the wharves for three months, and was then sold at $1.33 per gallon. In less than two days after the sale sperm oil jumped up to $1.60 per gallon.

This was Captain Nicholson's last voyage in deep water. He then removed to this city and here it is that he has since lived. Soon after taking up his residence in New Bedford he engaged in steamboating and for 10 years was on lines running to New York from Providence, Bristol and Fall River.

In 1887 he was appointed superintendent of the New Bedford and Fairhaven bridge by Mayor Rotch, and filled that position until 1896 when failing sight made it necessary for him to submit to an operation for his eyes, and he resigned the duties. Since then he has not been much about except in company.

The Ganges was a lucky ship, and excepting the voyage when she was

Successful Whaling.

9/10/1905

The whaling industry established by Captain S. Belcomb on Barclay sound bids fair to be a success. Two large sulphur bottom whales, weighing together about 150 tons, were the first arrivals at the works. Thirty-five more men and heavier tackle have been sent north. The market for the product is large and will be increased as the fertilizer becomes better known Whales are numerous up the coast and in the inland waters.

Bark Platina Returns.

The whaling bark Platina, bringing into port 2,050 barrels of sperm oil, was towed to her moorings at Rotch's wharf by the tug Sherman this morning, after an absence from New Bedford of over twenty-two months. Captain MacKenzie reported that one man of the crew died during the voyage, James Buckley succumbing to tuberculosis off Port Alexander, Africa, last spring. Joseph John, the ship's cook, although seriously ill with the same disease, was up and able to land at the conclusion of the voyage, and was removed to the Marine Hospital at Vineyard Haven for examination this afternoon. The only other case of sickness aboard is that of John Lopez, who is suffering from rheumatism.—N. B. Standard, 24th.

AUG. 27, 1910

Dug Out of a Bowhead.

The whaling bark Helen Mar, which returned to port from the Arctic a week ago, was far from being high hook. She had one honor, however, that of taking the largest whale captured during the season.

It was a monster bowhead that yielded 2450 pounds of bone and several hundred barrels of oil. As a rule, bowheads only yield from 1400 to 1800 pounds of bone.

From the time the mighty animal was sighted until it had been killed and towed to the ship's side was just 25 minutes, about the quickest work on record. During the operation of stripping off the blubber the spade manipulated by the man doing the cutting struck a hard, unyielding substance, which, on being exposed, proved to be the iron shaft of an old style harpoon.

The find was soon drawn from its fleshy sheath and passed on board, where it was examined with much curiosity by the crew. It was about three and a half feet long with a slender shaft between its broad barbed point and the pole socket.

Deep in its shaft, at its junction with the barb, was found stamped the name J. B. Morse.

The J. B. Morse was the name of an old-time whaler that cruised in the Arctic half a century ago. Many of the old whalers on the beach remember that a Nantucket whaling bark called the J. B. Morse was one of the Arctic whaling fleet, before and during the early fifties, but few have any recollection of what became of her.

Her last trip ended in this port, and she cast anchor in the bay at a spot that is now filled in and covered with business houses. It was during the height of the gold excitement, and she was abandoned on the beach. After serving for a time as a storehouse, she was pulled to pieces for the old iron she contained.

Such is the account given of her by an old man who whaled in the Canton Packet at the time the Morse was in her glory. Both vessels made heavy catches in the Arctic in sight of each other.

The old harpoon, which must have been buried in the whale for at least 43 years, does not look much the worse for its strange experience. A few streaks of what look like rust were the only disfigurements. The ancient iron was rubbed clean by some of the Mar's crew, and it is as fit for use now as the day it was struck into the bowhead so many years ago.

It will be sent on to Nantucket to be placed in some of the collections of curios made by whalers from all parts of the watery world.—*San Francisco Examiner, Nov. 18.*

[Our whalemen state that no such ship as the J. B. Morse ever sailed from here, and they can remember none of that name. They think that the Helen Mar's crew mistook the maker's for the ship's name on the iron, for a smithy by the name of J. B. Morse used to manufacture harpoons in Fairhaven.—ED.] NOV. 28/1891

Death of Captain Sherman.

Capt. Jesse T. Sherman, the organizer of the New Bedford Towboat Company, died on Sunday last at the residence of his son in Brockton. He had been afflicted with heart trouble for some time and a few months ago resigned as manager of the Towboat Company, in favor of Chauncey G. Whiton.

Captain Sherman was born in Dartmouth, November 18, 1845, and went to sea when but fifteen years of age, as a green hand in the ship Young Phoenix, on a whaling voyage.

After this he made four voyages in the ship James Arnold, next going out as master of the Swallow. He was afterwards master of the James Arnold and the Sea Ranger. Captain Sherman then gave up deep sea sailing, studied the art of steam navigation, and in 1886 he was in the employ of S. C. Hart, in command of the steamer Cygnet.

In 1894 Captain Sherman, with others, formed the New Bedford Towboat Company. He was president, treasurer and agent of the company for 24 years.

Captain Sherman had a first-class master mariner's license, which allowed him to take any vessel into any port in the world.

In the 20 years of his connection with the towboat company none of its boats had an accident. 8/12/1916

The Whalers.

Private dispatches from San Francisco received last evening report the arrival at that port of steam whaler Jeanette, Newth, with 14,000 pounds of whalebone, and bark Alice Knowles, Ogden, of New Bedford, with 325 barrels of sperm oil, 130 barrels whale oil, and 1800 pounds of whalebone. The Alice Knowles had previously sent down 1500 pounds of whalebone, making 3300 pounds yielded from a right whale and a bowhead, which she had taken since leaving San Francisco in the spring. She first cruised off the coast of Japan and did not enter the Arctic ocean until some time in August. The same dispatch also reports that steamer Karluk and bark Gay Head were outside, coming into port.

With the arrival of the Alice Knowles and Karluk five of the Arctic fleet have come down—the Thrasher, Alexander and Jeannette. Sept. 1st there were in the Arctic ocean the above-named four and steamers Beluga, Balaena, Narwhal, which sailed in the spring with the intention of wintering, the steamers Grampus and Mary D. Hume, which wintered last season and calculated to remain north another season. The steamers Fearless, Jesse H. Freeman, Newport and bark Wanderer, had wintered and were bound home, but supposed to be fast in the ice; steamers Belvidere Orca, Jeannie and schooner Rosario, which sailed this spring, intending to return, also supposed to be caught in the ice tongue off Point Barrow, and the steamer William Baylies and bark Gay Head, the last two supposed to be on the passage down to Frisco. The arrival of the William Baylies is anxiously awaited, for it is thought she may bring tidings of the crews which caught in the ice pack. The bark John & Winthrop did not cruise in the Arctic ocean, but whaled it in Behring sea. She is yet to come down, as is also bark Horatio, the last of the Ochotsk sea fleet, the other four, Lydia, Andrew Hicks, C. W. Morgan and California, being now at San Francisco.

An Associated Press dispatch from San Francisco, received at this office this noon, reports the arrival of steam whaler Karluk. She has 12,000 pounds of bone on board. The news which Captain McGregor furnishes confirms the early reports that eight vessels are held fast in the ice. He adds: The steam whalers Belvidere, Orca, Jessie H. Freeman and the schooner Rosario are near Point Barrow, and the steam whalers Newport, Fearless, Jeannie and bark Wanderer are off the Turn reef. The latter four are in the open sea, 300 miles from a provision station. Captain McGregor of the Karluk thinks that when the ice breaks up these vessels will be ground to pieces. At Point Barrow the situation is not so critical. The four ice-bound ships are about six miles off the point. Liebe's provision station can feed them. It is yet possible for a stiff northwest wind to bring these vessels out of danger.

As Capt. McGregor is considered one of the most able whaling masters in the Arctic fleet, his trust in a strong northwest wind releasing the vessels gives hope to the friends of the imprisoned crews, and on this statement Arctic whaling agents will look forward to the arrival down of the imperilled fleet.—*N. B. Standard, 6th inst.* 11/13—1897

Report Whale Catch Large.

Whaling vessels from New Bedford are returning with larger catches for the summer than at any time since the whaling industry was thriving a generation ago, according to advices received from Fayal, Azores Islands, by the New Bedford Board of Trade.

Nine vessels of a fleet that has just reached Fayal reported 9,040 barrels of sperm oil. Besides that, the brig Viola, Captain John A. Cook, secured 110 pounds of ambergris, valued at $30,000.

The Wing, Silvia, Edwards and Avery vessels got among them, close to 4,000 barrels, which the schooner Richard W. Clark will bring home. Captain Mosher's Wonder has on board 2,300 barrels. Captain Haggerty's brig Sullivan took in 1,300. 1911

News From the Whalers. 5/21/1910

Bark Alice Knowles is reported at St. Helena with a catch of 9,000 pounds of whalebone, 300 barrels of whale oil and 200 barrels of sperm oil. The Knowles was last reported December 18th, 1909, on Crozettes Grounds, with five whales. She then had on board 125 barrels of sperm oil and 130 barrels of whale oil.

Captain Horace Smith, of the schooner A. M. Nicholson, which he fitted out at New Bedford last summer, at a cost of over $20,000, has sent word home from Cape Town, South Africa, that he has arrived there from the Crozettes, having taken no right whales. The vessel experienced very bad weather all the season on the Crozettes, and lost her stern boat. The Nicholson was bound up the coast of Africa in the vicinity of Fish Bay, sperm whaling.

Bark Morning Star, Captain Valentine Roza, went to sea Monday afternoon on an Atlantic ocean whaling cruise, with practically the same officers that manned the old whaler Canton, which was lost on one of the Cape Verd islands. Captain Roza will go direct to Hatteras ground, will cruise there a short time and will then go to the Western grounds, following the barks Wanderer and Bertha and the schooner Arthur V. S. Woodruff.

The whaler Sorenson, owned by the Tyee Whaling company of San Francisco, was wrecked by a blow from the tail of a harpooned whale off Cape Ommaney, Alaska, last week, according to news received this week. The Sorenson sank in four minutes, giving the crew barely time to escape in boats. The Sorenson harpooned a large whale which, after racing with the rope, turned about and headed for the vessel. Passing under the stern the whale delivered a blow with its tail and smashed in the hull. The crew struggled to shore and built a signal fire. The next night they were taken up by a passing vessel. The whale was afterwards found floating dead.

Cruelty to Whales.

An extraordinary case in relation to cruelty to whales has just been heard in the English courts. It is probably the first time that these huge mammals have come under the cruelty to animals act. In this instance the tide drove a number of whales on shore at Penzance, where they were stranded until the tide rose again. During this period the most unheard-of things were done to them.

Alfred James Rogers, a billposter of Penzance, was one of those arrested. It was testified that he had been seen by two constables cutting a whale with a knife. When warned to desist he adopted a defiant tone and an hour later was seen to take a clasp knife from his pocket and drive it into the head of a large whale just below the eye. He then drew the knife along the animal, inflicting a wound four or five feet long, which bled freely.

An hour and a half afterward, when the tide came up, the animal floundered into deep water, and then appeared to turn over. It was difficult to see upon what ground such an act of brutality could be justified or excused.

The proceedings were taken under the act of 1900, and to bring an offender within the section it must be shown that the animal was a wild animal in captivity at the time of the offense. It was immaterial how the animals came to be in captivity, so long as the bench was satisfied that they were, in fact, in captivity.

The defendant told the bench that, as it would have taken several hours for the whales to die from the bullet wounds which had been inflicted upon them, he, with the approval of Lieut. Chambers, chief officer of the coast guard, used the knife, with a view to speedily terminating their suffering. Lieut. Chambers said that he ordered certain whales to be shot because they had been previously mutilated, but he did not give Rogers instructions to kill the animals or to do anything to them. 9/30—1911

Capt. Foley's Arctic Cruise.

After an absence of several months, the well known whaler Jeanette, in command of Captain Charles H. Foley, formerly of Nantucket, returned home yesterday morning from Point Barrow, being thirty-one days sailing down. The Jeanette carried a cargo of supplies and coal to the whaling stations, and returned with 16,000 pounds of whalebone, 500 fox skins, 63 white bear skins and 24 lynx skins, consigned to H Liebes & Company. The greater part of the bone was received from the station, several thousand pounds being taken from the whaler Herman, which is expected to arrive home about November 1st.

The Jeanette sailed from here May 25th, manned by a picked crew of experienced whalemen, as there were many on the beach to select from. Her propeller was taken off and she used canvas entirely on the voyage. On two occasions when the whaler was in need of a tow in the upper regions, the revenue cutter Thetis, Captain Henderson, gave her aid. Captain Foley said that the revenue cutter master was very generous in his assistance and saw to it that the whaler wanted nothing in this regard.

On August 5th, near Point Franklin, about sixty miles south of Point Barrow, her destination, the Jeanette grounded on a flat, but Captain Foley kept her out of danger, using the skill which he had amassed in years spent in the hardy industry of chasing whales. When the Jeanette became fast Captain Foley dispatched First Mate Francis Fisher with four men in a boat to Point Barrow. They were ten days getting back to the whaler and had a strenuous time, being compelled to tramp twenty miles of the trip. Meantime the Thetis and the whaler Herman arrived on the scene. Enough cargo to lighten the Jeanette was put into the Herman, and then the Thetis helped the former along to her destination, which she reached safely, and in good condition on August 15th. The Jeanette had an uneventful voyage home.

The Herman is expected to begin her voyage home to San Francisco soon. Leffingwell, the explorer, is reported as having struck out on an expedition to the eastward, accompanied by his mate and several Esquimaux. The schooner Rosie H. was reported ashore near Flaxman's island. Her second mate, C. H. Finnith, who was mate with Captain Francis Fisher on the brig William Irwin, is reported dead Whales are said to be plentiful in the northern waters, but the Jeanette did no fishing. Captain Foley received a hearty welcome from his friends along the water front upon coming ashore.—San Francisco Chronicle, Sept. 20. Oct. 2—1909

The Whale-ship "Henry."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In the office of a banking house, on State street in this city, is a model, about three feet long, of a whale-ship, which is said to be the ship "Henry" of Nantucket, built about 1845. I have never heard of a ship of that name owned in Nantucket, and write to ask if you will not kindly answer, through the columns of your valuable paper, if any such ship was ever owned on Nantucket, and the name of the owner.

I am much interested in the "old ships" of Nantucket, and your kind attention would greatly oblige

Truly yours,
Lincoln Mitchell.

Roxbury, Mass. —1914—

[The ship Henry sailed from Nantucket on her first voyage, October 23, 1836, under command of Capt. George G. Chase, consequently the date "1845" on the model referred to is not correct. The Henry had a profitable voyage, for she returned home January 16, 1840, with 2436 barrels of sperm oil. She next sailed with Capt. William Brown as master, leaving Nantucket, June 1, 1840, and returning April 16, 1844, with 1641 barrels of sperm and 60 barrels of whale oil.

On the 1st of July the same year, the Henry again sailed with Captain Brown in command, was gone nearly four years, arriving home April 24, 1848, with 1150 barrels of sperm and 552 barrels of whale oil.

Three months later (July 15, 1848) she sailed under Capt. Benjamin A. Coleman, and was gone over five years, making a "poor voyage," for when she arrived home August 10, 1853, she had taken but 600 barrels of sperm.

Her last voyage was made under Capt. David Bunker, 2d, sailing October 18, 1853. The Henry had another poor voyage and took but 400 barrels of sperm, which was sent home and the ship condemned.—Ed.]

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

NEW BEDFORD, Dec. 17, 1891.

Mr. Editor:

Will you kindly insert in your paper the following notice of Mr. Charles H. Foley, a native of your town, and whose parents reside there.

Charles H. Foley, a native of Nantucket, and whose parents reside there, left New Bedford, last Monday for San Francisco, to join bark Bounding Billow as master, for an Arctic Ocean cruise, season of 1892. He was in the employ of I. H. Bartlett & Son, Agents of bark Sea Ranger, as boatheader of that vessel, season of 1890, under command of Capt. Owen, and caught two whales out of three taken in the Arctic. He also served same firm season of 1891 as boatheader of bark Tamerlane, under command of Capt. Tobey, and caught three out of five whales. He had shipped to same firm to join bark Mermaid in March, 1892, at Honolulu, as mate, to go to the Arctic Ocean, season of 1892, but having the command of Bounding Billow offered him, the owners of bark Mermaid generously released him from his engagement to them, and assisted him to get the position he so strongly coveted, and had earned by faithful services in their employ. He is a first-class whaleman, and a young man who has entered the arena for success, and will secure it if courage and will can bring it about. He starts with the best wishes of his many friends here.

The Sea Ranger is the vessel built for your late townsman Zenas L. Adams and others, and to-day stands at the head of vessels for graceful lines, good quality and condition.

NEW BEDFORD.

"There She Blows!"

3/9/1912

(From "The Bellman" of February 17.)

For many years the writer has been a devoted reader of a little weekly newspaper which is published from a small island town thirty miles off the Cape Cod coast. It is not a national publication; it is perhaps one of the most local and insular of all the thousands of small newspapers which anywhere are published, and yet the writer is always glad to receive it and spend a half hour or so over the great double sheet. But it is in the winter months that this newspaper demands his greatest attention, for at that season there is scant local news of particular interest, for the summer visitors have left the island, and the big pages are filled with stories of the sea, narratives of the life-saving crews, histories of old houses and old customs, and, best of all, reminiscences of the days when this beautiful old town, with its great elms and venerable colonial houses, was the foremost whaling port of the world.

Time and invention seem such inseparable and swift-flying companions, and new romances of modern days so completely fill the place of the departed romance of the past, that we are apt soon to forget the very existence of things which once formed such important factors in our daily existence. We recall that "Rock Oil" was discovered in Pennsylvania somewhere in the sixties, and that may suggest, if we are old enough to remember, how previously the great glass lamps which flanked the mantel were kept filled with amber sperm-whale oil, that in the first half of the past century the whaling fleets of America played no small part in the industries of this country and added not a little to the world's story-book of romance and adventure.

Today a few ships still put out from New Bedford and there are other whalers from some of the Pacific ports; but the present is the era of the harpoon-gun, the iron steamer and the short voyage. Gone forever are those days when Nantucket whalers sailed around the world on forty months' voyages, weathered two capes, cruised among palm-tufted islands, bartered with savages in the southern seas, and finally, after hand-to-hand battles with harpoon and lance against the leviathans of the deep, sailed once more into the home port with a thousand yarns to tell and two thousand barrels of oil safe in the hold.

There are few of the old captains left to repeat these stories, and it was an announcement which recently appeared in the island paper of the death of Captain Edward B. Coffin, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-six years, that sent the writer to his book shelves to skim over again the few real stories of the whaler that he possesses. A weathered gray volume, entitled "There She Blows," by Captain W. H. Macy, of Nantucket, since republished under the less happy title of "The Whales We Caught," took him back to days when he read and re-read the familiar chapters and longed that some day he too might ship for a long sea voyage on some other "Arethusa." Then there was "Peter the Whaler," a book long lost but ever to be remembered; and another, the title of which has been forgotten. Good manly stories they are, and the kind that boys like to read.

Sailors are sailors and the ocean is the ocean still, but the whaler has already almost faded into a forgotten past. Today, steel and steam have evolved their own stories of romance and adventure, and yet the modern ship is but a swift bird of passage, its crew, as an old captain once described it, but "a gang of plumbers and gas-fitters" and only the ocean remains the same. To the whalers we turn back for a last glimpse of the days when men truly went "down to the sea in ships."

Mar. 9, 1912

Catching Whales off Brazil.

The whalebone whale, known in science as baloenoptera musculus, belongs to the family of roquals, and its catching is one of the principal industries of Brazil, from Assu da Torre to Caravellas. The whales caught along this stretch of coast have on an average about 360 plates of whalebone hanging from the roof of their upper jaws. They average about 32 inches in length, and because of their shortness have little commercial value. The length of this variety of whale is from 60 to 70 feet. The largest one taken last year gave 5,104 quarts of oil from blubber and 412 quarts from scraps. Its lower jawbone was 17.3 feet long, and its total length was 70 feet.

The boats used by the Brazilian whalers are heavy, hand-made affairs, capable of standing great strain. On each side of the prow is attached a hornlike projection of natural bent wood, around which pass the ropes attached to the harpoons. In a boat's equipment are from eight to twelve harpoons, each attached to about fifty feet of manila rope. Each boat also carries from two to four lances, to which are attached lines easily cut away when danger threatens.

As soon as a harpoon is thrown into a whale the big fish leaps in the water and starts away at great speed. At once the sail is lowered and the rudder taken in. From time to time the whale slackens his speed, and then the line is hauled in until finally the fish is near enough to permit lances to be thrown into it. The lances easily penetrate the whale and are as easily jerked out again, and again the whale is stabbed with them until a vital point has been struck or the whale succumbs from loss of blood.

When the whale is killed it is the duty of one of the crew to dive under the carcass and pass a rope with which to tie up the mouth, otherwise such a quantity of water would be taken in that the whale would sink. As this usually takes place at sea and the whale is always surrounded by voracious sharks which have been attracted by the blood, the task requires no little courage and skill.

The whale is towed to the beach and cut up, the fat being separated from the meat and the bones. The blubber is taken to an oil factory, the meat is smoked and so finds a ready sale at Bahia and in the country.

On one occasion thirteen whales were landed at a station within thirty-six hours. The average catch during the last few seasons has been from 300 to 400 whales.—N. Y. Herald, April 7.

—1912—

New Whaler in Port.

4/10 1909

The two-masted schooner A. M. Nicholson, formerly a Gloucester fishing vessel, purchased last fall by Captain Horace Smith to enter the whaling trade, arrived in port from Gloucester this morning and was docked at Merrill's wharf. This vessel is one of three schooners purchased last fall to be fitted as whalers. The vessel has a tonnage of 136, a length of 105 feet, a width of 24.6 feet, depth of hold 10.4 feet, and was built at Essex in 1900. The schooner should stow about 700 barrels of oil.

Captain Smith is an experienced whaleman and in 1903 made the re-discovery of the Crozet whaling grounds. He will sail in command of the Nicholson, taking her to the North Atlantic grounds and then to the Crozet grounds.—N. B. Standard, 3d.

The Junior's Cruise.

May 2 5—1899

In all the comments upon the interesting cablegrams from Dr. F. A. Cook, of Brooklyn, the surgeon of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition, which was dated at Montevideo, April 4, I have never seen mentioned the cruise of the little American whaleship Junior, in 1847 8, in the Antarctic ocean, twenty-four years after Weddell made his famous south polar voyage. It is very natural that the writer, who was one of the crew of the Junior, should like to see engrossed on the page of history the record of what I believe the first and only ship flying the stars and stripes—except perhaps the vessels of Capt. Wilkes's exploring expedition—that ever penetrated these waters and reached such high latitude.

The Junior was owned by David R. Greene, of New Bedford, and was commanded by Capt. Silas Tinkham. She was of about 300 tons, manned by a crew of about thirty-two souls, and carried four boats. We had been cruising around the coasts of New South Wales and New Zealand without any success and put into Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land (now Hobart, Tasmania) for needed supplies and to give the crew a run on shore.

Capt. Tinkham, evidently inspired by the fabulous stories of an abundance of right whales in the Antartic, brought to Hobart Town by Ross, who in 1843 was in that sea, fitted out the Junior for an Antarctic whaling cruise, and late in December—just before Christmas—we sailed for these almost unknown regions. The charts we had were of course of the most unreliable character, and as for sailing directions, there were absolutely none. Yet we sailed away south poleward with that confidence and spirit of daring that always marked the early character of American whaling skippers.

We had perhaps sailed some 10 or 15 degrees of southern latitude before we began to encounter real antarctic weather, and to fall in with snow, sleet, fogs and small field ice. Still we pushed on, meeting with countless flocks of birds, albatross and penguins predominating, but no whales were seen save the worthless "sulphur bottom," which was in abundance. Not a sign of a right whale was to be seen. We were

getting short of oil for our lamps, when it was decided to try and capture a "sulphur-bottom," so the captain lowered his boat and pulled up to a whale, which, had it been a right whale, would have stowed down 150 barrels. No sooner had the boatswain darted the harpoons into her than up went her flukes, and "whir-whir-whir," and the two tubs of line were empty. We never saw that whale again, and never again was an attempt made to catch a "sulphur-bottom." We did, however, strike and capture a calf "sulphur-bottom" that made us four or five barrels of oil, the carcass furnishing us with "fresh beef" for some weeks. That ended our antarctic whaling.

By this time we had gone as far south as we cared to, but the storms drove us still farther, and we worked to the eastward and then to the westward, in hope of finding more moderate weather. Instead of bettering our condition, it rapidly grew worse, and we began to have grave doubts as to our ability to return to a lower and more congenial latitude again. Bergs of great size were now encountered. The currents were contrary, and of course uncharted, and as the weather was thick most of the time the sun was obscured, and no observations could be taken; so we drifted for days and days at the mercy of the winds and currents. Our condition was extremely perilous. The ship was for the most of the time under double or close-reefed topsails, and making little or no headway, while the wind continued to blow from the northward, so that we could never shape a course to take us out of our misery and peril. There were no signs of land. We caught birds and examined their crops for signs of terra firma, but there was nothing to give us any hope of finding an antarctic continent.

This antarctic cruising was the most weird, awful and wearisome I ever experienced, but while all hands were sometimes appalled by the perils that daily and nightly beset our course, yet no one lost courage, and hope was high in every breast. At last the wind favored us a trifle and we gradually clawed off the barren, icy confines of the southern polar circle, and, after tedious beating up to the northward, we emerged into fine weather, and put into Mangonui, New Zealand, to recruit ship. Here we learned of the discovery of a new species of whale in the Arctic Ocean known as the "bow-head," and the Junior's prow was pointed for the northern polar regions. After some brief stops at islands in the Pacific, she entered the Okotsk Sea in April of the following year, and encountered a succession of gales and fogs which was a faint reminder of our antarctic cruisings.

I believe the Junior, of New Bedford, can claim to be the only American ship—save the vessels of the Wilkes expedition—that has penetrated so far south in antarctic waters. She can certainly lay claim to have cruised in the high latitudes of both Arctic and Antartic oceans within eighteen months, and during one cruise.

I regret that my journal of the very interesting and, at the time, celebrated cruise of the Junior was some years ago destroyed by fire, as it would have contributed at this time some valuable data in regard to antarctic explorations and cruises.—*B. S. Osbon, in N. Y. Mail and Express, April 29th.*

Elvira's Crew Rescued by Belvedere.

Mrs. Zadoc A. Cottle, of New Bedford, has received a letter from her brother-in-law, Stephen Cottle, of Vineyard Haven, of the steam whaler Belvedere, which is now frozen in the Arctic 10 miles off Demarkation Point, Alaska. He expresses fear that the Karluk is lost, but hopes Capt. Bartlett and his men may have reached shore. The letter is dated October 13.

—1914—

"We came in here August 25," writes Capt. Cottle, "and have not been able to move since. We are about 10 miles west of Demarkation Point. The schooners Elvira and Polar Bear, of the Stefansson expedition, were with us, but were outside the Ridge and after a northwest gale were abandoned, but the Polar Bear's crew eventually brought their schooner into a place of apparent safety.

The Elvira was wrecked. We have the crew aboard. Very fortunately we have sufficient food to feed them. I see no particular reason why we cannot winter here as well as anywhere. We are well inshore, with all the ice crush several miles outside of us.

I have had a house built on the sand spit, where we have stored enough food to protect us against starvation in case of fire or accident. Dr. Anderson, with two small vessels of the Stefansson expedition, is stuck 5 miles west of us.

The Karluk was last seen about 10 miles offshore of Flaxman Island four days ahead of us. We can get no further news from them and I am very much afraid it is the last of the Karluk. We are in hopes that the crew has been able to make a place of safety to the west of us, there being so much heavy ice inshore as to make it feasible."

Capt. Cottle says two natives have brought in three saddles of deer meat cached on the hills and that one of his sleds brought in 160 trout averaging three pounds each. The natives caught 400 of them in one day and left a man and woman fishing. The natives got from three to six seals a day and there is bear, deer and seal meat in abundance and an unlimited supply of fish.

"We are very comfortable here and will probably return to Marthas Vineyard about Thanksgiving, 1914," Capt. Cottle's letter concludes.

1914

Chilean Whalers.

Advices from Valparaiso regarding the catches of the Chilean whaling fleet for the past season are as follows: Bark Nautilus, 450 barrels of sperm and 750 barrels of whale; bark Josephine, 2350 barrels of sperm and 750 barrels of whale; bark Pescadora, 175 barrels of sperm and 650 barrels of whale; and ship James Arnold, 453 barrels of sperm and 1,444 barrels of whale oil.

2/25-1911

Whaling Fleet to Sail

3/7 1908

The Arctic whaling fleet, consisting of seven steam vessels, is fitting out for a cruise in Behring sea and beyond Point Barrow, and the first of them, the Belvedere, Captain Cottle, is already at sea. The Jeanette, Captain Hoffman, is also to sail within a day or two, and at short intervals thereafter will follow the William Baylies, Captain Bodfish; the Thrasher, Captain Foley; The Bowhead, Captain Tilton; the Beluga, Captain Porter, and the Narwhal, Captain Leavitt, the latter getting away about March 10th.

The whaling skippers report that men are plentiful this season and no trouble is experienced in filling up the complements, amounting to about 25 men to each steamer.

Each man is promised a 150th or 175th lay, and his outfit of clothing and tobacco, worth about $35, is advanced to him and taken out of his lay. The skipper and the mates work on about a twentieth to a thirtieth lay and sometimes make several thousand dollars in a season of six or seven months. The man on the 175th lay usually gets a dollar when he comes home, and sometimes more.

Morning Star's Catch.

The bark Morning Star of New Bedford has been reported with a good season's catch. A cablegram from Captain Taber of the vessel reports her at St. Helena, March 2d, with 650 barrels of whale oil and 1500 pounds of whalebone. All were well on board.

The Morning Star sailed from St. Michaels Sept. 24, last year. She had taken at that time 1,450 barrels sperm oil. Now her total catch is, in a little less than two years out from home, 2100 barrels sperm oil and 200 barrels of whale oil, and the 1500 pounds of whalebone.

Captain Tilton to Command Whaler.

Work of fittng out the whaler Wanderer of New Bedford has begun and it is reported that next season she will be commanded by Captain George Fred Tilton of Marthas Vineyard, who last season made a fine catch in the steamer Bowhead. 3/21-1908

It is said that the Wanderer will make a cruise to the east coast of Greenland where the big bowhead whales are found. Tilton's experience and the staunch vessel he will have should make his trip a success, say the whalemen.

The Wanderer can make a cruise up to the coast of Greenland and then come out after the season is advanced so far that it is impracticable to hunt bowhead whales longer, and make a cruise after sperm whales on the grounds around the coast of Iceland, made famous by Capt. Gilbert Borden in the bark Commodore Morris, and the Ocean Stead. These grounds have not been visited in several years, and here are to be found the big 100-barrel whales of the sperm variety.

Whaler Viola Clears.

7/2/1910

The handsome new brig Viola sailed away from this port yesterday on her first whaling voyage under command of Captain John A. Cook, and her departure was watched from the tug J. T. Sherman, which towed her to sea, by quite a company of friends from Boston, Provincetown, and this city.

Mrs. Cook accompanied her husband on the voyage, which will last from 18 months to two year, and she is put down in the shipping articles as "assistant navigator." Mrs. Cook is no novice on whaling vessels, having been 12 years with her husband on his commands, and several years having been spent wintering in the Arctic ocean.—N. B. Standard, 30th.

The Arctic Catch.

Private dispatches received in this city yesterday from Nome give the amount of whalebone which the steamer Harold Dollar brought down from the Arctic whaling fleet as 50,000 pounds, and if the ruling price for this commodity is $4 per pound, its value will not exceed $200,000. The same dispatch, which by the way, was received by Edgar R. Lewis, gives no additional whales to the spring catch first printed in the Standard—Alexander, two; Beluga, two, and the Narwhal, William Baylies and Charles Hanson, one each.

As the Harold Dollar brought down but 50,000 pounds of whalebone, doubt is removed as to the loss of the bone from the six whales taken by Captain J. A. Tilton of the Alexander last fall. It is almost certain that the Dollar had taken on board from all the ships the fall catch before the wreck of the Alexander, consequently when that vessel went down she had on board only the bone from the two whales taken this spring.

The New York Herald prints the following:

"Seattle, Wash., Saturday.—The steamship Harold Dollar, which arrived yesterday from the north, reports that 12 whalers are still in the north. The whalers say that the catch of the entire fleet amounts to 52 whales.

"The men who returned on the Dollar tell stories of terrible suffering on the different ships, one of the principal causes being the lack of food. They also say that charges have been preferred against a number of the whaling captains.

"Two of the captains are now under arrest.

"The crew of the wrecked whaler Alexander are living ashore in the whaling station. The fifteen men have also been put ashore. Some of the men are scarcely able to walk."

The two whaling captains arrested, as stated above, are Captain Bodfish of the steamer William Baylies, and Captain Newth of the steamer Jeannette. Captain Newth was arrested at the same time as Captain Bodfish, both masters being taken from their vessels by Captain Hamlet of the revenue cutter Thetis.

In Captain Newth's case the charge was an old one, that of kidnapping a young native woman from the coast near Nome. He would have been arrested last year, but the steamer did not come down. Captain Newth secured bail, as well as Captain Bodfish, and both are now at Nome.—N. B. Standard, 24th. 8/29/1906

Alice Knowles Arrives.

The bark Alice Knowles arrived in port Friday afternoon from a 21 months' cruise to the Crozet Islands, Indian and Atlantic ocean whaling grounds. She had taken about 1,750 barrels of oil and had on board, in addition to the casks of oil, upward of 8,500 pounds of whalebone. The Knowles arrived on the Crozet grounds late in the season and only took one small whale there, which netted about 520 pounds of bone. The Knowles had hard luck in losing one good sized whale on the Crozets, due to a fluke chain giving way as the vessel was beating off shore. Two boats were also lost at this time.

The second season on the Crozets was more profitable than the first, for seven whales were taken and over 8,000 pounds of bone resulted. The total catch was 1,450 barrels of sperm oil and 300 barrels of whale oil.

The Knowles fell in with many vessels of the New Bedford fleet during the cruise. The Knowles met the new whaler, Arthur V. S. Woodruff, Captain James A. Tilton, about the seventh of July. The Woodruff had 300 barrels of sperm oil aboard. On the 15th of July the Knowles spoke the schooner Valkyrie with 270 barrels of oil. The Valkyrie was seen to take one whale later, which would bring her catch well above 300 barrels. The captain of the Valkyrie reported that he had seen whales 27 times and had captured them 17 times.—N. B. Standard, 6th. Aug 13-1910

Whaling News

With the arrival of the whaling schooners Ellen A. Swift of Provincetown, Captain Antone J. Mandly, consigned to J. Emmons Dyer, and the Golden City, Captain Manuel F. Santos, consigned to James F. Avery, which came in last night, all but one, the schooner Adelia Chase, of the North Atlantic whaling fleet are in port. The Swift has on board 450 barrels of sperm oil, and has been gone from this port just 100 days, one of the shortest whaling voyages on record for this period. She left here April 30th, and touched at no port between the time she left and her arrival. The schooner has about one half pound ambergris.

Captain Manly reports an abundance of small whales taken by him yielding over 30 barrels. Captain Mandly said that never in his experience had he seen so many whales. From the 6th day of May to the 21st, 16 days running, whales were sighted every day. In June he had no luck in making fast to whales, but the month of July was a busy one, nearly 300 barrels being taken in that time.

One man died on the voyage of consumption. This was Daniel Morrison, who died on July 2d and was buried at sea. The schooner Chase was spoken July 31st with a small catch of oil, but her rather poor showing was made up from the fact that she has taken 75 pounds of ambergris. The Swift cut in her last whale the last day of July, but whales were seen as late as last Thursday.—N. B. Standard, 8th.

Captain Timothy C. Allen, agent of the whaling bark Wanderer, on Saturday evening received a letter from Captain Shockley, master of that vessel, which gives the news of a good catch of oil. The letter was dated at sea July 17, and gives the total catch of sperm oil as 600 barrels. The Wanderer sailed from New Bedford on April 26, and was reported July 10th with 325 barrels of sperm oil. The latest report, ten days later, gives her a total of 600 barrels, pretty good whaling for three months, and exceptionally good for the ten days which elapsed between the dates of the two reports. The Wanderer's arrival

Aug. 12-1905

4/2/1907

Sinking Whaler is Towed into Port.

Nearly going down only a mile from land, after a four years' voyage, the whaling bark Greyhound, Capt. A. T. Edwards, was picked up Sunday by a tug south of the Vineyard and brought safely into New Bedford.

The crew of the Greyhound, which brings back $69,000 worth of oil, had been at her pumps for 39 days, ever since she left St. Eustatia, and were worn out. They had been living on hardtack and tea for 10 days.

Buffeted by head winds and seas for the last two weeks, the bark could not get nearer the coast than South Shoals before Saturday, when word was sent that she was in distress.

Captain Edwards worked his vessel in the next 24 hours only as far as the back side of Martha's Vineyard, and, fearing to stand off shore again on his scanty supply of the scrapings of a last barrel, he anchored to the eastward of Squibnocket Point and went ashore in a whaleboat. He walked some 10 miles to a settlement and asked by telephone that assistance be sent him.

The tug J. T. Sherman was ordered to the bark's aid, and reached her just in time, as a gale was increasing from the westward and in an hour or two more she would have had to wear off shore. A towline was passed on board, and after a very rough trip up past Gay Head, she was brought across Vineyard Sound and Buzazrd's Bay and was safely docked at New Bedford.

Captain Edwards is the youngest whaling master in the world, and is scarcely 25 years old. He shipped in the Greyhound as mate under his uncle, Capt. J. T. Edwards, but the latter came home on account of illness and his nephew succeeded him. Young Edwards has been whaling since he was 10 years old, and that he is a successful whaler is shown by the fact that the Greyhound has made the phenomenal catch of 2400 barrels of sperm oil since it sailed from home.

Aug. 13, 1910

Grozier's Fine Catch.

Schooner William A. Grozier of Provincetown, thirteen weeks out of this port, came into the bay Saturday evening and was docked Sunday morning, bringing in her hold a full cargo of oil, 550 barrels, all taken on the Hatteras grounds. The schooner came in with all her casks full of sperm oil and even the coolers and spare casks on deck were filled. During the little more than three months that the schooner has been out there has been no sickness and the men came in a rugged looking lot.

There was one incident of the voyage, however, that will remain a tale to tell to the whalemen for some time to come. Boatsteerer Claud Oliviera performed the remarkable feat of striking a whale at a distance of seven fathoms while the boats of the Grozier were chasing after whales in friendly rivalry with the boats of the bark Andrew Hicks. It was while one of the boats from the bark was close onto a whale, and with the harpooner with his instrument poised in the air, the boat from the Grozier crept up behind and to get the whale from the bark's crew the Grozier boatsteerer let go his iron. The deadly missile struck its mark true and the whale was saved to the pluckiest man. The feat of Oliviera is said to be a record.

Victor Slocum, who went out in the Grozier as boatsteerer, told of fishing from the whaler on nearly every day during the voyage, the crew catching a quantity of yellow tails, a bottom fish which weighs from one to two pounds. This helped out on the regular bill of fare. There were porpoise balls, too, for all who wanted them, a delicacy that only whalemen know how to enjoy.

According to the crew of the Grozier, the bark Andrew Hicks has been having good fortune. There seems to be some conflict as to just how much oil the Hicks has taken, but one of the crew was told that she needed only five whales to make her a full ship, and another report is that she had 1,300 barrels of sperm oil. She was last reported at Bermuda with 750 barrels sperm oil and 150 barrels whale oil on board.—N. B. Standard, 8th.

More Bone and Ivory. But Less Oil Taken.

The figures made up for the whale catch this season show that there was a considerable decrease in the amount of oil taken to San Francisco from the north, compared with that landed there last year. On the other hand, large increases are shown in both bone and ivory over last year.

In 1906, 2475 barrels of oil were obtained, as against 300 barrels for 1907. The bone for 1907 was 128,800 pounds, as compared with 34,170 for 1906; and ivory 900 pounds for 1907, as against 235 pounds for 1906.

The falling off in the amount of oil this year is largely accounted for by the fact that it cannot compete with California mineral oil. The figures for the northern whaling operations include 917 fur and 27 fox skins.

In every way, except the production of oil, the whaling season just closed has been the best for years.

Jan. 1908

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Correspondence of The Inquirer and Mirror.

BARK GAY HEAD, Honolulu, H. I.,
Nov. 17th, 1896.

Mr. Editor:

After an uneventful passage of twenty-one days, arrived here on the 15th inst., from Fox Islands. We cruised in Behring Sea for right whales, but had such a succession of heavy gales that it was impracticable to lower boats, and eventually became so bad that the boats were in constant danger of being swept away, in which event we would have been compelled to return home, thereby entailing a great deal of expense and spoiling our voyage. These heavy northwest winds, acting on the shallow waters of the Behring Sea, raise a terrific, short, uneven sea that is extremely hazardous. Three years ago the bark Mars lost her boats, and was thrown on her beam-ends, but providentially righted in time to escape total loss. They had cut the lanyards of the lower rigging but luckily the masts refused to go, and so they were enabled to make sail when she righted and so escape. One season the Hunter lost boats and one-half of the men in the watch on deck; the Norwhal, steamer, lost boats and men; Orca, steamer, the same. In fine, if the fleet passes through the Sea without serious mishap, we consider ourselves fortunate.

Coming through "72 Pass" we sighted the spot where the ill-fated James Allen was cast away. Her crew were compelled to resort to cannibalism to sustain life. A "Clarke Russell" would find abundance of material in whaling annals of that part of the world for many a weird and thrilling tale.

My wife has been very ill for some time, and I am compelled to send her ashore here for medical advice. She has been more or less of an invalid for several years, and it was with the hope of benefiting her health that I was constrained to take her this voyage. For some time she steadily improved, but one night, whilst bucking ice, she was awakened by an extra heavy shock, and so frightened that it has had, I am afraid, a very serious effect on her nervous system. You can imagine that all this has not served to lighten the burden which a faithful performance of a shipmaster's, and particularly a whale-ship master's duties impose on one. My boy has made satisfactory progress in his studies, and the trip has been of great benefit to him mentally and physically. It is with regret that I must send them home, but one seldom has what one desires most in this life, and must hope for the best.

My mate, Mr. Jos. W. Gardner, of Woods Hole, leaves me here as his time expires. Having been prepared for such a contingency, I have simply to raise my officers one step, and so am not compelled to engage a new man. Mr. Gardner has done fairly well, as we have about 5500 lbs. of whalebone and about 375 bbls. of whale oil.

The steamer Australia, from 'Frisco arrived today with the news of the election of Gov. McKinley to the Presidency, but as we confidently expected it, it has excited no surprise, but considerable enthusiasm, for nineteen-twentieths of the white residents here are Americans or of American parentage, and most of the capital of the country is under their control. The feeling here is peculiar, for, although they are well aware of the protection policy of McKinley and the Republican party, they obtained the reciprocity treaty from a similar administration, and they do not despair of obtaining some substantial benefits and ultimately their great dream "Annexation!" Under the reciprocity treaty the islands prospered to an unheard of degree, and were enabled to build as fine, if not the finest sugar mills in existence, and to equip magnificent plantations. Every other interest was laid aside for sugar, and the profits were so enormous that stock in some plantations advanced in price to many times its face value. They understood their own interests, however, and most of their expensive mill machinery came from Germany and even the telephones were mostly imported from Belgium. Their understanding of reciprocity was pretty one-sided. On the passage of the famous McKinley bill, reciprocity became a dream of the past, and as they had then to enter into a competition with other countries, the great profits were no longer to be had, but by annexation the sugar bounty paid to American producers could be obtained, and so came the revolution that resulted in the overthrow of Liliuokalani's government and the great exertions made for that end, annexation. Leaving sentiment aside, and looking at the situation here from a plain, matter-of-fact standpoint, it looks to me like this: Here is a group of islands controlled by a comparatively small number of men; an alien population, the great bulk of whom, outnumbering the natives nearly two to one, consists of Chinese, Japanese, South Sea Islanders, and what not, working for wages ranging from $10 to $18 per month, without board; working under a contract system that is akin to slavery, and whom the experience of California has shown to be not assimilative but in everything highly undesirable. And even at the present rate of wages, plantation owners are continually complaining that rates are too high. With the exception of a thirty-mile road to the volcano on Hawaii, there is not a single good road anywhere. In many places nothing can be grown except by irrigation (want of water is the most serious question in some places) and the construction of dams, conduits, etc., would entail great expense. To fortify the islands in anything like a business manner would cost so much that one's head would swim looking at the figures. These are a few of the drawbacks. Now for the other side. We would possess a country with a beautiful climate and an unrivalled production, to the acre, of sugar. Whose coffee, the raising of which is only in its infancy is rivalled only by Mocha; a magnificent harbor for a coaling station; and of course we would have an addition to our home market for certain articles. But when one knows that the Chinese, Japs, etc., import their own clothing and food, why that is reduced to a minimum, especially as the whole population numbers less than one hundred thousand.

I remember the last Presidential election held in the States, that the Americans here took a ballot to find the concensus of opinion among themselves, Cleveland received nearly six to one. Last week, I understand, that McKinley would have received a large majority if this was a part of the Union. This same McKinley, being the author of the bill that destroyed "reciprocity," was at that time the most abused and maligned individual of whom I have ever heard. These people must have suffered an entire change of heart or learned that "silence is golden" and to "worship the rising sun"—a sure road to success. They have many able men amongst them, and will work every ruse under heaven to obtain their ends; and from the sentiment in the States I think it is only a question of time when they will succeed; but when that does come, I trust that we will not find that we have purchased a white elephant.

From here we proceed to Guajan, Ladrone Islands, in search of sperm whales, arriving about March, and from there to Kodiak again.

Hoping that you are well and prosperous and that this imperfect and hurried view of the "Hawaiian situation" will not fatigue you, I am,

Yours Sincerely,

CHAS. H. FOLEY.

Home from the Arctic.

Capt. John A. Cook of steam whaler Bowhead arrived in Brockton this week, accompanied by his wife, and brought the first official account of the rceent experiences of the Arctic fleet while frozen in the ice near Herschel island.

Mrs. Cook's condition is the reason her husband is not with his ship. Early in June, when the Bowhead was released from the ice, Mrs. Cook was so much in need of medical attendance that he hailed the first revenue cutter that arrived on the whaling ground and started with her for Cape Nome.

According to Capt. Cook the experience on his last trip was the most awful he has ever encountered in the Arctic. In 1904 the Bowhead, with four other ships, sought the winter quarters of the fleet at Herschel island. Mrs. Cook was the only woman in the party, and at the beginning the fact of being frozen in held terrors for her.

There were supplies in plenty. It was the lonesomeness and the monotony. It preyed upon all, but it was upon Mrs. Cook that it fell hardest. Her husband and the others of the ice imprisoned colony did all they could for her, but she had determined to spend last summer at the home of her married daughter in Provincetown, and the irksomeness of the predicament in the far and frozen north at length got on her nerves and shattered them. The intense cold, too, had a depressing effect that was impossible to shake off, and it rendered illness inevitable once it had threatened.

Finally June of 1906 dawned, and one day the whalers of the frozen land realized that they were soon to be freed. The release came, but Mrs. Cook was then too ill to take part in the festivities with which the event was celebrated. She was, in fact, so ill that Captain Cook determined to make a run home at the earliest opportunity.

Within a few days a revenue cutter appeared on the scene, and turning the command of the Bowhead over to Captain James Tilton of New Bedford, who was serving as first mate, Captain Cook and his wife embarked for Cape Nome, and several days later Mrs. Cook was once more landed, having been inside the Arctic circle since March 18, 1903, longer than any other white woman has ever remained in the frozen zone. OCT. 13-1906

November 16/1907

Arctic Whaling Fleet Safe. Value of Catch $585,000.

No more anxiety need be felt for the safety of the Arctic whaling fleet this season. The vessels have all arrived at San Francisco, and their officers and crew will soon hasten homeward across the continent. The catch of bowheads this season has been sixty-five, of which thirty-six were captured as the result of the late whaling by the five vessels reported frozen in the ice last week. The entire yield of whalebone resulting from the season's cruise is not far from 117,000 pounds, which at the prevailing price for that commodity, means the snug sum of $585,000. The catch of the fleet was as follows:

Herman, Capt. J. A. Tilton	12
Bowhead, Capt. G. F. Tilton	9
Narwhal,	14
Jeanette, Capt. Hoffman	5
Karluk	1
Beluga, Capt. G. W. Porter	9
Belvedere, Capt. S. F. Cottle	6
Thrasher, Capt. C. H. Foley	5
William Baylies, Capt. H. H. Bodfish	4

A portion of the whales enumerated above were taken by the Narwhal in the fall of 1906, she having wintered in the Arctic during the season of 1906-7. As a whole, the season has been a very successful one, and every ship has made expenses, something which hasn't occurred for several years. Captain James A. Tilton of New Bedford, with steamer Herman, is high hook, and his twelve whales should net the ship at least $108,000.

And this is not the first time that Captain Tilton has made the banner cut, for in 1902 he came out of the Arctic with seventeen out of the fifty-eight whales taken by the fleet, and the following summer he was again the top notcher. Capt. George F. Tilton, master of the Bowhead, the man who made that famous foot journey across Alaska a few years ago, this season divides the honors of second place with Capt. G. W. Porter of the Beluga.

In summing up the season's work, the New Bedford Standard says as follows:

"The fact that the vessels have averaged well has been a matter of pleasing comment, and as a whole the season must be considered a successful one. Compared with past seasons, the cut is the best since 1900. During the latter part of the season, while the Herman, Beluga, Belvedere, Thrasher and William Baylies were in the Arctic, whales were seen in plenty, but unusually wild, making it difficult to strike them. That they were so plentiful no doubt is the cause for this quintet of steamers remaining north so long, and while many were anxious as to their safety when Captain Hoffman of the Jeanette made public his report, today there is rejoicing in the different homes of the officers and crews, for there isn't a man on either vessel who signed on, above the common sailor, for that cruise but is several hundred dollars better off than when he sailed out of San Francisco last spring.

And these men have earned their money, for the risk is great, much greater in fact than most people imagine. In years past hardly a season has seen its end without the loss of some whaler caught in the heavy ice, and in several instances whole fleets with precious cargoes of whalebone have been deserted in order that the crews might save their lives, notably the great disasters of 1871 and 1876, when millions of dollars were sunk in the cold waters of the northern ocean.

But the past season has been free from such disaster, and 1907 will go on record as one of the most successful of the new century. As compared with the catch of recent years the cuts are more evenly divided, and, as stated above, every ship has paid expenses. In looking over the record for the last seven years something of the work performed may be interesting to those who have not followed the record of ships and crews.

In 1900, when there were 12 ships engaged in prosecuting the industry, 70 whales were taken, while the following year but 39 whales were captured. This was the year that the late Captain David Devoll, master of the Belvedere, took 11, he being high hook. That same season three of the best steamers in the Arctic fleet were lost—the Balaena, the Grampus and the Fearless. Then comes the season of 1902 with its record of 58 whales, when Captain James A. Tilton stowed down the bone from 17 of these leviathans—nearly one third of the whole number captured. That was Captain Tilton's banner season, and he followed up this lucky streak the next season by finishing high hook again, the entire catch of the fleet being but 20.

In 1904 there was so much heavy ice that whaling was made difficult. Still at that 49 whales were taken, and then comes 1905 with its reminder of misgivings as to the fate of the crews of 12 ships which were imprisoned in the ice to the east of Point Barrow on Aug. 10th. The experience of those men who were forced to live under the shadow of the north pole during a long weary winter is now a matter of history. They passed through that terrible ordeal in safety, coming out safely to again take a chance with the treacherous ice.

That was the season that steamer William Baylies and the schooner Monterey came down to San Francisco with the news of the disaster. It was then that Captain H. H. Bodfish of the Baylies made a record cut, he having taken 17 out of 30 whales, the number captured by the fleet. Last year the catch dwindled down to but 15 whales, as only a very few vessels went north, and they gave as much attention as possible to the assistance of their comrades who had been imprisoned in the ice the season before.

Thus it will be seen that the season which has just ended compares very favorably with any season since 1900, when 70 whales were taken by a fleet of 12 vessels."

The Arctic Whalers. 1911

From successful cruises in the Arctic the steam whalers Karluk, Captain Foley, and the Herman, Captain Bodfish, reached home yesterday morning. The Leibes boat brought 15,000 pounds of bone, 1000 pounds of ivory and a consignment of skins, while the Stebbins Friedman packet had 16,000 pounds of bone. Captain Foley took 16 mammals and Bodfish came away with half a dozen.

There were many desertions and attempted desertions this season. Nine of the Herman's crew got away at Unalaska, while the Karluk retained a good portion of her hands at the same port because of the watchful eye of the revenue cutter Bear.

Captain Bodfish reported that while the Herman was at Unalaska on Oct. 18 two earthquakes were felt, followed by two heavy east-northesat gales. The whaler was torn from her moorings and driven on the beach. It took 12 hours to kedge her off into deep water again. In addition to doing other damage the gales carried away the masts of the new wireless station at Unalaska.

The Herman came down from Unalaska in 22 days, while the Karluk logged 28 days. The latter encountered a succession of southeast and northeast gales after leaving the northern port. Heavy boarding seas carried away the amidships starboard boat and the davits. In order to temper the effect of the waves oil bags were hung out.—San Francisco Chronicle, 10th.

JULY 11 1908.

Details of Wreck in the Arctic.

Thirty-five of the crew of the wrecked whaler William Baylies, crushed in the ice in the Gulf of Anadir, Siberian coast, May 15, reached Seattle last Thursday, passengers on the steamship Umatilla, and are now in that city penniless. The men had hoped to be taken from Alaska to San Francisco, but in this they were disappointed. Having been landed at an American port, they must now shift for themselves.

Henry Kruse, second officer of the Baylies, in speaking of the loss of the vessel, said:

"The Baylies left San Francisco last March," said he, "for the summer whaling cruise in the Arctic under command of Captain H. H. Bodfish, carrying 43 men in all. The run north was made without incident until the vessel met the ice in Bering sea, April 4th. For 21 days the whaler lay surrounded by such floes as those who have spent 14 years in the regions on whalers had never seen before. On April 25th the Baylies was near the Gulf of Anadir and the steam whaler Bowhead lay in the ice about three miles away.

Surrounded by giant bergs from the Arctic ocean, which towered forty feet above her decks, the whaler seemed to those aboard to be caught in some deep mountain valley. As long as the sea remained calm the vessel was safe in her snug haven, and until May 15th she lay in the ice with little change. On that day a strong northwest gale sprang up, and it soon became apparent to those aboard that the big bergs were going to make troublesome neighbors if they got too friendly. The ice closed in against the ship and those aboard began to worry for her safety. At about 10 o'clock at night it became apparent that the end would come in a few minutes and all hands were ordered to abandon the ship. Within twenty mniutes after this order the Baylies was crushed like an egg shell. Gathered in the shelter of an ice hummock we waited for morning, taking such comfort as we could from the improvised shelter. Many of the men had nothing but the clothes in which they stood.

When morning broke we set out across the rough ice to find the whaler Bowhead. Deep snow and great mountains and ridges of ice which had to be passed prolonged the journey, so that seventeen hours had passed when we reached the whaler. There we were sheltered and cared for until May 31st, when the Bowhead found a lead to open water and sailed for Nome, reaching that port June 21st."

Gay Head Arrives Full.

Whaling bark Gay Head, Wing, arrived at San Francisco, Aug. 25th, with every one of her 1,050 casks filled. When but a day from port a large school of whales was sighted, but it was useless to put after them, as there was no means of storing the oil.

Captain Wing reported an uneventful six months' absence. The Gay Head worked in the vicinity of Kodiak island and took the mammals only for their oil, the species of whale found in those waters not being of the type that are valuable for the bone in their mouths. The Gay Head's catch is valued in the vicinity of $15,000, and comes to L. E. James.

The Gay Head and the bark John and Winthrop, which is still out, were the only vessels going sperm whaling from there this season. The latter made for the coast of Japan, and will probably work her way around to the northern waters before returning home.

SEPT. 4, 1909

Apr. 22, 1911

Whale Catch of 1910.

From various sources it is now possible to form an estimate of the results obtained in 1910 in different parts of the world by whaing vessels owned in Sandefjord, Larvik, Tonsberg and other ports in southern Norway, says the Field, London. The fields of operation covered a wide area, and included Shetland, the Hebrides, the Faero islands, the west coast of Irsland, Iceland, Spitzbergen, South Georgia, South Shetland, the Falkland islands, Kerguelen and the coast of Chili and of southwest Africa.

While the take in 1909 was very satisfactory, that of 1910 proved still more so, especially in Antartic waters, and this season a large number of additions are being made to the fleet.

In the Hebrides, Shetlands, and on the west coast of Ireland, 16 vessels secured 734 whales, representing an average of 1,300 barrels of oil each. Among the fish captured were several sperm whales and 17 North cape whales, of which latter kind four were killed in Shetland waters, where none of these valuable monsters had been gotten before. It would appear, however, that a petition is to be presented to parliament on the part of the Shetland fishermen that the capture of whales should be absolutely prohibited from June 1 to July 5. Such prohibition applies even now within a certain distance of the coast, but should it be extended, it will practically ruin the industry, as the period in question is the best in the whole year.

In the Faero isles 16 vessels secured an average of 725 casks of oil. Here the fish were larger and fatter than they have been for many years, yielding in some instances as many as 25 casks each, as against 15 the previous season. Among the rarer species captured there were four sperm whales and two North cape whales.

On the east and west coasts of Iceland 32 vessels were engaged, securing in all 649 whales, or an average of 750 casks of oil per ship. Several blue and a number of humpback whales were captured, but the bulk of the take consisted of rorquals. Thick and stormy weather interfered greatly with the fishing, especially in the earlier part of the year, and the distances which the carcases have to be towed constitute a drawback.

Off Spitzbergen four vessels belonging to a company in Larvik captured 99 whales and three bottlenoses, representing 3,600 casks of oil, and two vessels owned in Sandejord caught 66 whales and a bottlenose, which produced 1,800 casks. The former of these companies has a permanent station at Green harbor on the Ice fjord, while the other works with a floating boiling down establishment.

The ice conditions were comparatively favorable, as on May 29 there was already open water at the entrance to Green harbor, although not until June 12 could the station be reached. As early as the middle of July the drift ice began to give trouble, filling up the fjords and inlets. The best take was made between 2½ degrees east longitude and 1 degree west longitude, and operations were conducted as far north as 80 degrees, where, however, no great success attended them. The old grounds in Hornsund and Bellsund were not visited by whalers last year. Including those of all nationalities, 68 whaling vessels, besides tugs and transports, were employed in 1910 in these northern waters, and the quantity of oil obtained by them was about 58,500 casks, or about 10,000 less than the preceding year; while the quantity of guano obtained was also considerably smaller.

While the take in the Northern Arctic was relatively only moderate, that in the Antarctic was larger than it has ever been. In 1908 14 vessels with one land station and six floating boiling down establishments, obtained on an average 4,150 casks of oil each, or in all about 58,000 casks. In 1909 double the number of vessels with six land stations and eight floating establishments obtained 116,000 casks, or an average of about 3,860 per vessel. Last year from the two most important of the whaling areas alone in the Southern Arctic 147,300 casks of oil were procured, or an average of 5,900 per vessel. The fishing last year at South Georgia was very productive, whales being extremely productive. Among those captured were 11 right whales, but the humpbacks were the most numerous. In all, about 4,000 whales, representing 106,800 casks of oil, or rather more than the whole of the production of the world four years ago, were captured by 14 vessels, and such are the preparations being made that it is expected some 6,000 will be accounted for this year (1911).

An immense waste of raw material has hitherto taken place in these seas, the parially stripped carcases of innumerable whales having been cast adrift. Last year an effort was made to remedy this evil, and 3,800 barrels of oil were recovered from what would otherwise have become derelicts, by means of a large floating boiling down establishment.

At South Shetland six vessels from Sandefjord had 1,035 whales, which produced 22,500 casks of oil. In association with these there were two newly fitted out boiling down steamers of about 4,700 tons each; these can extract 250 casks a day, and carry a cargo of about 20,000 casks. Two other Norwegian vessels and three belonging to a Chilian company had between them 896 whales, which produced 10,000 casks of oil. The take included about 150 blue whales and some 300 rorquals; the rest were humpbacks. Formerly, most of the fish were taken off the whaling fleet harbor on Deception; last year the largest number were captured somewhat further south on the coast of Grahamsland. As yet these seas undoubtedly abound to a marvelous extent with whales, but how long this will continue to be the case is another matter, for, as a result of the success hitherto obtained, many more vessels will be employed there this year than last.

On the coast of Chili two vessels belonging to a Norwegian company, from a permanent station at Corral in Valdivia, secured 7,000 casks of oil, the fish captured being principally blue and humpbacked whales. Another company is forming a station further south, at San Pedro, and a third, a Chilian one, caught 20 of the valuable right whales in the neighborhood of Punta Arenas, where it has its headquarters. The whales on the southern part of the Chili coast are very large and fat.

At Kerguelen two Norwegian vessels, in association with transport and towing steamers, met with but moderate success. In addition to whaling proper, they hunted sea elephants, of which a considerable number are found here.

On the Portuguese West African coast the Viking company of Sandefjord, with two vessels and a floating boiling down establishment, obtained 13,000 casks of oil; while the South African whaling company, from permanent stations at Durban and in Saldana, obtained 20,000 casks, besides manufacturing a large quantity of guano.

The Newfoundland whale fishing turned out much more satisfactorily in 1909 than might have been expected, in view of the number of complaints that had been made in regard to it, and seven vessels captured 518 whales, of which 80 were of the blue species. For last year full returns are not yet available, but up to Sept. 20, one vessel had 120 fish, a very satisfactory result. On the coast of British Columbia the whaling industry continues to be very successful, and six new vessels from Norway were added last year to the existing fleet. A considerable number of whalers work along the coasts of Japan and Corea, and several of the companies which own these have amalgamated under the name of the Oriental whaling company, with headquarters at Osaka.

With regard to the right whale fishery, one of the Dundee ships brought home the produce of five of these huge creatures, including 6,500 pounds of whalebone; another, the Scotia, had three whales and 2,500 pounds of whalebone; and a third, the Morning Star, got seven in Davis strait and 14,900 pounds of whalebone.

The right whale fishery, as carried on from New Bedford and San Francisco, is falling off.—Boston Globe.

11/9/1907

Arctic Whaling Fleet Caught in the Ice. Nantucket Man on the Baylies.

A dispatch from San Francisco, dated November 2, says: "Venturing too far to the westward in the Arctic ocean, in quest of whales, five vessels of the whaling fleet sailing from San Francisco more than a year ago with 225 men, may have been caught in the ice by the sudden closing in of the northern winter, according to Captain Hoffman of the whaler Jeanette, which arrived today. The missing vessels are the Herman, Captain James Tilton, of New Bedford; the Beluga, Captain Porter; the Belvedere, Captain Cottle; the Thrasher, Captain Foley; and the William Baylies, Captain H. H. Bodfish.

None of these whalers was seen by the men of the Jeanette, which once had to make a path through the ice pack with gun powder before the open sea was reached. All of the whalers went further to the northwest this season than usual, the Jeanette plainly sighting Prince William Land. Only one other vessel of the fleet, the Bowhead, reached the sea after the Jeanette escaped. The Bowhead was sighted off this port today."

The news which the Jeanette brings down from the far north is like a thunder bolt from a clear sky, for after the experience of two years ago, when 11 whaleships were imprisoned in the ice east of Point Barrow, friends of the officers and crew of the little fleet, which took the hazard of an Arctic cruise, hardly dreamed of these hardy seamen being again caught in such a predicament.

The experience of that winter in the frozen north with scanty rations for the more than 300 seamen everybody believed would serve as a lesson for the future. Then they came out of the land of the midnight sun without the loss of a single life.

But what are their chances now. Caught in the ice to the eastward, where the fleet was supposed to prosecute late whaling, the show is decidedly slim of getting out, and the only means of safety open to the imperilled men will be to reach the Siberian coast and there live with the natives. The news which reaches this office is so meagre that it is difficult to judge just where the ships have been caught, but, if, as supposed, the fleet was engaged in whaling to the westward, after coming from their early cruise to the eastward of Point Barrow, as stated in the first dispatch from the fleet early in September, it is no use to try to disguise the fact that they are in a most dangerous condition. It was in this locality that the barks Mt. Wollaston, Captain Nye, and Vigilant, Captain Smithers, were caught in a trap never to return home.

At that time, the ice made early to the southward, closed the opening through Behring strait, shutting out every possible means of escape, while the Wollaston and the Vigilant were cruising off Herald island, the best whaling grounds west of Point Barrow.

When the Bowhead arrives in San Francisco, something more definite may be learned. Until then, there will be that awful anxiety so often experienced by the friends of Arctic whalemen in past years.

When the ice closed in on the Mt. Wollaston and the Vigilant in 1879, the barks Mercury and Helen Mar were in company, bound out of the Arctic ocean, and in the passage, both vessels were caught together, and the Mercury had to be abandoned to her fate, when both crews made their escape in the Helen Mar, which was the stronger vessel, and she only after a mighty effort, working day and night in sawing a channel through to clear water. At that time not a man experienced in Arctic whaling but predicted the total loss of the two ships which had taken a chance at late whaling on the Herald island grounds, and these predictions proved too true.

There is one element in this unfortunate occurrence favorable to the imprisoned whalemen. If able to reach land, or if they manage to run into open water near the shore, they know what is to be done, for the men of the Arctic whaling fleet today have a bet-

ter knowledge of methods of procedure than did the men of 30 years ago, who never had passed a winter north.

Those who recall the experience of the crew of the old ship Citizen in 1853, may have some idea of the hardships to be encountered if the vessels have to be abandoned.

In years past, since wintering north under favorable conditions has been common, there have been several instances of ships being caught in the ice, the two most notable instances being in 1897, and two years ago. In both cases the vessels were close to shore and the crews wintered on board, but lived on short rations.

When the news reached this city that the Bowhead had touched at Nome, October 14th, and had nine whales, there was surprise that Captain George F. Tilton made no mention of the other ships, and some even then expressed surprise that he had nothing to report. He first cruised to the eastward and finished his whaling to the westward of Point Barrow. It was on the last named ground that he took five of the nine whales captured.

If the ships are crushed in the heavy ice of the Arctic, it means a loss, outside of any catch, of about $250,000. The Beluga and Belvedere were known to have taken whales on their eastern cruise.

A strange coincidence of this unfortunate happening is the fact that the first news of the disaster in 1905 reached this city on November 2nd, the exact date that the first word reached the Sunday Standard in the present instance, and it is to be hoped that the termination will be as satisfactory as the experience of two years ago, when only the schooner Monterey and William Baylies made the passage out in safety.—N. B. Standard, 3d.

Signs of a Revival of American Whaling Industry. 1/14/1905

For a number of years it has been asserted repeatedly that the whaling industry, which at one time furnished such constant and profitable employment to the inhabitants of several of the smaller New England seaports, was destined to go out of existence altogether on account of the disappearance of the great mammal from the seas. It has been stated that the few remaining oil producing whales are to be found only on the coast of Newfoundland, and that even there they have become a decided rarity.

Much of the pessimistic statement seems to have been disproved by the recent return of the whaler Canton to New Bedford, Mass,. with a cargo of 2,450 barrels of sperm oil, worth $50,000, taken in sixteen months. The Canton, built seventy years ago and the oldest whaler afloat, has had a most remarkable career. She is a visible and material refutation of the claim that whaling as a business is no longer profitable. Within a few years she has made two record breaking voyages and has brought 7,000 barrels of sperm oil into the port of New Bedford.

A dozen years ago the industry of whaling was at the limit of the ebb of prosperity. At that time and for several years thereafter sperm oil sold for 40 cents a gallon, and the few vessels that remained in the business did not bring in more than 12,000 to 15,000 gallons annually. There was no scarcity of whales; on the contrary, the decreased fishing gave them the opportunity to become abundant. It was the low price of sperm oil that caused the industry to lag. It was not until the United States government came into the market that matters began to assume a more encouraging aspect. It was established by repeated experiment that no other illuminating oil was so suitable for lighthouse use as sperm oil, and it was finally put upon the list of approved naval stores. Sperm oil can be marketed at 50 cents a gallon with a fair profit. It rose steadily in value and is now selling at about 60 cents.

The industry immediately experienced a decided uplift. The whaling schooners which had been lying idle at their wharves for lack of profitable employment began to fit out, and the few barks that had escaped being allowed to degenerate into driftwood were made seaworthy and put into commission. Many vessels which had been devoted to freight carrying purposes were remodeled hastily and pressed into service, and in the course of time whaling recovered something of its former activity. It has not however, nor will it ever probably come again into its old time importance—to the days when more than 700 whale ships from New Bedford alone were upon the high seas.

One thing that has contributed greatly to the revival of whaling is the improvement which has been made in the implements used. The invention known as the darting gun has revolutionized the process of taking the wary leviathan. It is practically a harpoon and bomb gun combined, the former striking the whale and the latter simultaneously killing or wounding it by discharging the explosive lance, or "darting bomb," as it is termed. When the harpoon buries itself in the whale the gun is automatically discharged by a long wire rod, which is, in fact, a trigger extending beyond the muzzle and which by impact operates the internal mechanism and projects the lance. If the whale is not killed instantly the shoulder gun is called into use, and the wounded creature is quickly dispatched. Some still use the ordinary harpoon and the shoulder gun.

At first there was much opposition to the use of these guns. For a long time whaling masters would not permit them to be carried when boats were lowered in a school. It was believed that the blood of a whale in a flurry alarmed the others, and the first boat to make fast must be snaked about, imperilling the safety of the crew and frequently losing a whale, because no whale was to be killed until all the boats were fast. Nowadays the boats go in and kill as quickly as possibly, and the result is much more satisfactory than by the old process.

The development of the gun now used was not a matter of a year or two. Swivel guns were tried a century ago, and various devices for harpooning were used. A New England invention was a single barbed explosive head. This iron was fixed with a trigger, and when the point penetrated the flesh the trigger closed on the shank, released the hammer, set off a cap in the point and exploded the powder and the harpoon head. A peculiar weapon was invented by the French in 1830 and was used by them, but it never became popular in America. It was called the acid harpoon. It had a two flued head with a recess in the shank, in which was placed a bottle of prussic acid. When the instrument entered the body of the whale a spring broke the bottle, and the acid was discharged.

The origin of whale fishing is obscure, but it is known that as early as the ninth century the Norwegians sent out vessels in pursuit of whales, some of them going as far as Greenland. The Biscayans seem to have been the first to make a regular commercial pursuit of whale killing. Between thirteen hundred and 1500, whale hunting in the bay of Biscay was one of the chief industries in the Basque provinces and Gascony. Whales' tongues were at that period an important article of commerce. About the time whales became scarce in the bay of Biscay, the northern fishery condicted by the English, Dutch, French and Spanish came into prominence. During the latter half of the seventeenth century the Dutch supplied all Europe with oil. They obtained it from the region about Spitzbergen. At one time they had 260 ships engaged in taking whales and employed 14,000 men. Soon after that their business began to decline, and in the following century Great Britain took the lead. The government offered a bounty to those who were willing to engage in the calling. The object of this was not so much the upbuilding of the whaling industry as it was the development of seamanship.

In the next century the United States became the greater center of the whaling interest. Nantucket was the original headquarters of the industry, and even before the Revolution had fleets of whalers in all the fishing grounds then known.—Exchange.

New Power in Whaling. 1/7/1905

It is entirely possible that the Arctic whaling business will be revolutionized through the medium of gasoline, says Fred Bennett in a recent issue of the San Francisco Chronicle. This will sound strange to the old-time whalers and other men of the sea not familiar with the advancement of gasoline as a motive power in vessels that plow the main, but it is nevertheless a fact, as demonstrated by the success of the big schooners Monterey and Barbara Hernster during the past two seasons. Both are propelled by gasoline engines, used as auxiliary power, and both did so well in the Arctic in the business of whale catching, and were operated so much cheaper than the steam whalers, that blubber and bone hunters have been set to thinking.

On her last cruise to the Arctic the Monterey passed out of San Francisco with the largest gasoline engine ever used at sea, the machine having 125 horse-power. Along East street, where some of the old whaling men of decades ago are wont to congregate, there were sarcastic remarks made about Captain Foley's temerity in going north of Bering straits with such a new-fangled paraphernalia.

"He will not get within a mile of a whale," they said, "for the racket of the gasoline engine will be heard by the game long afore he comes in sight."

But Captain Foley knew a thing or two about whaling, and, moreover, was not averse to utilizing new methods. On his first cruise with a gasoline schooner he made so good a catch that upon his return he decided to increase the power of his engine, and go boldly into the Arctic to the farthest haunts of the bowhead. So, at an expense of many thousands of dollars, he had a giant engine of 125 horse-power installed in the Monterey by the Standard company, and the mechanics worked night and day to get it finished. That was last March, and after a hasty trip the Monterey put to sea on April 19th, heading straight for the Arctic, with Chief Engineer Ted Peters in charge of the big engine. Captain Foley felt that he was none too early in his start, but, as results showed, the Monterey was not a laggard.

The first practical use of the auxiliary power was demonstrated on June 5th, in the Gulf of Alaska, off Cape St. Elias, when the Monterey left in a hurry for Prince William sound 100 miles away, with one of the crew suffering from the effects of a bomb wound in the arm. At the sound Captain Foley learned that medical attention could only be obtained at a point sixty miles farther, and he hastened on with the wounded man, who was treated by a surgeon stationed at the missionary settlement. Then the Monterey hurried back to the whaling grounds she had left. It was there, on June 21st, that the first whale was struck, twenty miles north of Middleton island and five miles from Sea Otter bank, in fifty fathoms. The big fellow sounded and the Monterey anchored over the spot, with 150 fathoms of 6-inch hawser paid out. For forty hours the schooner lay waiting for the reappearance of the whale, when a southwest gale sprang up. Two steam whalers were forced to leave and run, but the Monterey remained for four hours longer before leaving the ground. With her auxiliary power, and the wind two points on her port bow, the Monterey was brought safely to an anchorage at 10 o'clock that night under the lee of Middleton island, though the seas were mountainous. But through stress of wind and wave the engines never failed. It was the first hard test given the new power, and Captain Foley was proud to show the old-time steam whalers what he had done.

From Middleton island the Monterey went into the far north. The first ice, small and scattering, was found off Icy cape, in latitude 70 degrees 30 minutes north, and longitude 165 degrees west. Not a cake of ice was seen in all that intervening distance, and no indications of ice were seen on the distant horizon.

"With glasses," says Captain Foley, who has been whaling in the Arctic for the past thirty or forty years, "you may ascertain where clear water exists as you proceed into the very high latitudes. Whalers must depend upon their glasses if they are to avoid being locked in by the ice. If the horizon is blue it indicates water, and if white it is a sure sign of ice. Sometimes both water and ice are shown by the reflection on the sky near the horizon, indicated by patches of white and blue, or dark color. You may be bound directly north, but if you make out a white horizon in that direction it may not be safe. Perhaps to east or west there is blue, and so you find it expedient to steer a zigzag course, ultimately reaching your destination without having been stopped or annoyed by ice. These indications are sure.

"On our cruise this past season, to my great surprise, we found nothing but thin, scattering ice, even as far north as beyond 74 degrees. The atmosphere was warmer than ever before in my experience, and to add to the strangeness we encountered flocks of thousands of mutton birds in the most distant parts of the Arctic, at least 250 miles from Point Barrow or Harold island. This was on August 22d. What attracted the birds to that particular spot, or what they subsisted upon is beyond my ken. But they were there, and in large numbers. Clear water was all around. It appears that strong southerly gales have, during the last two or three seasons, driven the pack ice farther and farther into the Arctic. As far as we could see, from that far northern latitude of 74 degrees, there was nothing but clear water. I think if these, conditions continue through next season a vessel properly outfitted would be able to go to a latitude never before reached in that part of the world. It really seems that we may be able, some of these times, to round the northern extremity of the continent into the Atlantic, past Banks land through Melville sound and Barlows straits into Baffin bay. It is certain, at any rate, that there are not the great ice packs in the Arctic that we used to encounter.

"And the whales, like the ice, have year after year gone more to the northward. I remember when a whaler seldom if ever went beyond Bering sea after the bowhead species. At first, in fact, the bowhead spouted along the Siberian coast, just below the straits, but always on the Siberian side. Then the steam whalers drove them farther and farther into high latitudes. For a time Point Barrow, the extreme northwesterly point of the continent, marked the limit of the cruising, but the area has year by year widened. Herschel island, the mouth of the Mackenzie river, and even Banks land, on the east, and Herald and Wrangle islands to the northward, have become the haunts of the bowhead, which produces the bone that we go after.

The bowhead is a fine whale in appearance, big and smooth, and not particularly active nor dangerous. He is not like the right whale that we find in Bering sea, and which, for suppleness, surpasses anything in the whale class. The right whale is a pretty shifty animal, able to scratch his head with his tail, and I have known him to perform that feat with all the ease imaginable. He is the most dangerous of the big fellows to catch. After striking him with a harpoon, look out. With a rapidity that is startling his tail swishes through the air, executing all sorts of angles, and disappearing as suddenly as it came. I think less than a second would mark the time spent by a right whale in throwing his great flukes out of the water, making a wide sweep, perhaps cutting a boat in half, and getting out of sight again. You

may find it hard to believe, but I have known a man in the boat to be knocked senseless and all but killed by the mere concussion of air produced by the passing of a right whale's fluke near his head. The man was made black in the face, and never knew until we told him what had hurt him. It was a week before that man was all right again. But he had not been touched by the mighty tail. Again I have seen a boat cut through as sharply as though an axe had been used by the barnacle-incrusted fluke of a right whale. This species is almost always covered from end to end with barnacles and shells, and with vermin peculiar to marine life. But the right whale is a good producer of oil, and is frequently 75 or 80 feet long.

But with all its agility the right whale is not so dangerous a foe as the sperm variety. The sperm will turn on a boat and fight. That makes a difference, you know, in the spirit with which the men go after them. The men will take all kinds of chances with the lightning-like swishes of a right whale's flukes with more composure than they will tackle a fighting sperm. Still, the average whaling crew will go after anything and not consider the danger. The humpback whale doesn't amount to much, though he is occasionally taken for his oil.

You would think that whales might be lacking in brains or intuition, but they are not. It may not be brains, and only instinct, but a whale knows when one of his fellows has been harpooned, even as far away as twenty miles. I know this to be a fact. More than once I have been about to strike a whale when, swish! Up goes his flukes and he goes down like a shot, not to reappear, perhaps, for hours, and maybe not within five miles of the place where he went down. Then we know that some other whale has been harpooned somewhere within a radius of twenty miles. What gives those unharmed fellows a warning, unless it is instinct or a concussion or sound through all that stretch of sea?

Whales are exceedingly clever, too, in avoiding capture. A big fellow, 80 feet long, may be lazily swimming along just below the surface, with not a sign of his huge bulk in sight—only a small dark spot on the water where his blow holes are in operation. Still as a mouse the huge thing goes. If he is near an ice pack, and a chunk of the melting berg suddenly drops into the sea with a loud splash, it does not disturb the whale. He is used to that. But let a whaleboat, proceeding ever so cautiously toward him, strike a floating piece of ice in his neighborhood, and lo! the big fellow vanishes to unknown depths with not a ripple at the surface to mark the spot where he idled along an instant before. So the boat returns. It would be useless to look for that whale for several hours.

I found it easier this season to take the few whales we got than under the old methods. The Monterey, on account of her light draught and comparatively small size, could work to better advantage, and the chugging of the engine was no drawback to the work. Sailing skippers told me, in fact, that they could hear the steam whalers farther off than they could hear us. I was able, with the Monterey, to get a whale that had sounded near an ice pack by simply running through a small opening and meeting him soon after he arose on the opposite side. I am sincerely of the opinion that the gasoline engine has come to stay in the Arctic whaling business.

12/9/1905

Word From the Arctic Whalers.

The veil of mystery that has shrouded the movements of 12 ships of the Arctic whaling fleet since Aug. 10 last has been raised, permitting enough of the secret, so long hidden by the spirit of the north, to escape and reveal that one, at least, perhaps all, of the ships and their living freight of nearly 500 souls are still safe.

A brief message arrived at Provincetown, Wednesday, addressed to the daughter of the master of steam whaler Bowhead. Capt. John A. Cook of the big steam whaler named was the writer of the dozen words that came over hundreds, nay thouasnds, of miles of snowy waste, nestling beneath the deerskin jacket of an Eskimo courier, to bring comfort to a whole community and gladden unspeakably one household of whose occupants Mrs. Atkins, the daughter, and Mrs. Emily Cook, the mother of the captain are two.

No one expected tidings from the iced-in waters before Dec. 25 at the earliest. Jan. 28 was the date when many looked for the first word from the beleaguered vessels, and some, doubtless, did not expect to hear again from them

The message which arrived was a telegram from Eagle, Alaksa, via Seattle, and it said: "Wintering at Herschel island; will write immediately; send letters to Fort Yukon." This message did not give a word of news concerning one of the dozen whale ships, but the silence of the captain on this point augurs well for the fleet's safety, since, if he knew that any craft had been crushed by the ice, he would have stated the fact, no matter how unpalatable the news. The word "wintering" may refer to the Bowhead only, however, for that ship alone may have succeeded in reaching Herschel island. In that case the failure to mention other ships would be explained.

One thing is certain, the Bowhead is at Herschel island, 180 miles west of Bailie island, where the fleet was congregated when last seen by outcoming ships, and as one vessel has succeeded in bucking her way that far west, it is reasonable to infer that others of the machine equipped vessels, notably the Olga, Bonanza and Charley Hanson, with gasoline engines, have likewise reached there.

This will make the third consecutive winter passed at Herschel island by the Bowhead. Last winter and the winter before she had an abundance of provisions, for she went up into the North prepared to stay two years. This year she was intending to come down to Frisco, as her provision supply would not admit of another winter stay. But the grim floes closed at the most inopportune season known since the blockade of the autumn of 1897, when six ships, with only food enough to last them to Fricso, and six others with sufficient to last until summer, were stuck fast.

9/4/1906

More Whalers Return.

Two whalers arrived at New Bedford Monday, the bark A. R. Tucker, Captain Sylvanus Potter, and the schooner John R. Manta. The former has been out two years, while the latter has been away but 94 days.

The Tucker has had poor luck this summer and comes home with but 280 barrels of sperm oil, taken since she was on the coast of Africa. Her summer cruising has resulted in no oil taking. She has taken, all told, 1670 barrels. She sailed from St. Helena in April, and, after she had been at sea a few days, three men who had stowed away put in an appearance and they were landed Monday subject to the orders of the immigration officials here.

The Manta sailed from New Bedford April 26th and went to Hatteras ground where she practically filled up. She is commanded by Captain Manley and her short voyage will net about $10,000.

The Tucker was docked at the end of Central wharf, while the Manta remained in the stream.—N. B. Standard.

A telegram was received at New Bedford from Capt. James A. Tilton, of the steam whaler Alexander, dated Eagle, Alaska, December 5, as follows:

"Wintering Herschel island. Well. Write immediately and enclose your letter in envelope addressed to Postmaster, Fort Yukon, Alaska."

This is taken to mean that the entire fleet, about which there has been so much apprehension, is at Herschel island and all well. It is believed that the message put on the wire at Eagle city was brought down by the same runners who sent a dispatch received by Maj. Glassford at Seattle, announcing that the Norwegian exploration shio Gjoa, Capt. Roal Amundsen, had made the northwest passage. In the Seattle dispatch it is stated that the runners reported the Alexander and Bowhead at Cooper island and the Bonanza at King point. Cooper island does not appear on the maps, but King point is but a short distance from Herschel island, where there is a safe refuge from the ice and where provisions are to be had.

The situation of the fleet as now determined by these dispatches justifies the opinions of Capt. Hartson H. Bodfish, captain of the William Baylies, which got out of the Arctic before the shut-in. The families of the imprisoned whalemen are greatly relieved, because it is believed that no harm can come to the vessels or the men in their present positions.

Catching Whales off Brazil.

The whalebone whale, known in science as baloenoptera musculus, belongs to the family of roquals, and its catching is one of the principal industries of Brazil, from Assu da Torre to Caravellas. The whales caught along this stretch of coast have on an average about 360 plates of whalebone hanging from the roof of their upper jaws. They average about 32 inches in length, and because of their shortness have little commercial value. The length of this variety of whale is from 60 to 70 feet. The largest one taken last year gave 5,104 quarts of oil from blubber and 412 quarts from scraps. Its lower jawbone was 17.3 feet long, and its total length was 70 feet.

The boats used by the Brazilian whalers are heavy, hand-made affairs, capable of standing great strain. On each side of the prow is attached a hornlike projection of natural bent wood, around which pass the ropes attached to the harpoons. In a boat's equipment are from eight to twelve harpoons, each attached to about fifty feet of manila rope. Each boat also carries from two to four lances, to which are attached lines easily cut away when danger threatens.

As soon as a harpoon is thrown into a whale the big fish leaps in the water and starts away at great speed. At once the sail is lowered and the rudder taken in. From time to time the whale slackens his speed, and then the line is hauled in until finally the fish is near enough to permit lances to be thrown into it. The lances easily penetrate the whale and are as easily jerked out again, and again the whale is stabbed with them until a vital point has been struck or the whale succumbs from loss of blood.

When the whale is killed it is the duty of one of the crew to dive under the carcass and pass a rope with which to tie up the mouth, otherwise such a quantity of water would be taken in that the whale would sink. As this usually takes place at sea and the whale is always surrounded by voracious sharks which have been attracted by the blood, the task requires no little courage and skill.

The whale is towed to the beach and cut up, the fat being separated from the meat and the bones. The blubber is taken to an oil factory, the meat is smoked and so finds a ready sale at Bahia and in the country.

On one occasion thirteen whales were landed at a station within thirty-six hours. The average catch during the last few seasons has been from 300 to 400 whales.—N. Y. Herald, April 7. 1912

Feb. 19-1910

Going Sperm Whaling.

Captain James A. Tilton has given up the chase of the bowheads and will transfer his attention to sperm whaling. Captain Tilton has been living at San Diego, California, during the last two years, but he arrived in this city Friday to make his home here in the future. It was planned that Captain Tilton should go north in the steam whaler Jeanette, but the owners later decided not to send the steamer out after bowheads on account of the supply of whalebone now on hand.

The chances appearing slim for a berth in a bowhead chaser, Captain Tilton determined to turn his hand to sperm whaling, and when he came east he made an appointment to meet Captain John A. Cook of Provincetown in Boston, to look for a vessel suitable for whaling. Captain Tilton picked the schooner Arthur V. S. Woodruff as a suitable craft. The schooner was built in Essex in 1888 and her last survey was in Philadelphia in 1908, so that she is practically first class in every particular. She is 105 feet long and is of 194 tons burden. The craft will be towed around to this port from the eastward and will be fitted into a whaler at once.

There is more money in sperm whale catching than in chasing after the bone-bearing whale, especially when the demand for sperm oil cannot be filled, while the bone caught two years ago has not been disposed of yet. The supply of sperm oil in first hands in this market has all been disposed of, and even the oil caught last summer and not yet landed in this country, has been purchased of the agents. The oil landed here from the catch of the Atlantic whalers last fall has all been sold, and the oil from the brig Sullivan, which is on its way here from the Western islands, has been sold to an oil refiner.

Captain Tilton was not in the city a day, when he got the price of a ship carpenter for making a set of davits for his new schooner and he will be out with the rest of the schooners this spring after the sperm whales, and it is promised that if he has as much success in chasing the sperm whales as he has the past few years in taking the bowheads of the Arctic ocean, he will come back from his first sperm whaling voyage with a full ship.—N. B. Standard.

10/12/1912

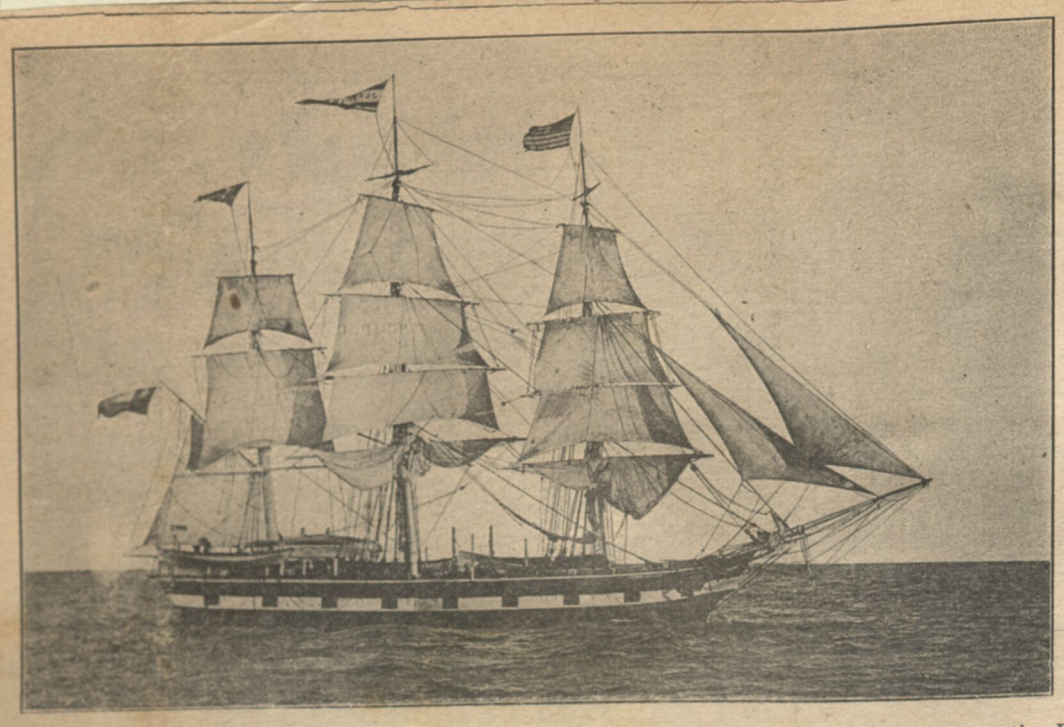
Whales Destroying Ships.

The story of the captain of the whaling bark Wanderer, of this port, of the narrow escape of his vessel from being sunk by a whale, is accepted as perfectly reasonable in this community, in view of the fact of the loss of several ships in this manner.

Only a few years ago the whaling bark Kathleen, of this port, was rammed by a whale, while cruising in the South Atlantic, and the crew was forced to take to the small boats, leaving the craft a derelict. Early in the nineteenth century the bark Essex, of Nantucket, was destroyed by an infuriated whale in somewhat the same manner.

Many other whaleships have been bumped and rammed by whales, but the most famous instance of the destruction of a whaleship by a whale was that of the ship Ann Alexander, Captain John S. Deblois, which met her fate on the "off-shore grounds," in the Pacific ocean, about August 20, 1851.

The loss of the Ann Alexander, as described in the Panama Herald of the period, was derided by many newspapers, including a doubter from "up York state," the editor of the Utica Gazette, who characterized the story as "indigestible" and wrote a column denouncing it as a hoax. This brought forth an indignant rejoinder from the editor of the Whaleman's Shipping List. Other newspapers, including one in London, took it up and the controversy developed into one of long standing.—N. B. Mercury.



Whaleship *James Arnold*, one of the craft "spoken" by the *Edward Cary* during her voyage to the Pacific.

Whaleship Log Proves Education "Flourished on Nantucket."

Continued from Second Page.

sighted and Captain Winslow and his family went on board for a gam. It was the first of many such occasions for the *Edward Cary*. During her long wanderings through the Central Pacific the craft gammed with many of the whaleships, sometimes cruising in company with them. On one occasion, in the Phoenix Group, the *Edward Cary*, the *Commodore Morris*, Captain Lawrence, and the *Mohawk*, Captain Grant, lay hove to for a gam—and on board the *Mohawk* were the respective skippers and their wives and families—a reunion of Nantucketers in mid-Pacific. A dinner of roast pig, plum duff and pumpkin pie was served on this occasion. It is a notable fact that, eighty years later, three of the children taking part in that observance still greeted each other in the streets of Nantucket—George Grant, son of Capt. and Mrs. Charles Grant, and John M. Winslow and Sarah Bunker Winslow, children of Capt. and Mrs. Perry Winslow.

A cruise down to the whalers' rendezvous at the Bay of Islands, in Jan. 1855, found the *Edward Cary* anchoring in the midst of a fleet including the *Fabius*, *Marcia*, *Benjamin Tucker*, *James Arnold*, *and Brunswick*, all of New Bedford, and the *Mohawk*, of Nantucket. By the latter ship, Joseph Ray received four letters from home. Some days previous he had dispatched letters home on board the ship *Norman*, of this port; later he put some on board the *Alpha*.

* * * * *

Aboard a whale-ship at sea on a "cruising ground," meant sometimes months of sailing within comparatively narrow bounds or of making a long cruise of a thousand or two thousand miles. For instance, during 5 months from November, 1854 to April, 1855, the *Edward Cary* was on the Kermadec Ground, between the 175th and the 178th degrees of west longtitude, yet hardly ranging more than 10 degrees of latitude. Then, again, from May, 1855, to December of that same year, the whaleship cruised from the Tonga Islands north to the "line", thence to the west and the Phoenix Group and so on to the Gilberts, then south, to sail between the Fijis and the New Hebrides to Norfolk Island.

Homesickness was inevitable, even though he was the veteran of a previous voyage, Joseph Ray wrote:

"I've wandered far from thee, mother,
Far from our happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam,
And time since then has rolled a year,
And marked it on my brow,
And still I often think of thee—
I'm thinking of thee now."

He writes also the names of his friends back in Nantucket, jotting the names down in various pages. The list includes: Mary M. Hayden, Rebecca F. Chase, Mary G. Ellis, Eliza Jane Barnard, Eunice Rand, Elizabeth R. Perry, George F. Folger, Albert C. Brown, Leander F. Alley, William C. Russell and George F. Brown.

* * * * *

At Norfolk Island, a favorite port of call, young Ray falls in love with Anna McCoy, one of the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers, whose family was transported from Pitcairn several years before. When the ship departed from the island, he wrote:

"Dear Anna, now farewell,
Since fate compels us thus to part,
May God protect thee from life's ills,
And guard the tablets of thy heart.
....But Anna, in thy memory yet,
Cherish one thought of the absent one,
Forget him not when far away,
Pray God to guide his gallant bark
Safe o'er the troubled sea."

While at Norfolk, he also penned a well-worded tribute to "Mr. Frederick Young, Chief Magistrate of Norfolk Island."

At Rorabonga, he drew excellent pictures of the missionary's church and home. Here he records a visit to the "melancholy scene of the grave of the wife and infant child of Capt. J. B. Nicholson, of Nantucket," buried only a few months before. Of this sad visit, he writes:

"I returned to the ship feeling lonely and sad, after viewing the last resting place of those who but a few short months before I had seen in the bloom of health and loveliness."

* * * * *

There is much humor in the log. Young Ray speaks of the old blind rooster, the hen that fell into the scuttlebutt and drowned, and the dog that was named "Bino." Sometimes the vigorous routine of shipboard life brought forth a poem, as follows:

"At early morn, when Sol arose,
From beneath the briny flood,
We saluted him with cringing noise
Of scrub! scrub! scrub!"

On another occasion, he chronicled "the death of a worthy pig who departed this life on the morning of Oct. 12th from the effects of drinking water in which paint brushes had been washed. .....F. F. Scott and others of the medical fraternity held a post mortem, coming to the conclusion he died for the want of breath."

On the 4th of July, at Vavaoo, in the Friendly Islands, the crew of the ship observed as follows:

"The 81st anniversary of our great and glorious Independence. All work was consequently suspended and the day was celebrated by a public dinner on board the *Cary*. Boat races—the day passed pleasantly. Arrived ship *Harvest*, of Nantucket, and *Elizabeth Swift*, Isaac Chase, master. So ends."

While on liberty ashore the next day, young Ray records getting lost "with some of the *E. Swift's* crew and after some difficulty got a pilot and came into town." The famous barque *Awashonks* arrived the next day. On July 6th he recorded: "A gloom is spread over the crews of the shipping caused by a man from the *Shepherdess* jumping overboard and before he could be rescued being bitten by a shark and immediately died."

* * * * *

Then there were days when humor was lacking, when he recorded: "Tired and sick of this hole—no whales, no ships;" and, "I hope this cruise is a successful one—we may feel far better than we do now;" and further, "I feel lonely tonight, thinking of home and friends I have left behind."

* * * * *

It was, indeed, a revealing log-book—this voyage of the *Edward Cary*—and the sequel of young Joseph Ray returning to Norfolk Island and his Anna would be well in keeping with the thread of the yarn. But history records otherwise, for the young Nantucketer was lost at sea on that next voyage.

In the last issue of the *Vineyard Gazette* appears a most interesting letter from the descendant of a Nantucket whaling master. As the grandson of Captain Eben Coleman, of this town, Hugh Tallant describes the logbook of his grandfather's ship, which reflects many of the characteristics of Nantucketers in those days.

Captain Eben Coleman sailed in the new whaleship *Mariner* from this port in August, 1832, and returned in May, 1836. It is apparently this voyage to which Mr. Tallant refers in his letter, which reads as follows:

Editors, *Vineyard Gazette*:

As the grandson of two Nantucket whaling captains, I was much interested in your article on A(n) Historical Treasure Now Lost Forever. I am fortunate enough to possess the log of one of my grandfathers, Capt. Eben Coleman, who sailed in the 1830's and '40's, the hey-day of Nantucket activity and prosperity. The document is quite different in character from the Vineyard logs and letters which you describe. It is neither illiterate, dour, nor lacking in humor and romance, and for that reason may be of interest to your readers.

Evidently education flourished on Nantucket far more than on the Vineyard. The famous Coffin School was founded by Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin about 1827, but there must have been excellent instruction long before that date, for my grandfather was a very highly educated gentleman, indeed. When his house came into my possession about 1910 I had occasion to look through his library, and found it well stocked with scientific treatises including several on the origin of the human species by precursors of Darwin.

My grandfather also brought back from one of his voyages the design of a very curious maze. My mother, who taught it to me, said that he picked it up in Japan, but I am more inclined to believe that he learned it in Portugal. At any rate, the last time I was in Pompeii I found it scrawled on the wall of one of the houses—apparently by a Roman schoolboy studying Greek, for it was accompanied by an inscription in combined Greek and Latin, reading: "Labyrinth, here lives the Minotaur." Subsequently, I found the same maze on a Cretan coin of the second century B. C., and it thus does seem to be the labyrinth which Daedalus designed for King Minos to house the offspring of Pasiphae.

Superbly Terse, Well Worded Record.

However this may be, the log itself is a superbly terse, correct and well-worded record of the daily happenings of one of my grandfather's voyages. It is written in a beautiful, cursive hand which discounts the chirography of 99% of modern "educated" people, and contains no Biblical nor other doleful ejaculations.

The humor is furnished by a number of cartoons with which the margin is embellished. My grandfather evidently had a knack at caricature which came out in these drawings. Most of them, of course, have to do with the whales which he sighted. If he caught them he indicated their number by their snouts protruding from the water. If he lost them he showed their flukes about to disappear beneath the surface.

However, these are by no means the only illustrations. In those days there was not a whale worth mentioning within a thousand miles of Nantucket, and Nantucket whalers were obliged to range as far west as Cathay. On one such long voyage my grandfather took with him a missionary and his wife, and before he put the couple ashore in China a child was born to them. On the day of this occurrence there appears in the margin of the log an excellent sketch of a squalling, squirming infant.

The romance is furnished by his record of the ships which he spoke. At the end of the log is a note containing such subsequent data as he had been able to gather concerning these ships. Most of them arrived safely in port, but some, alas! were never heard from again. One was attacked by pirates and one was wrecked on a tropical island—evidently neither a barren waste nor a resort of cannibals, for the ships company managed to subsist in true Swiss Family Robinson style until rescued.

All in all, this log would furnish material for an excellent tale by a modern Robert Louis Stevenson.

Hugh Tallant.

Savannah, Ga.

It is difficult to visualize the many types of men who made up the captains of the whale-fleets a hundred years ago. Much has been written about the superiority of certain ports in the New England whale-fishery, but the occasions are few when attempts are made to tarnish the glory of the Nantucket whaling masters. They were a race of sea-kings, and, like the

SHIP MARIA

island fleet, antedated the golden age of whalers and whaling from other ports.

It is not frequently acknowledged that Nantucket led the ports of the entire world in deep sea whaling for over a century, perhaps because the period of this island's supremacy is so often confused with that of New Bedford's. When Capt. Kit Hussey, blown out to sea by a gale in 1716, sighted and caught the first sperm whale, he inaugurated an era—for the sperm oil was the best grade ever procured and the Nantucketers henceforth sought principally that type of whale.

In their search, they led the way to new whaling grounds in all parts of the north and south Atlantic oceans. How they led America's whaling fleet around Cape Horn and into the Pacific and thence into all parts of that great ocean is a remarkable story of maritime achievement. The "golden age" of whaling from this island was from 1800 to 1835—and included the devastation of the war of 1812. Nantucket ships poked their bluff bows into the unknown reaches of the South Seas; her skippers discovered new islands, re-located old ones, opened new whaling grounds.

* * * * *

Whaling masters like Captain Colemen were not rare. It was this type of captain who made the island famed as a nursery for sailors. Men like Capt. Mayhew Folger, who discovered the lone survivor and the descendants of the "Bounty Mutiny" on Pitcairn Island; Capt. Owen Spooner, who discovered "sunset longitude;" Captain Obed Starbuck, who as a youth recaptured the ship *Hero* from South American pirates after the captain had been killed; Captain Alexander Macy, who entertained native kings from islands he discovered; and Capt. Prince Mooers, who took the *Spartan* into Guam as early as 1826.

Most of the prosperity of Edgartown—"Old Town," as it was affectionately called—was due to its use as a port of clearance and arrival by Nantucket whaleships. It is a matter of history that it was Joseph Rotch, of Nantucket, and his sons, William and Francis who coupled their whaleships and resources with Joseph Russell's land-holdings to establish the village of Bedford as a whaling port—which, a half century later, would outstrip its parent port.

* * * * *

As for education flourishing on Nantucket, there are ample records to show this clearly. The Quakers were the controlling element in the community and they established private schools early in the town's history. Both the dame school and cent school flourished. For the older scholars the instructors engaged included graduates of both Yale and Harvard.

An "Academy" was launched in 1800, which was sponsored by some of the leading citizens. Private schools continued well into the century. In 1827, Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin established the Coffin School. One of the best known of the private school teachers was Cyrus Peirce, later to become principal of the first high school here. Public schools were organized in 1827.

For the adults, such groups as the Nantucket Philosophical Society and the Nantucket Atheneum were formed to foster the arts and sciences The former group was headed by Walter Folger, a great scholar, and included William Mitchell, father and teacher of the famous woman astronomer, Maria Mitchell, and William Coffin. The Atheneum sponsored lectures by famous Americans like Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Nantucket boys, going to sea at an early age on Nantucket ships, knew they were studying for an officer's berth—and proceeded to do so. There can be no greater proof of this than the record Nantucket men have established not only in the home whaling fleet but in those from ports all over the world wherever whaling was carried on.

* * * * *

The decline of Nantucket was first occasioned by the extra cost in lightering ships over the sand bars which blockaded the harbor. Then many of her young officers went to other ports to become masters of ships. The panic of 1837 began the series of misfortunes which killed the industry on Nantucket. Then came the "great fire of 1846," which burned out the entire business section of the town, the warehouses and manufactories, the stored oil, the wharves; then came the gold rush to California in 1849, which caused an exodus of 500 young men from the island; and then came the Civil War, the final blow. Incidentally, Nantucket was the banner town of the state in that war with her soldiers and sailors numbering some 400 men.

Log of the "Edward Cary," Excellent Example of a Whaler's Voyage.

The Nantucket Historical Association has many log-books in its collection which reveal not only the drab, monotonous side of whaling but much of the "other side" of the ledger—the hopes of the men, the thoughts of home and loved ones, the character of the officers and the ship's master, who so closely controlled the fortunes of his men and his ship.

Among these logs is one of the ship *Edward Cary*, during her voyage from Nantucket to the Pacific from the years 1854 to 1858. The ship sailed just ninety years ago this week under the command of Capt. Perry Winslow. George G. Coffin was her first officer, Obed C. Sandsbury her 2nd officer and Joseph B. Chace her 3rd. The boatsteerers were Joseph Morris, William Saveres, Frank Sylvia and Joseph Edward Ray. Her crew included men from New York state, Boston, Fall River, the Western Islands and London, England.

Capt. Winslow took with him on this voyage his wife and two children, John M. Winslow (who lived to be over 90) and Sara Bunker Winslow, who nearly attained that age. They were mere youngsters of 7 and 5 respectively on this voyage.

This log was one kept by Joseph E. Ray, son of Benjamin Ray, who observed his 23d birthday at sea, Nov. 4, 1856. Not only does the writer ably record the routine of the voyage but he introduces many informative bits as to the islands visited, the captain and officers and their habits, his shipmates—and, best of all, himself, for he gives a remarkable insight into his character by both word and by drawings.

From the 21st of May, 1854, when the steamer *Massachusetts* brought to Edgartown the crew of the *Edward Cary*, and the ship sailed down Vineyard Sound, until he records her return to within sight of Gay Head on August 7, 1858, Joseph E. Ray gives a concise and thoroughly complete picture of a whaling voyage. There are pen and ink colored views of various islands and ships, among them being remarkably detailed sketches of the harbor of Fayal in the Western Islands, (Azores), and of several ships lying at Russell, Bay of Islands, in 1855 and 1856.

The observations include mainly the condition of the ship, the "wind and weather," and the course, as well as the latitude and longitude. The *Edward Cary* rounded the Cape of Good Hope, proceeded to run her easting down until south of Van Dieman's Land, thence northeast of the Three Kings, off the north coast of New Zealand, from which landfall they set a course for the Kermadecs.

Whales were searce during those first eight months of voyaging. Off the rugged shore of MacCauley's Island, the ship *Monticello*, of Nantucket, was

JANUARY 6, 1917

The Old Ship Maria Made Nine Voyages.

In response to a query from a correspondent on Marthas Vineyard relative to what became of the old ship Maria, the Boston Globe says:

The ribs of the old ship Maria lie in the port of Rio Janeiro. When she went on her last voyage, Capt. Baker of Nantucket was master of her, and Capt. William H. Perry went as his mate. Capt. Baker was taken ill and left the ship in Payta and Capt. Perry took command and sailed her the rest of the voyage. On the homeward trip she sprang aleak and as Rio was the nearest port he ran her in there. When she started leaking there were seven men down with the smallpox, the cook was dead and the rest of the crew had to work at the pumps night and day. Capt. Perry condemned her and sent the oil home. We cannot find that she was ever raised.

Some additional facts regarding the Maria, other than divulged by the Globe, may be of interest. The Maria first sailed from Nantucket, November 17, 1822, in command of Capt. George W. Gardner. She was a new vessel and returned home April 27, 1825, with 2343 barrels of sperm oil.

Capt. Gardner went out in her again July 17, 1825, and arrived home June 2, 1828, with 2269 barrels of sperm.

The Maria on her next voyage was in command of Capt. Benjamin Ray, sailing September 6, 1828, and arriving home June 10, 1832, with 1980 barrels of sperm and 21 barrels of whale oil.

Capt. Alexander Macy next took command of the ship, sailing from Nantucket October 10, 1832, and returning March 11, 1836, with 1665 barrels of sperm.

Her fifth voyage was under command of Capt. Elisha H. Fisher, sailing October 22, 1836, and arriving home October 14, 1839, with 2009 barrels of sperm and 47 barrels of whale oil.

Capt. Fisher again took her out the next spring, sailing April 22, 1840, and making a short but remarkably good voyage, as he was back again February 20, 1842 (less than two years), and brought home 2413 barrels of sperm—the biggest voyage the Maria ever made.

The ship next went in command of Capt. Edward Jennings, who sailed with her on the 11th of May, 1842, returning May 20, 1846, with 1796 barrels of sperm.

On the 20th of September, 1846, the Maria again sailed from Nantucket, but this time in command of Capt. George A. Coffin. She was gone nearly four years, the ship being brought home by Mr. Alley, the second officer, Capt. Coffin having left her at Talcahuano. This voyage was not a good one, as when she reached home June 27, 1850, the Maria had taken only 896 barrels of sperm and 13 barrels of whale oil.

The Maria sailed from Nantucket on what proved to be her last voyage, September 15, 1850, under command of Capt. David Baker. Capt. Baker returned home sick early in the voyage and Mr. Perry, the mate, took command, continuing the voyage. The ship obtained 1326 barrels of sperm and 30 barrels of whale oil, and started homeward, but was obliged to put into Rio Janeiro, where she was condemned in September, 1854.

On her nine voyages—covering a span of thirty-two years—the Maria took 16,697 barrels of sperm and 111 barrels of whale oil, which was a very good record indeed.

Further Information Regarding the "Old" Ship Maria.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Your article on the old ship Maria in last week's issue was correct in detail, so far as I know, and of historical interest, but I am inclined to think that it, as well as the paragraph quoted from the Boston Globe which prompted it, was wide of the mark as an answer to the query from the Marthas Vineyard correspondent.

The "Old Maria" referred to doubtless contemplated the historic ship of that name owned by William Rotch, which hailed from Nantucket during the Revolutionary period, and continued in commission until some years after the Civil War, achieving the reputation of being the oldest ship in the United States, if not the oldest afloat.

Some fifteen years ago the Boston Globe, commenting upon the first display of the Stars and Stripes in English waters, published a fine picture of ship Maria taken in 1860, and attributed that honor to her, alleging that she was originally called "Bedford," but that after the flag incident her name was changed to "Maria."

I was in Boston when the article appeared, and having the data at hand, corrected the error and furnished the Globe a brief history of both ships, which had in turn sailed under Captain William Mooers, who first displayed the "thirteen rebellious stripes," and this doubtless led to confounding the two vessels.

My correction brought a statement to the Globe signed "Old Nantucketer," which, after the lapse of years, it now re-publishes verbatim—the paragraph you quote. Of course I promptly "explained," giving the history of the older vessel likewise, which in conjunction with your article, it may be of interest to repeat.

The "Old" Maria was built at Pembroke, now Hanson, on North river, by Ichabod Thomas, during the Revolutionary period, and came new to Nantucket in September, 1782. She was built for a privateer, but never used as such, being purchased by William Rotch for a merchant vessel and brought to Nantucket by Captain William Mooers, who then sailed thence to London in the Bedford, which had arrived from Brazil Banks full of oil in 1777, and laid in Nantucket harbor until the close of hostilities.

On his return from London Captain Mooers took the Maria thence with a cargo of oil. She was subsequently employed at whaling from New Bedford until 1863, when she was sold to Chili and employed for a while in the coal trade, but in 1866 was re-fitted for a whaler at Talcahuano, and was finally condemned at Vancouver's Island in 1872.

The Maria which was condemned in Rio Janeiro was a Nantucket ship of 365 tons—much larger than the "Old" Maria, which was but 202. She was built at Haddam, Conn., in 1822, sailed from Nantucket in November of that year, and made in all nine voyages from here, being condemned as stated, on her return from the Pacific in 1854. When this ship was built the "Old" Maria, then hailing from New Bedford, was 40 years old, had sailed four voyages to London, three to Brazil Banks, one to the Indian Ocean, one to Falkland Islands and thirteen to the Pacific, and she continued in commission nearly twenty years after the other Maria had "laid her ribs in the port of Rio Janeiro."

Jan. 1917 Arthur H. Gardner.

Whaling Captains Get a Shaking Up.

DEC.-1-1906

The owners and agents of the steam whalers hailing from San Francisco are dissatisfied with the way things have been going of late, and it has just come to light that there has been a general shaking up in the fleet.

The masters affected are those who had command of whalers owned here. Whether the shaking up is due to the stories told of cruelity north is not definitely known, but it is believed that the vigilance of the United States revenue officials in getting after Arctic whaling masters has had its influence in the wholesale change.

Instead of Captain Varnum being in command of Steamer Herman, Captain James A. Tilton of New Bedford, Mass., is to be in charge. Captain Macomber, who has had the steamer Thrasher, will no longer be in command, for in his place Captain Charles H. Foley will have command. Instead of Captain McGregor being seen on the quarter deck of steamer Karluk next season, Captain Mark P. Vincent of Marthas Vineyard, Mass., will give orders, and Captan Cumisky of the Beluga will give way to Captain G. W. Porter of Moose Lake, Ct., while Captain Newth, of the Jeanette, who is now at Seattle, will remain on shore the coming year, as he is to face the serious charge of abducting native girls from the Alaskan coast. His place will be filled by Captain H. E. Huffman of Oakland. It is the biggest shaking up the Arctic whaling fleet has had for years.

Captain George Fred Tilton of Chilmark, who has achieved considerable fame as an Arctic navigator, is to again sail north, taking command of steam whaler Bowhead. Captain John Cook, her former commander and principal owner, has decided not to go north next season, and Thursday he and Captain Tilton agreed upon terms which takes the Chilmark skipper once more in northern waters as a commander.

The Arctic Whalers.

From successful cruises in the Arctic the steam whalers Karluk, Captain Foley, and the Herman, Captain Bodfish, reached home yesterday morning. The Leibes boat brought 15,000 pounds of bone, 1000 pounds of ivory and a consignment of skins, while the Stebbins Friedman packet had 16,000 pounds of bone. Captain Foley took 16 mammals and Bodfish came away with half a dozen.

There were many desertions and attempted desertions this season. Nine of the Herman's crew got away at Unalaska, while the Karluk retained a good portion of her hands at the same port because of the watchful eye of the revenue cutter Bear.

Captain Bodfish reported that while the Herman was at Unalaska on Oct. 18 two earthquakes were felt, followed by two heavy east-northesat gales. The whaler was torn from her moorings and driven on the beach. It took 12 hours to kedge her off into deep water again. In addition to doing other damage the gales carried away the masts of the new wireless station at Unalaska.

The Herman came down from Unalaska in 22 days, while the Karluk logged 28 days. The latter encountered a succession of southeast and northeast gales after leaving the northern port. Heavy boarding seas carried away the amidships starboard boat and the davits. In order to temper the effect of the waves oil bags were hung out.—San Francisco Chronicle, 10th.

NOV-1911

Starbuck and Bullen, Too.

From the New Bedford Standard.

The flying of a Moby Dick flag from the Charles W. Morgan on the first of August, the anniversary of the birth of Herman Melville, is an appropriate recognition of the importance of Melville's book as a contribution to the literature of the whale fishery. It remains to bestow a similar honor upon two other writers who have made distinguished contributions to this literature—Frank Bullen and Alexander Starbuck.

The Morgan has been enshrined at Round Hills to preserve the whaling tradition. Among the reading public, to speak of whaling is to bring to mind Melville and his Moby Dick; and since The Sea Beast was produced, the same is true as to patrons of the motion pictures. There has been, in recent years, a revival of interest in Melville, and it has been chiefly on account of Moby Dick, so that it can fairly be said that among literary lights of the first magnitude he stands alone as the one who has chosen the whale fishery as a background for a great novel.

Bullen's claim to a flag on the Morgan rests upon his Cruise of the Cachalot. As literature it does not rank with Melville's work; as a faithful picture of a whaling voyage it is more informative than Moby Dick and well worthy of the recognition we have suggested.

The case for Alexander Starbuck does not need to be argued. His history of the American Whale Fishery, published nearly fifty years ago, remains today the one authoritative work of its kind — a marvel of patient research, the repository of carefully compiled records of all whaling voyages—a monument, no less, bearing the same relation to whaling that Hakluyt's Voyages bear to the early discoveries in the New World.

Aug—1926

Captain Lewis Sailed on Nantucket Ships.

Captain LaRoy S. Lewis, deputy sheriff and court officer of Oak Bluffs, died there last week Thursday. He was a whaling master in the days when whale oil was golden treasure and had an eventful life on the ocean. He first went to sea at the age of 15, as boat-steerer on the ship Nantucket, of Nantucket, but on the voyage home the ship was lost on Nashawena.

His second trip out, he went as second mate on the Alpha, also of Nantucket. After this voyage he entered the merchant service, where he stayed one year. The call of the old life of whaling was too strong, however, so he started again, this time as second mate of the bark Arab, of New Bedford. After this he went as master of the bark Cornelia, of New Bedford, for two years and a half, the vessel being condemned at Payta, Peru. He then came home, going again as mate and master, one trip each, of the bark Ospray. He then went to New Zealand and joined the ship Splendid. He was gone on this voyage five years. He took passage in New Zealand on the steamer City of Sydney, going to San Francisco, Cal. After a trip to Denver, Col., he returned to San Francisco, and shipped on the bark Dawn for the Arctic ocean, where he remained for one year. He then returned home for a few weeks, then went north again in the bark Lagoda, and was subsequently mate and master, respectively, of the bark Mars.

Captain Lewis gave up whaling and returned home 62 years ago this February, and has since resided in Oak Bluffs.

APR. 1—1916

Whaling News.

A letter has been received from Captain Lyner, dated at Talcahuano, September 22, in which the following reports are given as coming from Captain Hussey of the Gabriel Toro of that port. On July 4th the Gabriel Toro had taken 260 barrels of humpback oil, and Captain Hussey states that he had not seen a sperm whale during the voyage. He also reports the James Arnold with 120 barrels of sperm oil and 270 barrels of whale oil. Both vessels hail from Talcahuano.

Captain Potter also has reports from the Valparaiso whalers, as follows: On June 1, bark Nautilus, with 400 barrels of sperm oil; same date, bark Pearl, clean; July 1st, bark Biscadora, with 120 barrels of whale oil.

Nov.—1906

Details of Loss of Whaling Bark.

Walter J. Flagg and Thomas Williams, who were on board the bark Canton when the vessel was wrecked at the Cape de Verde islands, last November, arrived at New Bedford this week, with the first detailed information concerning the loss of the oldest whaling vessel sailing out of that port. The vessel and everything on board was a total loss, all the crew being saved.

The Canton was light of oil, but had a full cargo of stores on board. At 4 on the morning of Nov. 24 the Canton struck on the 10-mile reef that extends out from the island of Maio. The bark got into a strong current and as there was a dead calm at the time it was impossible to work the vessel clear.

After she struck the men on board left the old bark to her fate. All the men got ashore safely, and in the next few days saw the vessel pound to pieces. The total loss of the bark is one of the heaviest losses suffered in recent years by any of the whaling firms of New Bedford. The vessel was fitted out by J. & W. R. Wing at a cost of $15,000, and carried very little insurance. The bark sailed from New Bedford, Oct. 7, in command of Capt. Valentine Roza.

JAN—1910

12/29—1906

Seek to Protect Whale Skippers.

Owners and agents of whaling vessels are interested in a move to obtain from the department of commerce and labor an indication of the policy to be pursued in the future, in view of the recent trial at Seattle of Capt. Bodfish of New Bedford, commander of the whaling vessel William Baylies, and the cutting short of the cruise of the vessel by reason of the captain's detention for four months on a charge of causing the death of one of his sailors. Edgar R. Lewis of New Bedford, agent of the William Baylies, believes with Capt. Bodfish, that the latter's arrest was due to spite on the part of some of the crew, and that he was forced unjustly to defend himself against an unfounded charge at a cost of $4000, besides losing a catch which would probably total more than $6000.

Capt. Bodfish will accompany Mr. Lewis to Washington to lay certain facts before the new secretary of commerce and labor, Mr. Straus. "What I desire to find out," said Mr. Lewis, "Is how we can continue our business within the limits of the law. What we want to try to prevent is the taking of masters out of ships on charges trumped up by the crews."

Whaling Captain Charged with Murder.

Captain H. H. Bodfish, master of the whaling steamer William Baylies of New Bedford, Mass., is held at Nome, Alaska, on a charge of murder, according to Captain Hamlet of the revenue cutter Thetis, now at Dutch Harbor, Unalaska, for the death of Ed. Legere, a member of his crew. While the Baylies was in Dutch Harbor coaling, Aug. 26, Bodfish, it is said, got into a dispute with Legere, and kicked him in the head, from which he became insane and finally died.

9/22-1906

Captain Foley High Hook.

The U. S. revenue cutter Thetis arrived at San Francisco last week from the Arctic ocean, bringing news of the small fleet of steam Arctic whalers that are cruising in the Arctic this season. The catch of the fleet is as follows:

SEPT. 30-1911

The Thetis reported that the fleet had been to the eastward, where the vessels picked up their bowhead whales. The fleet had arrived back at Point Buron when the Thetis sailed for home.

It will be remembered that the Karluk was last year owned by Capt. Cottle, who made a big catch in her. He sold her to Stabens & Friedman, who sent Capt. Charles Foley, of Nantucket, out in her, with the result that again she is the lucky ship of the fleet. It is understood that when Captain Cottle purchased the Belvedere he retained an interest in the Karluk, which has more than a $50,000 catch, with her seven whales.

Captain Tilton Returns From Hudson Bay.

12/1/1917

From the New Bedford Standard.

Captain George Fred Tilton is back again from the frozen north, from the long voyage started on July 5th last, when the captain, in command of the schooner Pythian, left to go to Hudson bay to take up a supply of food and trade articles for Captain George Cleveland, who is in charge of F. N. Monjo's fur trading station. The captain received orders to bring the schooner to New Bedford to discharge his cargo of furs, and very likely will discharge a cargo of fish here, destined for Gloucester.

Captain Tilton and all on board are well, though the captain reported he hadn't had his clothes off since leaving St. John, on November 14. During the trip down the coast the Pythian ran into a series of gales which split practically all of her sails. She was nearly blown into the Gulf Stream, but the captain managed to bring her over the Nantucket shoals Sunday, where he ran into another gale of wind. To make matters worse, the schooner ran out of gasoline. A spindle in the rudder became twisted and it was difficult to steer the vessel. It was a welcome sight when the captain came in view of Vineyard Haven and went ashore. It was his first opportunity to get his clothes off in nearly two weeks.

The captain brought his schooner from St. Johns without the assistance of his mate, Arthur Cotnoir. The latter left the vessel in Newfoundland to take command of a schooner bound for a Spanish port.

Captain Tilton brings word that he learned from the natives of the north country that the schooner A. T. Gifford, which went north on a similar mission to that of the Pythian over two years ago, was burned at sea, that every man on board was undoubtedly lost. This news only confirms the fears that have been felt for a long time that the schooner was lost while coming down from Hudson bay two years ago.

11/15 1911

News From the Whalers.

A gist of whaling news reached the city Saturday morning. The first report was received in a cablegram from Mossemader, Africa, regarding the whaling brig Sullivan, which sailed from this port June 17, 1908. She was last reported at Ascension, December 8, on which date she sailed from that place, after Captain Heggarty had left her to come home.

The cable stated that Captain Freitas who assumed command, had picked up 55 barrels of sperm oil since leaving Ascension.

The total catch of the Sullivan is now 388 barrels sperm oil.

A cable received in this city Saturday reported the brig Viola, Captain John A. Cook, at Barbados. Captain Cook had made the passage from St. Helena since March 9th. He wanted some whaling supplies shipped to Dominique. The Viola had 7 barrels sperm oil on board.

Letters received in this city from vessels of the fleet report schooner A. E. Whyland, January 1st, with 225 barrels sperm oil; bark Alice Knowles with 25 barrels February 15th, the first report received from her since she sailed from here October 8th. Tilton, with 100 barrels sperm oil, February 15th, the first report since she sailed from home, November 5th last. Bark Greyhound with 250 barrels sperm oil, February 15th.

Whaling schooner Valkyrie, which sailed from here in October, is the only whaler that has not been reported.—N. B. Standard.

Arctic Whalers Allege Inhuman Treatment.

The crews of the Arctic whalers will band together to bring prosecutions against the masters of their vessels, and they allege shortage of pay, cruel and inhuman treatment and insufficient food, among the other grievances they wish investigated. A delegation from the Thrasher, Bowhead, Alexander and Beluga have interviewed United States District Attorney Sullivan at Seattle and have sought his aid. Mr. Sullivan informed the whalemen that United States Attorney Landis of the Cape Nome district had charge of their interests and is now at work on the testimony.

As an inkling of the true condition of the conduct of the whaling fleet during the long winter seasons blocked in the Arctic ice, one of the leaders of the movement among the sailors said:

"Dogs enjoy a far better existence than the seamen who once place their names upon the articles for a voyage. It is the worst form of slavery and but few times do seamen go north a second season, unless special opportunites present themselves. It would not be so terrible were the masters of some of the ships even human beings. Four of the masters of the fleet were brutes in human form and treated the men in the most diabolical manner.

"Strung up by the hands for days, kicked in the face until unconscious, skulls smashed with belaying pins and stanchions, and the resultant deatns placed on the books as the result of consumption, are but a few of the awful events which the seamen passed through in their three years' siege in the ice bound north.

"I dare to make the statement that a number of the whaling vessels went north on a two years' cruise with but eight months' provisions in the hold. This is the most criminal kind of outfitting and betrays but one form of the life to which the whaler must look forward.

"The whaling companies are in the business to make enormous profits and these abnormal balances are made at the cost of the lives of the seamen. What are we fit for now? Starved for seven months, living on seal meat and water, with scant clothing and paying tremendous prices for the little we were allowed. They cheated us in this regard and we had no recourse. That is where our profits went, according to the skippers when we asked for our wages.

"When we signed the articles, we were told that we would each receive $15 per whale and additional money on whalebone. We caught eight whales on the Beluga, making my share $120.

"We were charged ten and fifteen times the value of goods for our chests and our meagre earnings were quickly swallowed up through this cheating and swindling.

"When we left San Francisco the inspectors visited the forecastle and saw that the legal amount of air was given each occupant. The custom inspectors did not know that the moment we passed Golden Gate 22 men were put in the forecastle where ten men were supposed to bunk. Two of us were forced to sleep in quarters barely large enough for one person and this alive with insects and deadly air

"Counting the ten boats in the whaling fleet proper, I should say that we will have at least four hundred men to sign their names to charges to be brought against the owners and masters of the whalers, and they will sign a petition requesting an investigation of the terrible cruelties perpetrated during the cruise.

"I do not believe the American people have any idea of the terrible cruelty of the masters of these ships which bring down the whale oil, whalebone and blubber to the Pacific coast ports. It is awful and I for one will always look back upon the four years' cruise as a fearful nightmare.

"The profits to the whaling companies and to the captain are enormous. From a whale of grown size, the master receives approximately $1,000, the mate $500 and the crew $15 apiece. The owners receive a trifle over $5000. Two whales are counted upon to pay all costs of the cruise of three years and the return to the home port. We caught eight. This means that the firm on this ship alone will clear more than $35,000.

"And these large sums are made upon an investment involving small wages, a small ship, and meagre provisioning.

"When the ships of the fleet reach San Francisco, we shall all be awaiting the arrival of the masters and shall at once file papers for further arrests. The American public will then be in a position to listen to testimony of the most harrowing description regarding the conduct of one of the largest Pacific industries.—N. B. Standard.

JAN. 14-1911

The Loss of Ship "Essex."

Although the story of the loss of ship "Essex" may have been often told before, it is one of those tales which always bear repetition—one which, in particular, is of interest to the people of Nantucket. Years ago the story was a familiar one in every family, but the present generation may be interested in reading of the incidents which followed the departure of the "Essex" from Nantucket ninety one years ago, and of the hardships which the survivors of the crew endured before reaching civilization again—even being obliged to resort to the horrors of cannibalism in order to sustain life. Some months ago one of our readers suggested that we print the details of the "Essex" story this winter, "when news is scarce," voicing the opinion that it would prove interesting reading to a large number of our subscribers.

It was on the 12th of August, 1819, that the staunch ship "Essex" sailed away from Nantucket, under command of Capt. George Pollard, Jr., with a total crew of twenty—brave and hardy Nantucketers. The ship had a good passage "round the Horn," touched at the Galapagos Islands and one or two places on the Chilian coast, and on the 20th of November, 1820, was in latitude 40 minutes south and longitude 119 degrees west. The weather was fine and everybody was on the look-out for whales—not one having been captured since leaving Nantucket—and just before 8 o'clock in the morning a school of big fellows hove in sight far to the westward. Every boat was lowered in pursuit. The first mate, Owen Chase, was the first to fasten to a whale, which in its struggles, stove the boat. By stuffing their jackets into the hole Chase and his men succeeded in making their way back to the ship, which was hove to not far away. The captain and second mate continued in pursuit and struck another whale, and as they were to the leeward, Mate Chase took the helm of the ship and bore down to them, and then set to work making repairs on his boat. While so occupied, one of his men noticed a large whale lying quietly off the ship's bow and called the mate's attention to it. It was this whale which wrecked the "Essex" and brought the voyage to an abrupt ending. Here are Owen Chase's own words, as he described the incident several years after his return home:

"The whale spouted two or three times and then disappeared. In a few seconds he came up again about a length of the ship off and made directly for us at the rate of about three knots. The ship was going at about the same rate. His appearance and attitude did not cause us any alarm, but as I stood on the deck watching him, he suddenly headed for us with great celerity. I ordered the boy at the helm to put it hard up, intending to sheer off and avoid the whale, but the words were scarcely out of my mouth before he came at full speed and struck the ship with his head, just forward of the fore chains. He gave us such an appalling jar as to throw all hands off our feet, and the ship brought up as if she had struck a rock, trembling like a leaf. We looked at each other with amazement, deprived of speech, and many minutes elapsed before we realized the dreadful accident which had befallen us. During this time the whale had passed under the ship, grazing the keel, and came up to leeward, where it lay for the space of a minute, apparently stunned. He then started off to leeward.

After recovering in a measure from the consternation that had seized us, I concluded that the whale had stove a hole in the ship and I must set the pumps to work. The men had not been long at it when I saw that the ship was settling by the head, so I ordered the recall signal for the boats. I had scarcely done this when I saw the whale, apparently in convulsions, about a hundred rods to leeward. He was continually thrashing around and smiting his jaws together, as if in anger. Remaining thus for a short time, he then started off to windward across our bows. By this time the ship had settled down, and I gave her up as lost, but kept the pumps going.

I turned my attention to clearing away the boats and getting ready to embark in them, and while thus employed I was aroused by the cry that the whale was coming for us again. He was about a hundred rods ahead, coming for us full speed, and this time he struck the ship under the cathead, and completely stove in the bow, so that the ship commenced to fill at once. The whale passed under the ship to leeward and was seen no more."

This occurred in mid-ocean, more than a thousand miles from the nearest land. Mate Chase cut the spare boat adrift and prepared to launch her. The steward had been sent into the cabin, and he was able to save two quadrants, two navigators and two trunks belonging to the captain and mate, and two compasses were snatched from the binnacle. The crew were able to save no more articles, because the ship was filling so rapidly, and Mate Chase and his men hurriedly launched their boat and pulled away from the ship just before she fell over on her beam end.

The boats of the captain and second mate had now come upon the scene, and the ship's masts were cut away, whereupon she partially righted. A hole was cut through the deck just above where some casks of bread were stowed, and from them about six hundred pounds of dry bread was obtained. Water was secured by scuttling other parts of the deck, so that each boat took aboard about sixty-five gallons. The men also procured some powder, a musket, a few files, rasps, nails, etc., and some turtle that had been taken from the Galapagos Islands.

The weather became rugged, the wind blowing freshly, with the three boats moored to the wreck of the ship. The following day (November 21) the crew again visited the ship, and materials for rigging the boats were secured, and also some cedar boards to fit for wash-boards for the deeply laden boats. On the 22d consultation was held as to the best course to pursue, it being decided to endeavor to steer clear of the trade winds and head for the coast of America. The boats left the scene of disaster at noon on the 22d and set sail to the south-southeast This was in latitude 13 minutes north, longitude 120 degrees west. It was agreed that the three boats should keep company together as long as possible, the allowance of food being one biscuit and a half a pint of water a day for each man.

In Owen Chase's chest many useful things were found, among them being writing paper, pencils, fish-hooks, a knife and a whetstone. The captain's chest contained a pistol and some ammunition.

Three days passed without incident and the men continued to keep the boats together. On the 25th, Chase's boat sprung aleak, but after lightering her with the help of the other boats the leak was stopped in a degree, so that one man bailing constantly could keep her free. The weather was rough, the deeply laden boats shipped water, and some of the bread was spoiled. During the night of the 27th the captain's boat was struck by some unknown fish and seriously damaged. By lightering her it was possible to reach the injured part and the leak was partially stopped, but in consequence of eating some of the water-soaked bread, the men were overcome with thirst, and from that time their extreme sufferings commenced.

They longed for fresh meat, and schools of dolphins playing near-by tantalized them, but all efforts to catch one failed. Three days later they killed a Galapagos turtle and had a feast. Their supply of bread that had been wet lasted until the third of December, and during the next night the boat of the second mate was lost sight of, but the little fleet was a few hours later reunited, and these spells of separation were thereafter quite frequent. Flying fish, which struck against the boats' sails at intervals, were pounced upon by the men as they dropped into the boat and were quickly devoured, bones, scales and all.

Miles and miles were covered by the boats during the month they were tossed about by the elements, before land hove in sight, and the feelings of the ship-wrecked men can well be imagined when they set foot on dry land December 20th, after such an experience. But the days and weeks which followed were by far the worst that human beings have been called upon to endure. Owen Chase, as soon as he landed, took an observation and found they were in latitude 24 degrees 40 minutes south, longitude 120 degrees 40 minutes west, and from these observations he concluded they were on land called Ducie's Island.

After several days' search for water, a spring was found which could only be made available at low water. Some fish and a few birds were caught, and a few birds' eggs were found amid the clefts of the rocks, but everything eatable was speedily devoured uncooked. The boats were hauled up on the beach and made as seaworthy as possible with the limited supply of tools which the men had. The island was found to be entirely barren of vegetable growth, except for a small quantity of "pepper-grass." Realizing that they could not keep alive on such a barren spot, which was far from the haunts of ships, they decided to set sail again. At the last moment three of their number concluded they would remain on the island, rather than face an uncertainty, and on the 27th of December, the remainder of the crew took farewell of their comrades and set forth, with the island of Juan Fernandez as the fixed destination. There were three colored men in the crew.

On the 7th of January, Chase's journal recorded that they were in latitude 30 degrees 18 minutes south, longitude 117 degrees 29 minutes west. Three days later the first death occurred—that of Second Mate Joy. On the 12th a severe storm came up and the boats became separated, and were never again brought together. The allowance of bread in Chase's boat was the next day reduced to one and one-half ounces per day. One day the boat was attacked by a large shark, which followed their progress for miles, and his presence so preyed on the mind of one of the colored men that he became insane and died on the 20th, his body being committed to the sea.

Mr. Chase, in his journal, says: "Our sufferings were now drawing to a close. A terrible death awaited us and hunger became extreme. Our speech and reason became impaired. A man named Isaac Cole became mad and soon died. The next day we made preparations for his burial, but a consultation was held and the terrible verdict rendered was that the body of our ship-mate must be served as food for his companions. We separated his limbs from the body, cut off all the flesh, took out the heart, sewed up the remains in canvas, and committed it to the deep. We then made a fire, cooked the flesh and partook of it, our extreme condition causing us to enjoy with a relish our first taste of fresh meat for days, even if it was the flesh of our dead comrade. The painful recollection of this experience in after years became, to my mind, the most revolting ideas that it is capable of conceiving."

"We knew not to whose lot it would fall next, either to die or be shot," wrote Chase. "Humanity can but shudder at my recital of these distressing events. The next morning after Cole died we found the flesh spoiling, and were obliged to cook it all, that not a morsel might be lost to us. For six or seven days thereafter we lived on it, not using of our remnant of bread. On the 15th of

February, however, our supply of flesh was exhausted and we were down to our last morsel of bread, consisting of two cakes. Our limbs had become swelled and pained us excessively. We knew we were still over three hundred miles from land."

"On the 7th," continued Chase, "We saw indications of land, which we hoped might be Massafuero. The next morning a boy named Thomas Nicholson lay down to die. I endeavored to convince him that it was wicked to abandon reliance in Providence while the least hope remained, and had difficulty to prevail upon him to listen to my suggestions."

At 7 a. m. the next day there was a cry of "Sail ho!" and a vessel was seen about seven miles off, which proved to be the brig Indian, Capt. William Crozier, of London. Owen Chase and his men were rescued in latitude 33 degrees 45 minutes south, longitude 81 degrees 3 minutes west, and on the 25th of February the men were landed at Valparaiso. The survivors were but three in number—Owen Chase, Benjamin Lawrence and the boy, Thomas Nicholson, all of Nantucket.

The captain's and the second mate's boats had even worse experiences after the boats became separated than did Owen Chase and his men. Captain Pollard, after the separation, continued to make his way towards Juan Fernandez, but the supply of food gave out and they were obliged to sustain life by eating the body of a colored man, named Charles Shorter, who had died. His flesh was shared with the men in the second mate's boat, who the following day resorted to the flesh of another colored man named Lawson Thomas, who died from exhaustion. The fate of the second mate's boat was never known, for the day of the second enforced cannibal feast, the two boats became separated for good.

The last of January another colored man died, named Stephen Shepherd, the negroes being unable to live upon short rations as well as could the white men. Shepherd's body was also used as food, but a few days later, when the last bit of flesh had been devoured, the captain and the three men left with him realized that they must draw lots to see which should be the one to suffer death that his companions might live. The fate fell to Owen Coffin, who, with great fortitude and submission, accepted the verdict. Lots were drawn to see who should be his executioner, and the hard task fell on Charles Ramsdelle.

On February 11th, Barzilla Ray died, and on his body and that of Coffin, Captain Pollard and Ramsdelle, the only survivors of the boat's crew, subsisted until the morning of the 23d, when they were picked up by the Nantucket ship Dauphin, Capt. Zimri Coffin, in latitude 37 degrees south, off the island of St. Mary's. A touching incident of the dreadful tragedy enacted in Captain Pollard's boat was when the lot fell to Coffin to die. He was a cousin of Captain Pollard and the latter wished to take his place, but Coffin claimed the right to be sacrificed to save his companions. On the 17th of March Captain Pollard and Ramsdelle were landed at Valparaiso—two weeks after Owen Chase and his men reached there. Five men, all Nantucketers, held one of the most touching reunions on record, and it was with tears in their eyes that Captain Pollard and Mate Chase joined hands and recited to each other the horrors they had been through, each having the thought of having been forced by circumstances into cannibalism to face throughout the remainder of his life.

An English ship being bound to Australia, the captain agreed to stop at Ducie's island, and, if the three men left there were still living, to take them off. This he did, taking them to Sydney and thence to London, making a total of eight men who lived to tell the tale of the loss of the ship Essex, with her crew of twenty who set sail from Nantucket on the 12th of August, 1819.

* * * * *

Upon his return to Nantucket, Captain Pollard took command of the ship Two Brothers, which, five months out, struck a reef somewhere to the westward of the Sandwich Islands and was lost. He never went to sea again, dying in 1860, at the age of eighty-one.

Owen Chase, on the other hand, was always fortunate. In 1832 a new ship, the Charles Carroll, was built for him on Brant point, Nantucket, and he filled her twice, each time with twenty-eight hundred barrels of sperm oil.

* * * * *

Nantucket had another staunch ship which was sunk by a whale—the Union, which sailed in 1807, under command of Capt. Edmund Gardner. When 12 days out the vessel was attacked by a large whale and had her bows smashed in, so that she soon after sank. The captain and crew reached the Azores, after being in the boats seven days and eight nights.

There have been several other occasions when whales have attacked ships at sea. In 1826, the United States sloop-of-war Peacock, while under sail, going seven or eight knots, ran against a whale basking on the surface of the water. The whale turned on the ship and inflicted serious injuries, causing her to leak.

In 1856 ship Cuban, while on a passage from Demerara to Greenock, in latitude 43 degrees 89 minutes, longitude 26 degrees 50 minutes west, was struck by a whale "so powerful as to heel her over several streaks and stop her head-way." The whale appeared to be stunned by the blow, but after approaching the ship, as if for another attack, wheeled around in the opposite direction, and smashed her side in with his tail, then diving from sight.

Many a Nantucket ship had its boats smashed both by the jaws of the whale and by its tail, and many a man lost his life at such times, but never was there anything in the annals of the whale fishery which equalled the loss of the Essex.

JAN. 30—1915.

An Historic Light Out.

From the New York Sun.

Two days before the old year expired the light of the Whalemen's Shipping List went out at New Bedford after seventy-one years and more of devoted service. It will be sad news where the Acushnet meets the sea, on the decrepit Stonington docks, and the quaint Provincetown waterfront, while the blow will fall cruelly in that select company of ancients who gather in the little club at Nantucket down by the harbor to talk of the fame of other days. True, the whaling industry has been on its last legs for a long time, but the Whalemen's Shipping List was a link with a glorious past. Every Tuesday it came out with a table of the ships of the whaling fleet, their whereabouts, sailings, etc., set in agate, together with what intelligence of the industry could be picked up along the water front, gleaned from exchanges or received from the post and the telegraph. The chinks were filled in with miscellany that was always good reading. Not a pretentious sheet, but of intrinsic value to the subscribers and accordingly treasured.

There was a time when the American whalers and their kith and kin could not conceive of their Shipping List stopping publication. When its first number came out 675 whaling ships were sailing the seas. New Bedford sent out 214; Fairhaven, across the harbor, 46; Nantucket, 75; and Provincetown, Stonington, Stamford, and other New England ports had each its fleet. Three years later, in 1846, the industry was at its zenith and for fifteen years afterward there was prosperity for all. The risk was great, but it had the spice of adventure, and the profits were large, sometimes handsome. In 1851 no less than 428,074 barrels of sperm and whale oil and 3,906,500 pounds of whalebone were brought home. During the Civil War, which, by the way, almost finished the fleet, the demand for its products was so great that sperm oil sold for $2.75 a gallon, whale oil $1.60, and Arctic whalebone brought from $6.50 to $7 a pound.

The last number of the Whalemen's Shipping List quotes sperm oil at forty-five cents a gallon, and there's a depth of melancholy in the report: "Whalebone—we do not learn that any sales have been made." And what of the great fleet that sailed the seas from the Arctic to the Antarctic? In place of 680 ships in 1846 there are now but thirty-two, with a tonnage of 6613; of these twenty-one hail from New Bedford, nine from San Francisco, one from Provincetown, and one from Stamford. The New Bedford craft operate in the Atlantic, the San Franciscans in the Arctic. The two little schooners credited to Provincetown and Stamford are practically out of the whaling business. Thus the A. T. Gifford, eighty-six tons, of Stamford, is just back from Hudson Bay with no oil aboard, but with profits from a trading voyage. Not an echo is heard from Stonington, and long has Nantucket Island been mute, living on its memories.

In the flush old days the Whalemen's Shipping List had 2,500 subscribers. But it had "to be hauled out on the beach" as the old year ebbed. Mournful was the confession that "it is no longer self-sustaining." In its prime, and down to the last issue, its pride was that every item printed was true as gospel. Unlimited pains were taken to verify news and nothing so shocked the publisher as to find that an over-statement had been made. But it was of rare occurrence. Wherever the Shipping List went, and it went to many parts of the earth, a partial tear will be dropped for its demise.

New Bedford still has its Sailors' Bethel and the Old Dartmouth Historical Society, where you may learn all about the ancient whaling industry and see models of the stout old ships and pictures of the sterling American captains in chokers, together with innumerable relics from foreign parts, including the spice-laden islands of the South Seas—what a heap of fascinating treasures are there! but the lambent light of the Whalemen's Shipping List is out, never to shine cheerily again. Be sure the loss will be talked about for many a day in the dark old buildings, with their odors vaguely suggesting remote seas, down along the water front, where there is leisure for reminiscence.—N. Y. Sun.

AUG 1—1908

Capt. Bodfish Bound Home.

Captain H. H. Bodfish, late master of steam whaler William Baylies, which was lost last spring on the coast of Siberia, is on his way home and should reach New Bedford the latter part of the week.

The fact that Captain Bodfish is homeward bound will be a surprise to many, who knew that he had been tendered the command of steam whaler Jeannette, and it was supposed he had sailed into the Arctic ocean in that vessel. When the Jeannette sailed from San Francisco she was in command of Captain Hoffman, who returned home later a sick man. He left the vessel in charge of Frank Long, the mate. When the Baylies was wrecked, the owners of the San Francisco vessel made arrangements with Captain Bodfish to take the Jeannette at Nome, but Mate Long, who was in command, declined to be relieved. He had made the voyage up to the port as master and proposed to finish the cruise, and as he refused to allow Captain Bodfish to board his vessel the Vineyard Haven whaling master was compelled to return to the shore, hence the cause for his journey across the continent to the east.

Whaler Brings a Big Oil Cargo.

With all of her 550 barrels full of sperm oil, but almost out of provisions, the two-masted whaling schooner John R. Manta, Capt. Richard F. Smith, made port at New Bedford late last Friday night. The oil is consigned to her owner, Joseph Manta, of Provincetown. This was her first whaling voyage. The schooner left Barbadoes, her last stopping place, on May 5. She had previously sent home from Fayal 230 barrels of sperm oil and 15 pounds of ambergris.

AUG. 12, 1905

4/11

End of Bark Platina. 1914

From the New Bedford Standard.

The bark Platina, one of the most famous and last of the old time whaling barks which sailed out from this port and Westport on voyages in pursuit of leviathan, was condemned at Brava, Cape Verde islands, and broken up in January. The Platina was 67 years old. She remained a hunter until June, 1911, when she was sold and became a packet vessel for the Cape Verde traffic. Her new owners paid $1,300 for her, and sold $100 worth of pig iron ballast out of her. It is believed she can be sold for firewood at the Cape Verde islands for at least $1,000, for fire wood is very high there at this time of year. There will, therefore be little loss to the owners.

When the old Platina was built, at Rochester, in 1847, she was rigged as a ship and had a gross tonnage of 266 tons. In 1850 she was metamorphosed into a bark, and sailed so to her last voyage—her third as a packet vessel, last fall. From 1847 to 1875, as a whaling bark out of Westport, she brought in a total cargo of 6218 barrels of sperm and 2,185 of whale oil. She then sailed for a short time from New Bedford, and then for many years sailed out of San Francisco Arctic whaling. She was almost always a lucky craft, reaching nearly her seventh decade without a black mark against her. In 1910 she brought in, with Captain MacKenzie as master, 2050 barrels of sperm oil.

The Platina on her last voyage took 43 days to go from New Bedford to Brava. When she arrived in port with her passengers, government inspectors examined her and pronounced her dangerous. She was condemned and broken up. She had then a gross tonnage of 214, and net of 203, and was 94 feet long and 25.3 wide. She carried a crew of 32 men.

Whales Chase Steamer off Nantucket

From the Boston Post.

Smelling the 2,000,000 bananas in the hold of the Norwegian steamer Verona, bound to Boston from Sosua, San Domingo, a school of more than 50 big whales followed the steamer for miles off Nantucket Lightship on Monday.

The officers of the steamer said they never saw so many whales together before, and if the vessel was not loaded with fruit, all hands would probably have turned to to stock up a full cargo of blubber, oil, bone, etc.

The Verona reached here yesterday. Captain Oxholm said he ran into the school of leviathans off Nantucket lightship Monday afternoon. The vessel was plowing along at full speed when one of the officers chanced to look astern. He thought he was "seeing things," for right behind the steamer the water seemed to be alive with whales.

Most of them were very large, and in their efforts to catch up to the vessel, some of them were jumping out of the water and attempting to leap over each other.

As the Verona neared the coast the whales dropped back and started off in an easterly direction. Those aboard the fruiter believe the monsters could smell the cargo of fruit and were chasing the vessel to secure bananas to eat.

MAY 13, 1913

JAN. 7 **Whalers in Port.** 1905

There are six whalers in port at New Bedford at the present time, all of which will be fitted out next spring. Bark Canton will sail on a sperm whaling cruise in command of Captain Vieria. Bark Bertha will go out about the same time on a similar voyage in command of Captain Gomez. The Wanderer will also sail in the spring, but her captain has not yet been selected. The Daisy, just purchased, will engage in a cruise for sea elephants, under command of Captain Cleveland. The other two whalers in port are the Provincetown schooners William A. Grozier and the Ellen A. Swift. Both are to fit out in the spring, the Grozier sailing in command of Captain Dunham, while the command of the Swift has not yet been settled.

Home From an Uneventful Voyage.

Whaing schooner Arthur V. S. Woodruff, Captain James A. Tilton, arrived home yesterday afternoon from a whaling voyage just short of eleven months, with a catch of 800 barrels sperm oil on board.

Captain Tilton cruised off the coast of Africa and on the Western Grounds, where he secured his catch.

The Woodruff has had an uneventful voyage and the only unsuual occurrence was the death of Jules Soares, a native of Mahe island, who died three months ago from an attack of beri-beri, from which he suffered when he sailed from this port. He had carried over the attack from a previous voyage and was far from well when he sailed, and was advised against taking the voyage until he felt better; but he went, and paid the penalty with death. He had sailed out of New Bedford for many years.

The Woodruff was reported off Cuttyhunk early yesterday morning, when Pilot Russell Rotch boarded her and in the face of a northeast wind, which later changed to easterly, beat the Woodruff into port.—N. B. Standard, 23d. SEPT. 30, 1911

United States Whaling Company.

With the falling off of the bowhead whaling industry in the Arctic ocean, which a few years ago was by far greater than it is now, that of the pursuit of the mammal, for use as oil and fertilizer, is booming in the waters off Alaska. The United States Whaling company has just been incorporated with a capital stock of $3,000,000, subscribed by European and Amerian capitalists, the latter mostly residing in the east. The first move of the new company has been to let a contract for the construction of three modern steam whalers. These craft will be ready for service in the north in about six months.

Two of the new whalers will be 95 feet long and one will be 117 feet long. All will be built of steel, will have an approximate speed of eleven knots an hour and will be equipped with all modern apparatus. The three whalers will cost approximately $200,000. P. Borgen of Norway is president of the United States Whaling company, and Captain Einar Abrahamson, a veteran whaler master, is general manager. The steam whalers do not stay long at sea, returning to a station as soon as they shoot a whale, usually towing the carcas along with them.

The present successful season of the San Francisco whalers that ventured into the Arctic after the mammal that yields bone of great value, will probably result in more whaling vessels being sent out from the Golden Gate next year.—San Francisco Chronicle. 1911

Towed Away by Big Whale.

The loss of a boat's crew from the whaling brig Sullivan of Norwich, Conn., Capt. Hegarty, has been the cause of considerable criticism, which is augmented by the stories of mate J. J. Senna and boatheader John Perry, who have just arrived in New Bedford from St. Helena, where they left the brig.

Mate Senna says he left the brig on account of the incident, and boatheader Perry did likewise. Mate Senna's version follows:

"We were whaling off the west coast of Africa on March 11, when we sighted a school of whales. Five boats lowered and gave chase. The captain kept track of all of his boats from the masthead until 11.30 in the forenoon, keeping watch particularly of the boat of Mr. Penna, the third mate, which was being towed to windward by a big whale.

Then he left the masthead for the deck to wear ship, which occupied a half hour. When he again went aloft he could not locate the third mate's boat. He came down and picked up the other boats, which had taken six small whales. This took some time, and it was coming up rugged.

The captain told us that the third mate had been carried to windward by his whale, and he thought if he found he was going too far he could cut from his whale and run down to the ship. We had supper and no search was made until 9 o'clock in the evening, when we began to fear the mate had been capsized or stove by the whale, and John Vierra, the second mate, started out in search.

The second mate was out all night and had a fearful experience. Upon trying to get back to the ship the next morning his boat capsized. It was terribly rough and the accident occurred a mile from the ship. Boatheader Perry and myself each manned a boat and went to the rescue, barely reaching them in time. Two of the men were almost exhausted, and if we had been a few minutes later all six would have succumbed."

Mr. Senna thinks there was no chance for the missing crew in view of the boisterous weather. The six whales made but 335 barrels of oil, as three blasted and could not be cut in.

Mate Senna reports that on Dec. 11 the Sullivan spoke bark C. W. Morgan at Tristain D'Achuna, with 550 barrels sperm since leaving port in September. The bark Canton was there with 150 barrels since leaving St. Michaels in August. Both barks were bound to the Crozetts for right whales. May 8, 1909

Whaling News.

A telegram received in New Bedford reports the arrival at San Francisco of bark Gay Head, with 380 barrels of whale oil and 70 barrel of sperm oil The Gay Head if from the Kodiak grounds, and also reports the bark Alice Knowles of New Bedford, September 15th, with one right whale and 1,000 barrels of sperm oil

A letter received in New Bedford from Richard Ellis, mate of whaling schooner Era, the only vessel in Hudson bay, reports her with one whale, which yielded 2,200 pounds of whalebone. The letter was dated Aug. 8th, and besides the whale mentioned, the schooner has quite a quantity of trade. The Era sailed June 30, 1903, and was reported last June in Hudson bay. The news which comes down in Mate Ellis's letter is the first that has been heard from her since last summer.

Whaling schooner Monterey, Capt. Charles H. Foley, arrived at San Francisco, Monday, from a cruise to the Arctic. She reports a catch of seven whales, which made 6300 pounds of whalebone, worth over $30,000.

The Monterey, which is a gasoline schooner owned by Lewis, Anderson, Foard & Co., left San Francisco April 9th and first cruised for right whales before making a start for the Arctic. She was successful and arrived at Dutch island, Unalaska, in July with four right whales.

Continuing her cruise, the Monterey went up through Bering straits and into the Arctic ocean, when Captain Foley captured three bowheads.

On October 8 the Monterey passed the steam whaler Belvedere of New Bedford, coming to San Francisco under sail, having been in a storm and lost her rudder. NOV. 5-1904

Return of a Whaler. JUNE 1906

Captain Gonsalves of the whaling schooner E. B. Conwell of this port was brought to New Bedford, Sunday, in the Friend by Frank Veeder of Cuttyhunk, the pilot of which reached the schooner where she is anchored off the Hen and Chickens. Captain Gonsalves was ill when the schooner sailed from port, April 25, and as he grew worse the vessel returned as stated. Monday morning Captain Joseph Morris of Fairhaven, formerly in command of brig Rosa Baker and schooner Golden City, was taken by steam tug to the whaler, and continued the cruise as her master.

Captain Gonsalves reported that he had 150 barrels of oil on board, but that he ought to have had over 300 barrels. He has seen whales two and three times a week since he sailed from this port, a little over a month ago, but he was too sick to attempt to do much whaling.

The Conwell reports W. A. Grozier with 290 barrels of oil, the E. A. Swift having taken whales twice, the J. R. Manta with 150 barrels, and had not seen any other whalers on Hatteras. —N. B. Standard. June 1906

Made a Rich Find of Ambergris.

From the New Bedford Standard.

A fortune in ambergris, probably worth $37,500, has been picked up by the brig Viola, Captain Joseph Lewis, if the gray mass proves to be, as he reports, of very first quality. Mrs. Laura Lewis, the master's wife, received a letter from her husband, reporting that off the River Platte, South America, he has taken in 450 barrels of sperm oil and from 100 to 150 pounds of first quality ambergris. The market value of the substance fluctuates, because of the war. When the market, which is chiefly in France, where ambergris is used to make the fragrance of perfumes "fast," is open, the value varies from $200 to $300 a pound, according to the supply on hand.

Very little ambergris has been reported of late, and with an open market, this would unquestionably, those familiar with its market price say, bring the value high. Estimating the catch at 150 pounds, and the market value at $250, the catch is worth $37,500, with the chances being good of its being worth even more if upon further testing it proves to be of first quality as reported. Ambergris of first quality is rarely found.

The Viola is owned by Captain Charles Cook of Provincetown and a Boston banker. She sailed from this port on September 28. FEB 3-1917

Returns Home After Twenty-Four Years. 8/15- 1908

The old whaling bark Andrew Hicks has returned to her home port, New Bedford, after an absence of twenty-four years. She sailed in 1884 for a trip around Cape Horn into the Pacific ocean, but did not start homeward again until December, 1906. She has been coming along easily since that time, making one season on the New Zealand grounds, when 5000 pounds of whale bone were captured.

Captain Church was accompanied on the voyage from San Francisco by his wife. While she was not compelled to ship on the articles in the California port, she is really the captain's first mate. Mrs. Church has one interesting souvenir of the voyage in the shape of an old harpoon taken from one of the whales captured off New Zealand. Just how many years he had been swimming the seas it is impossible to tell, but the old iron tells one thing, that he is over 50 years old, for the old iron taken from his body was undoubtedly planted there some 60 years ago from the whaling bark Alice of Cold Spring, N. Y.

Joseph Thurston, the second mate of the Hicks, has been away from New Bedford longer than the old vessel. He sailed away from that port in the bark Abram Barker in 1875 and this is his first visit there since, although he has followed the whaling business all the intervening years.

Old Whaler to Return Home.

Capt. Edwin J. Reed, who left last week for San Francisco to take command of whaling bark Charles W. Morgan, will cruise off the coast of New Zealand, formerly famous for its right whale grounds, and after the whaling is over there she will come around into the Atlantic ocean and make her home port, which she has not been into since Oct. 6, 1886.

Up to within a year or two the whaling in the Japan and Ochotsk seas has been a paying venture and the Morgan was sent there regularly each summer, but the right whales have not been found by the Morgan and other vessls in these seas of late years and the venture has been hardly a paying one. The owners of the bark J. & W. R. Wing have decided to bring her home and continue her in the sperm and right whaling in the Atlantic and Indian oceans. The success of the bark Josephine in the Indian ocean last year would seem to make it a better chance to send whalers there than have them continue making unprofitable trips to the far northern seas, where the chance of getting good cuts of the valuable bone bearing whale has been lessened of late years.

The Morgan was built at this port 63 years ago and has been kept up in excellent shape and still has many years of usefulness as a whaler left in her. She is the second oldest whaling vessel in the world, the bark Canton of this port being the oldest by a few years.—N. B. Standard. 11/19/1904

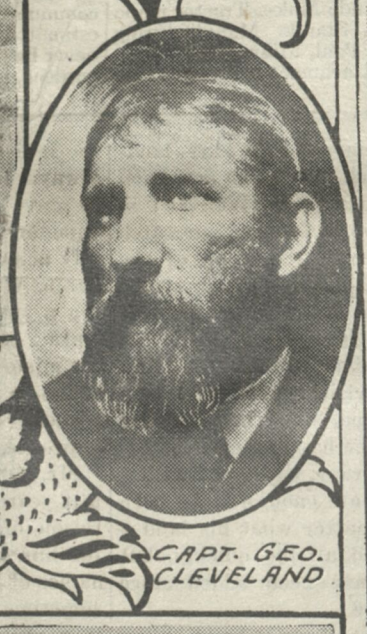
Biggest Whale Ever Caught. 1899

Whaling steamer Jeanette arrived at San Francisco recently with the biggest catch of the season, made in Alaskan waters. The number of whales captured was 18, yielding 34,000 pounds of bone. Besides the bone the steamer brought over 300 fox skins and 6 bear skins, and the entire cargo is valued at $100,000. The steamer had excellent luck, and did not lose a whale nor so much as a fathom of line, nor did any of the crew meet with the slightest accident. J. J. Thatcher, first mate, caught an exceptionally large whale. The bone weighed 3,450 pounds and the whale's head measured 29 feet. This catch was made 45 miles southeast of Herald island. Captain Newth believes it is the largest whale ever caught. Large whales are slow in their movements and are not difficult to conquer. It is the small whales that give the trouble. It required but two bombs to kill the large whale, while it took 14 bombs to kill a small whale that weighed but 1,250 pounds.

When off Nantucket, Sunday, and running through a fog, the New French line steamer Rochambeau, bound from Havre for New York for the first time, collided with some object which seemed to impede the headway of the vessel. The engines were stopped and it was discovered that the ship had rammed a giant whale. The steel prow had sunk deep enough into the whale to cut the leviathan almost in two. The water was crimsoned all about the ship. The carcass of the whale floated for a moment and then sank from view. SEPT-1911

CAPT. GEO. FRED TILTON

HUT AT CAPE FULLERTON



CAPT. GEO. CLEVELAND

SCHOONER PYTHIAN GOING TO HUDSON BAY

THE SECOND FROM THE RIGHT IS SHOO FLY THE ONLY ESKIMO TYPEWRITER

A LOAD OF FURS

Illustrations by courtesy of New Bedford Standard.

Captain Tilton's Voyage to Hudson Bay.

Captain George Fred Tilton sailed out of New Bedford on July 5th on a voyage to Hudson bay and back, a trip that would be eventful in the lives of most men, but Captain Tilton started out on the voyage with about as much concern as the ordinary man has for the day's walk between his house and place of business. That's Captain Tilton all through; he's been where the weather's coldest and there isn't any doubt if business called him to the hottest climate he'd go there too. By this time Captain Tilton has put more than a thousand miles between his vessel and New Bedford, and in a month's time he expects to bring the schooner Pythian to anchor off Cape Fullerton in Hudson bay, covering a distance of some 3,800 miles, a voyage northward of greater distance than crossing the Atlantic to Europe. And Captain Tilton hasn't the least fear but that he will be back in New Bedford sometime next September or October, even though he takes the schooner Pythian to the same north country where the schooner A. T. Gifford, which sailed on the same voyage and for the same purpose two years ago, laid her bones and with her probably went the lives of all the men on board. This is no forlorn hope that Captain Tilton is up to; it is just a pleasant summer voyage to him.

Speak of the north country and Captain Tilton's name comes to mind at once, and so it was that this vetern Vineyard whaleman was picked to take command of the one-time Gloucester fishing schooner Pythian to go to Hudson Bay with supplies and bring back the accumulation of furs that Captain George Cleveland has collected in the past two years. Captain Cleveland has spent so many years in the north country that he is as much at home there as he is at his Marthas Vineyard home, and now Captain Tilton, another Vineyarder, is on the way to meet his fellow islander.

Captain Cleveland knows there is a world war in progress from news that he had two years ago when the schooner A. T. Gifford, in command of Captain Gibbons, went north on the same errand that Captain Tilton is now making, but of news since then Captain Cleveland has had only such as gets to him through the Canadian police and the Eskimo hunters and trappers that bring their furs to his Hudson Bay station. Captain Cleveland keeps in occasional communication with the outside world.

A letter written by him some time last fall only recently reached the states, evidence that the mail service between Hudson Bay and the outside world is not of the best. There has been no news from Captain Cleveland other than by letter, for four years or more, for Captain Gibbons and his schooner has never been heard from since the vessel left Hudson Bay two years ago. Where Captain Gibbons went and never came back, Captain Tilton follows, and he would laugh if anyone suggested any apprehension over his safe return. "I guess I needn't make my will quite yet," replied the captain to a friend who wished him a safe voyage.

Captain Tilton, as every one knows, long ago qualified as a man of adventure. This Hudson bay trip is a mere pleasure journey beside some other adventures of his. He planned going to the North Pole once before ever Peary came back to contradict Dr. Cook, but he gave it up, because he said his family objected. Even his projected North Pole trip seems now rather pale in comparison with the actual trip that Captain Tilton made in 1898, when he walked over 3000 miles from the Arctic ocean down to civilization and brought the news of the imprisoned whalers in the Arctic ice.

That was a trip that will rank among the classics of whalemen's adventures, an undertaking that had about as much chance of success as—well it simply would never have been attempted by the more famous explorers of the Arctic. Captain Tilton and his 3000-mile walk will remain in memory as long as there are brave stories to be told. The trip was begun in October and it was the following April that Captain Tilton walked into San Francisco, most of the journey being made during the season of the long Arctic night.

That's the kind of a man on his way to Hudson bay. His long Arctic walk has not been his only adventure, however, to prove his hardihood, for there's another story (though the captain would modestly say "forget it, don't tell that yarn again") of how Captain Tilton once manhandled the champion prize-fighter, Joe Choynski, who had crossed the captain's path and presumed on his prowess to browbeat the captain. One blow from the captain's doubled fist was sufficient to satisfy the one-time idol of the prize ring that he had met his master. Having these small incidents to prove that he can hold his own with both nature and man, Captain Tilton naturally came to be picked for this little 3800-mile jaunt. It's quite safe to say that the captain will take the Pythian to her destination and bring her back, too, incidentally keeping a sharp lookout for signs of the lost schooner.

Cape Fullerton, in Hudson bay, well up toward the north in this big body of northern water, is where the little supply schooner is bound. There it is that Captain Cleveland has his station and collects furs from the natives to be sent down to F. N. Monjo of Stamford, Conn., It was for Mr. Monjo that the former Gloucester fisherman was purchased. All of Mr. Monjo's business on this end has been handled by William E. Cooper, and with the right vessel picked Captain Tilton looked her over and pronounced her just the kind of a boat needed. The Pythian was brought around to this port and since early in June she laid at Kelley's wharf taking in supplies and getting in shape for the voyage which began last week.

Having the captain picked was, of course, the big human item settled, but it was up to Captain Tilton to pick out the crew. For while the captain may laugh at what he calls his summer vacation voyage, it does have some elements of danger in it to warrant him in picking out an experienced crew. So the captain didn't send out an invitation for any green hands; what he needed was a number of men who could handle the wheel at a minute's notice. In his mate he got an ideal man in Arthur Cotnoir, young in years, though of long experience, and as fearless as the captain and about as ready in any emergency likely to happen. The Pythian carries a 36 horse-power engine, and Jesse Smalley, a Gay Head Indian, was secured as engineer. James Drayton, a St. Helena man and a grizzled veteran of many years at sea, is on board as steward. The seamen favored are Eugene Smith, a Vineyarder, who is going to remain at the station and learn the business; John Simmons, Nelson Francis and Edward C. Collins, a total of eight on board.

In the several weeks that the Pythian was lying at the wharf taking on supplies for the trip, Captain Tilton was a busy man getting everything in ship-shape order. There were not only supplies for the ship's use, but there was a vast quantity of innumerable articles for Captain Cleveland's station, food and equipment for his use and all sorts of things to be used in trade with the natives, the latter taking pay for their furs in trade articles. The Pythian, were the articles in her hold laid out for inspection, would appear a veritable department store, something like the old-fashioned tin peddler's cart. All sizes of tin pans and tinware of every description were included. Bales of bright colored cloths, many rolls of ribbon, hundreds of pounds of all sizes of beads, a box of jewsharps, another of harmonicas, even a number of graphophones, made up the motley cargo.

Name any articles commonly found in the stores, and the chances are something of the sort is carried in the Pythian. If one can imagine the schooner being overhauled by a pirate vessel, the Pythian carries no mean armament to ward off an attack. There are several cases of small arms, thousands of rounds of ball cartridges, and a big supply of loose powder and lead. All kinds of knives are carried, too, and most of these things are for trade with the natives, aside from the supplies for Captain Cleveland's own use.

It took a good many thousand dollars to purchase the Pythian and fit and supply her for this trip. The loss of the schooner A. T. Gifford with all the furs that she had taken on the Hudson Bay station amounted to a small fortune, and that Mr. Monjo is spending a good many more thousands to again get in touch with his Hudson Bay station is some indication of the value of the furs that Captain Tilton is expected to bring back. Since the war there has been a scarcity of furs, and this makes the Hudson Bay venture all the greater a profitable prospect. The furs taken by the Eskimos comprise bear skins, foxes, wolves, wolferines, muskox, white seal and now and then a silver fox, the latter the most valuable of all the skins, and worth the best articles which the Pythian carries for trade.

While Captain Cleveland maintains his headquarters at Cape Fullerton, he goes many miles into the surrounding country picking up furs, and is gone for weeks at a time. During these trips he travels by dog sled and carries his articles of trade with him, packing the furs taken in exchange back to the station. Off and on Captain Cleveland has been in the north country more than ten years, and only now and then for a short time during that period has he been back to civilization. He lives a life much like that of the natives, even to his food, and his clothing is of the native furs. Occasionally he meets a white man, for the Canadian mounted police drop around now and then. There is a station of the Hudson Bay company not far away, but for the most part the natives are his only companions.

Hudson Bay, at this season of the year, has a temperature quite mild. On a warm day the pitch in a vessel's deck will bubble, but this is only for a short season. In the winter the temperature drops down to 45 below or occasionally a little lower, daylight is brief and the nights are long. Ice leaves the bay in June or July and new ice begins to form in October. Captain Tilton, who has been to the Hudson bay country once before, doesn't look to encounter any ice in the bay, but will find ice before getting into the bay and after coming out on the home voyage. In any event the Pythian carries a steel shod prow and Captain Tilton is backing her to buck anything in the way of ice that he is likely to meet.

While Captain Tilton is banking on being back by October at the latest, he knows the north country too well not to cut himself off from civilization without being prepared for possible emergencies. So the schooner carries sufficient food to winter all hands if necessary, and there is also a supply of warm clothing on board. In the event of being compelled to winter in the north, Captain Tilton plans to sled the furs taken from the station several hundred miles to a Canadian post where there is a railroad connection.

While the captain considers a month sufficient in which to make the trip north, he may be more or less delayed in making a search for the schooner Gifford. There is practically no hope that the schooner itself will be found and little hope of finding the men who were on board. But Captain Tilton proposes to search along the coast and will go ashore on some of the numerous uninhabited islands on the chance of getting some clue to the vessel or men.

While in command of the Pythian, Captain Tilton takes law and order along with him. His authority over those aboard is more supreme than that held by any judge. It is unlikely that he will be spoken by any vessel after he leaves the coast of Newfoundland, and off there he may be overhauled by a Canadian government vessel and be asked to show his papers. As Captain Tilton carries many dutiable articles, he also has papers to show all duties paid by special arrangements completed with the Canadian customs authorities before the vessel left an American port.

This present voyage to Hudson bay may mean a permanent job for Captain Tilton, though at present he has only a four months' leave of absence from the naval coast defense reserve. While maintaining the present Hudson bay station, Mr. Monjo plans an extension of his interests to the other side of the north country, providing the prospects look good in the Arctic. In this latter country Captain Tilton knows every cape and bay and Mr. Monjo plans to send the captain on a prospecting trip up the other side of the continent. Providing Captain Tilton gets safely home this fall, the plans are for him to take the Pythian through the Panama canal and up to the Arctic. The decision as to that, however, will come later after the captain's return.

Whaling Prohibited.

The owners of whaling brig Daisy, which sailed from New Bedford, May 13th, on a whaling cruise off the Crozettes and thence to the Desolation islands in search for sea elephants, received something of a surprise yesterday when informed that the taking of sea elephants on the Desolation islands had been prohibited by the French government.

This fact was made the more distressing as Captain Benjamin D. Cleveland, master and part owner of the brig, knew nothing of the prohibition at the time of the departure of the brig, and it is not at all probable that he will learn of the edict as he is not expected to make port until after he has finished his season's work at the Desolations, although if he should touch at the Azores he could be reached by cable. It is the opinion of those who have been made acquainted with the fact that Captain Cleveland cannot be held liable if overhauled by a French government vessel, as he had not been informed of the enforcement of the prohibition, notice of which it appears has also been sent to others who engage in whaling in that latitude.

It is claimed by some of the older whalemen that restrictions have long been placed on the taking of seal, sea elephants and whales off Kergulen Islands, but that never have they been enforced. It is the opinion of several who are interested financially in the cruise of the Daisy that the only move in the matter has been in the sending out of notices as printed above, and that no attempt will be made to send a French cruiser to that latitude.

It is also surmised that the publicity given to the present cruise of the Daisy, in which it was stated that she was to return to the United States with specimens of the sea elephant for the Peabody Museum at Yale University, has brought about the notice of prohibition.—N. B. Standard, 20th.

News From the Arctic.

A dispatch from Point Barrow, Alaska, says: "Notwithstanding elaborate preparations and the keen vigilance of thousands of skilled shore whalers, the catch of bowhead whales this year will fall miserably short of that of any previous year.

Along the Siberian side and along the Alaskan side from Bering strait to Point Barrow the showing of bone is very small. Owing to the ice conditions on the Arctic side the ships have been unable to get to the most westerly of the Siberian whaling grounds, but little more bone can be expected from the unvisited points.

The catch on the American side is especially discouraging. At point Hope, where 25 large whales were taken last year, only thirteen were taken this year and most of them were small and of little value on the Paris market. At Icy Cape, where ten or twelve whales were killed last year and from which point tons of bone were shipped, only 400 pounds of poor bone was secured this year.

At Barrow, where the largest whaling village in the world is to be found and where over 600 natives are directly dependent upon the industry, only eleven whales were captured and killed.

Unfortunate as the shore whalers were, the deep sea whalers were much more so. Owing to the uncertain condition of the bone market during the last winter only five whale ships are at work in the Arctic this year, and up to date not a single catch has been made by any of them.

Unless the whaling fleet now bound eastward for the shores of Banks Land has phenomenal success it is doubtful if more than 15,000 pounds of bone will be marketed on the Pacific coast this year. Paradoxical as it may seem, this shortage in whalebone may prove to be a great blessing for the whaling industry.

Last year the American market was swamped with 200,000 pounds of bone above its normal needs, for which, owing to a phenomenal catch made by Norwegian whalers, there was no market abroad It is hoped that the present shortage will relieve the market both at home and abroad."

OCT. 23—1909

NOV. 12

Arctic Whaling News. 1908

With the return of the Arctic whalers from the frozen north many exciting incidents have been related of the struggles against ice and snow, and encounters with fierce whales.

The Norwhal reported when she arrived that since she left Port Clarence in July, not a ray of sun fell on the vessel while in the Bering sea. Continual blizzards were encountered, the men worked knee deep in snow on the decks and the huge ice floes prevented the men from sighting any whales.

The crew of the whaler William Baylies, which was crushed by the ice in Anadia bay, June 12th, were taken aboard the Bowhead. It is said that after the survivors of the Baylies were landed at Nome a mutiny broke out on the Bowhead. The Narwhal reports one death on the Bowhead, an unknown man who perished in a blizzard after he had been cut off from his ship.

The whaling bark John and Winthrop and the steamer Thrasher have both been reported in San Francisco with poor catches. The John and Winthrop has taken 700 barrels of sperm oil during the season and the Thrasher had the poorest catch of the Arctic whalers, having taken but two bowhead whales.

One incident is told by the Thrasher's crew of a large whale who took their line and made way with it after it had been cut asunder by a large ice floe.

The crew of the John and Winthrop complain of abusive treatment by Captain Shorey, and say that they were not given enough to eat. Captain Shorey denies the story and said that the men were fairly treated and had plenty to eat. The particular grievance of the men is that while the ship was lying at Honolulu on her eastward voyage, they asked for shore liberty but were refused and put in irons, while they claim the captain exchanged the provisions that were provided for the crew for dainty edibles for his own table.

Second Mate John Thomas's boat was attacked by a large whale off the coast of Japan, and had it not been for the prompt rescue afforded them by the other boats they feel certain that they would have perished. However, they were in the water over an hour, clinging to bits of wreckage before the rescue was made.

The Thrasher also reports that steamer Jeanette lost her propeller on Sept. 3 by being jammed in the ice. The crew of this steamer captured the largest whale of the season, one with a head weighing nearly two tons.

According to those on board the steamer Beluga, returning whaler, at San Francisco, the season's work was greatly hampered by heavy snowstorms and an unusual amount of ice. The Beluga was for weeks incased in snow and ice, and the crew worked at times knee deep in snow. On October 12th and 14th the whaler was in the clutches of a fierce blizzard, which compelled all hands to remain below to escape freezing to death.

The whaling steamer Bowhead has arrived at San Francisco from Unalaska, bringing 6000 pounds of whalebone and 600 blue fox skins. J. C. Gardner, a green hand, was in irons for having killed boat-steerer Cordora with a piece of lumber, Aug. 31. Gardner is but 18 years of age. He says he has an uncle who is a judge in the appellate court in Kentucky. He has been turned over to the United States marshal.

MAY Good Whaling. 1908

Whaling bark Josephine, Captain West, which sailed from New Bedford, Sept. 25, 1907, arrived at Natal, east coast of Africa, on Saturday last, and the news which has been cabled to Messrs. J. & W. R. Wing must be pleasing to the friends of Captain West, who is in command of the finest whaling vessel in the Atlantic fleet. The Josephine since leaving the home port has taken between 600 and 800 barrels of whale oil, 200 barrels of sperm oil, and about 8,000 pounds of whalebone. A pretty good cut for a seven months' cruise.

33386

Mysterious Cruise Ended. 1908

In addition to her valuable cargo of sealskins and elephant oil, from the Antarctic seas, the schooner Margaret, which sailed from New Bedford, Mass., last September, on a voyage shrouded in mystery, brought several hundred weight of specimen copper from islands off Cape Horn, when she docked at New London, Thursday.

In the copper specimens is revealed the real purpose of the Margaret's mysterious cruise to the Antarctic seas. At the time she set sail from New Bedford last September it was known that she carried a corps of mining engineers and it was believed that she was sailing in quest of gold. Since her return, however, it has been learned that her mysterious mission was to investigate some mines, believed to be rich in copper ore, and to bring back for the inspection of possible future investors, a considerable quantity of the valuable mineral.

The corps of mining experts who sailed on her last fall were hired by interested capitalists of New London and vicinity. The craft was chartered from the agent, D. Harris of Norwich, and in order to keep her cruise as much of a secret as possible, the schooner was fitted out at New Bedford, from which port she sailed in command of Captain Erastus Church with Captain James Buddington, an old whaleman, as mate.

As a side issue in which the ship and crew could be employed while the engineers were investigating the mines, the schooner was fitted for sealing and sea elephant pursuit, and in that line she made a most successful voyage.

Captain Church reported that he had several thousand sealskins in the hold and about 100 barrels of elephant oil, which were taken around the Stewart islands off Cape Horn.

Just where the copper mines are located or the extent of the find of ore, those connected with the project and those who went on the voyage refuse to divulge, but it is whispered that the copper-seekers have "struck it rich." May 9-1908

Deserting Whalers.

Two of the whalemen who deserted from the Bowhead, John Griffiths and Carl Kaltenbach, have been reported as captured at Port Townsend and as having been placed aboard the United States revenue cutter Thetis, to be brought to San Francisco, where they are wanted as witnesses in the trial of Joe Gardner, awaiting trial for murder in having killed the Negro mate of the Bowhead. The men, it is stated, will testify that great cruelty was practiced on the Bowhead, and that Gardner killed the mate after the latter had battered him in a brutal manner and had threatened his life. 12/12-1908

Home From Whaling Voyage.

James C. Lumbert arrived home Wednesday evening from a twenty-two months' whaling cruise in the Atlantic ocean as mate of bark Platina of New Bedford. Mate Lumbert reports a very successful voyage, without a serious accident on the cruise, although on the homeward trip the third mate's boat was stove by a whale. The Platina's total catch was over 2200 barrels, but owing to a leakage in the first consignment sent home, the catch was brought down to 2150 barrels of sperm and whale oil, besides about 5500 pounds of bone.

The Platina has been on some of the well known sperm whale cruising grounds in this ocean, and the first season she went down to Patagonia after right whales and met with good success, securing ten of the animals, which made 5500 pounds of bone. This season she went south again, but rough weather was met and whales were sighted but twice with no results. Then the Platina came north and cruised at the River Platte grounds, then to the eastward and took in the Western grounds, but seeing no signs of whales, came on to the Hatteras grounds and saw the school of whales of which she got one. She then headed for New Bedford, arriving there Tuesday afternoon. Aug-1908

Twenty-five Whales. 1908

The whaling bark Beluga, Captain Porter, has arrived in port with a catch of five whales. She reports the following ships and the following catches: Belvedere, Captain Cottle, three whales; Bowhead, Captain Long, three; Jeannette, Captain Foley, three; Thrasher, Captain Wing, two; Karluk, Captain Wing, six, and Narwhal, Captain Leavitt, with three whales.

The Beluga sailed from San Francisco March 3 and was last reported Sept. 1st with four whales, off Point Barrow

Steamer Corwin arrived at Seattle 31st, from Nome, the passage being made in 22 days. When 12 days out the Corwin spoke whaler Jeannette, 165 miles north of Unimak pass. Practically all the whalers will soon leave to winter, the whole catch for the season being below the average. The Jeannette captured one whale with a head weighing over 3,520 pounds and it is estimated that the bone from the animal will bring $17,000 when marketed. This is the largest specimen ever taken in the Bering sea.

That the catch is the smallest in years is not at all surprising, as the fleet was unable to do anything with the early whaling. The ice would not permit of a cruise to the eastward of Point Barrow, and when it became apparent that it would be unsafe to venture on the grounds to the eastward the fleet on August 29 sailed for the grounds in the vicinity of Herald Island.

Took Over 600 Whales.

The steam whaler St. Lawrence followed the Orion to Victoria, B. C., 28th ult., and the work for the present season off the west coast of Vancouver island has been abandoned. The two whalers took over 600 whales during the summer. The St. Lawrence operated from Kyuquat, and broke the world's record. She took 318 whales, including 214 humpbacks, 66 sulphur bottoms, 10 finbacks and 1 sperm whale. The crew's earnings range from $300 to $400 for the season.

Voyage to Desolation. 1908

Brig Daisy is fitting out at New Bedford for a voyage to Desolation island and will sail the first week in May. The Daisy is the only vessel in the world that makes regular trips to this far-away, desolate spot in the lonely Antarctic ocean. Every other year she goes after sea elephants, the oil of which is rated almost equal in value to whale oil.

The interesting thing about her trip this year is the fact that the commander, Capt. Benjamin D. Cleveland, has been commissioned by the head of several noted American museums to collect for them all the bird, animal and fish life that he can find. The collections are to be for the Museum of Natural History of New York, the Brooklyn Institute and the Yale Museum. The Daisy will return from her trip a year from next August or September.

Capt. Cleveland has frequently been importuned by naturalists and scientists for permission to sail with him, but he has always refused to carry passengers or to bother his head about gathering specimens for them. D. C. Potter, part owner of the brig, is the man who has induced Capt. Cleveland to break through his custom, but the skipper is firm in his refusal to carry passergers, and will make the collections hmself.

Captain Foley High Hook. 1911

The U. S. revenue cutter Thetis arrived at San Francisco last week from the Arctic ocean, bringing news of the small fleet of steam Arctic whalers that are cruising in the Arctic this season. The catch of the fleet is as follows:

Vessel.	Master	Bowhead Whales
Steamer Karluk	Foley	7
Steamer Jeanette	Porter	3
Schooner Rosie H.	Wolkie	2
Steamer Belvedere	Cottle	1
Steamer Herman	Bodfish	0

The Bounding Billow. 1896

The old whaler Bounding Billow, that for forty-two years has braved "the stormy winds that blow," has probably made her last voyage. She is now being dismantled in Oakland Creek, and as soon as everything that can be taken out of her has been removed, the hulk will be sold to the highest bidder. It will then be taken to California city and burned in order to save the copper and iron.

The old vessel will make a great bonfire, as her timbers are soaked with oil from the thousands of whales taken in the frozen Arctic and the southern seas. With her will go one of the few remaining relics of the old-time fleet that at one time made their headquarters at New Bedford and Nantucket, and brought wealth and prosperity to the inhabitants of those towns. Steam is now driving the "wind jammers" out of the whaling business, and in a few years there will not be a sailing vessel clearing for Point Barrow. Old-time captains who cannot get anybody to fit out a whaler for a cruise say that business is played out, but the successes of the Pacific Steam Whaling company tell a different story.

In her time the Bounding Billow has probably brought more "oil and bone" into this port than any other whaler of the old class. She was almost invariably successful and many a time boatsteerers have paid a bonus to get a chance to ship. The last time she went out was in 1892. She brought back 700 barrels of oil and 7,000 pounds of whalebone, but this did not pay expenses, and as the agents, Wright, Bowne & Co., about that time got into difficulties, the vessel was laid up in Oakland Creek. When she was fitted out for her last cruise about $3,000 was spent on her outfit, and it is this sum the receiver of the Wright, Bowne & Co. estate is trying to reeover.

The boats, running gear, canned goods, equipments, such as oars, rowlocks, rope, harpoons, etc., have been sold to vessels now fitting out, and the Andrew Hicks will take some of them with her when she sails in a few days. This has raised a row between the owners and the ship-chandlers. The latter say that the sale of these goods is injuring their business, but the receiver says: "I am doing the best I can by the estate of Wright, Bowne & Co., and if you don't like it you can lump it."

By the sale of the Bounding Billow in this way it is expected that quite a large sum will be secured. Had she been sold as a whaler, fully equipped, the chances are that she would not have brought more than $2,500, but with all her equipment gone the chances are that she will bring that sum at auction this week. Her masts, spars, sound timber and old iron and copper will well repay the purchaser.

The Bounding Billow was built at Chelsea, Mass., in 1854. She is 240 tons gross burden, 119 feet long, 27 feet 5 inches broad, 12 feet 2 inches deep, and was originally owned by J. & W. R. Wing of New Bedford. About two months ago there was a prospect of fitting her out for another cruise, but the necessary money could not be raised, so the scheme fell through. Now the old bark's days are numbered.—*San Francisco Call.*

News of Arctic Whaler.

Captain Philip Cruz of this city has just received a letter from Bras Loppes of the whaling schooner A. T. Gifford, wintering in Hudson bay. The letter is dated Cape Fullerton, Nov. 18, 1908, and states that the detachment of police that was stationed at Cape Fullerton last winter was relieved last spring and lost their boat trying to get down to Churchill, and were obliged to return to Cape Fullerton. The police were going out overland. Mr. Loppes writes that the weather was remarkably mild for the time of year

He reports that everything had been finished for the season, and they were waiting for snow, to bank in the ship for the winter.

The Gifford took one whale, which made 1,700 pounds of whalebone, the bone having been sent to England on a Scotch whaler.—N. B. Standard.

APR-1909

Will Cruise in Arctic.

Despite the statement made last fall that whaling in the Arctic ocean would be abandoned because of the large stock of whalebone on hand, the Standard today can say with authority that at least four vessels will penetrate the waters of the frozen north in quest of the bowhead, and with anything like decent luck those who venture north ought to make good cuts.

The first vessel to get away from San Francisco will be the bark Gay Head, which will sail for the Zodiak on Thursday, March 25, in command of Captain James Wing. L. E. James has taken the agency of the vessel.

The next vessel to get away for the far north will be the steamer Karluk, which will be commanded by Captain Stephen Cottle of Marthas Vineyard, who will also act as agent of the ship in the enterprise. She will leave her berth in San Francisco April 1st, and Captain S. W. Porter, who had the steamer Beluga last season, will go out with him as first officer, while Samuel T. Smith has signed on as boat-header.

Steamer Herman is also being fitted at San Francisco for a cruise in the Arctic, and she is expected to sail about April 1st in command of Captain H. H. Bodfish of Vineyard Haven, one of the most successful Arctic whalers of the present time.

The fourth vessel to venture north is a bark which Captain James McKenna has purchased. He will go in command of this ship, and Captain Frank Long of this city, who had steamer Jeannette last season, will accompany him as first officer.

This is the program as laid out for the coming season, the four vessels named being the only ones which will plough the billows of the Arctic ocean the coming season, the balance of the fleet remaining tied up at their berths in San Francisco, while several of the masters who have sailed north for the last 10 or 12 years will spend a season on shore.—New Bedford Standard. 3/27-1909

Real Whaling History.

Reynolds Printing of New Bedford has recently printed a booklet which contains some of the real history of whaling. The story of "The Stone Fleet", by Pardon B. Gifford, is a valuable contribution to the history of the whaling industry. Reference has often been made to "the stone fleet", but few persons who are living today know much about it, except that it was quite a factor at the time of the Civil War. Mr. Gifford's recital of incidents leading to and connected with the departure of the "stone fleet" of discarded whaling vessels and the sinking of the craft at the mouth of Charleston harbor, is a mighty interesting yarn.

Reynolds' booklet also contains accounts of "The Wing Fleet" and "The Loss of the Arctic Fleet", with numerous illustrations—a combination of "stories of wooden ships and iron men" that makes mighty good reading in these days, when the glamour and thrills of the whaling industry have long since passed away.

Arctic Whalers Doing Well.

Letters, dated Cape Nome, June 24, have arrived from Benjamin F. Sparks, an officer on the Arctic whaler William Baylies, saying that his ship has taken two bowhead whales, which yielded 4850 pounds of whalebone, all since leaving San Francisco last March, and that only eight whales had been taken by the entire 'Frisco fleet up to that date. The Baylies' catch is worth upward of $20,000 at present prices.

The ship Charles W. Morgan of San Francisco, on which Charles A. Sparks of this town is first officer, was at Hakodate, Japan, in June, with 650 barrels of sperm oil, taken since leaving San Francisco last fall.

Letters from Capt. John Dunham of the Provincetown whaling schooner William A. Grozier, report her off Cape Henry June 16, with 300 barrels of sperm. 7/30/1904

Good Whaling Season. 1914

Steamers Belvedere and Polar Bear have arrived at San Francisco, the former with 8000 pounds of whalebone, the latter with 17,000 pounds. The steamer Herman was reported on her way down from the Arctic with eight whales or something like 10,000 to 12,000 pounds of whalebone.

While the catch is a good one for the three Arctic ships, the value of the cargoes is doubtful, as whalebone has been selling slow and at low prices the past year or two. Ten years ago the whalebone caught in the Arctic sold for from $3.50 to $5 a pound. Now the holder of prime Arctic whalebone is lucky to get $1 a pound. In fact, some time ago, a San Francisco firm sent word to New Bedford to sell all its holdings at $2 a pound. This bone had been held at $5 a pound when it was thought the market had been cornered.

Word comes from Seattle that the Belvedere is back from her two summer's stay in the Arctic ocean with a catch of 8000 pounds of whalebone.

With whalebone only worth approximately $1 a pound, it would be a losing venture for Captain Cottle and crew if they had to depend upon the sale of the whalebone to make the two years' venture pay, but they didn't, for a sum of money said to be more than $20,000 was paid Captain Cottle for the part he took in carrying up part of Explorer Stefansson's outfit to the Arctic.

It will be remembered that the Belvedere went up into the Arctic as one of three or four vessels that were in the Stefansson expedition. The vessels, including the ill-fated Karluk, were trying to get to the eastward as far as Cape Bathurst or at least Herschel island where it was proposed to winter.

Owing to Captain Cottle's superior knowledge of Arctic conditions, he got further east than any of the other vessels, one schooner being crushed in the ice early in the season in the open ocean, while another was crushed further inshore. The Polar Bear got about half-way from Point Barrow to Herschel island, while the Belvedere got as far as Demarkation Point, almost to Herschel island. Here she passed the winter, and came out this summer all right, as did the Polar Bear, the outfit that the Belvedere had belonging to the expedition, being left where Stefansson directed before he made his start into the open part of the Arctic.—New Bedford Mercury.

Nov. 28, 1914

Return of a Whaler.

Captain Gonsalves of the whaling schooner E. B. Conwell of this port was brought to New Bedford, Sunday, in the Friend by Frank Veeder of Cuttyhunk, the pilot of which reached the schooner where she is anchored off the Hen and Chickens. Captain Gonsalves was ill when the schooner sailed from port, April 25, and as he grew worse the vessel returned as stated. Monday morning Captain Joseph Morris of Fairhaven, formerly in command of brig Rosa Baker and schooner Golden City, was taken by steam tug to the whaler, and continued the cruise as her master.

Captain Gonsalves reported that he had 150 barrels of oil on board, but that he ought to have had over 300 barrels. He has seen whales two and three times a week since he sailed from this port, a little over a month ago, but he was too sick to attempt to do much whaling.

The Conwell reports W. A. Grozier with 290 barrels of oil, the E. A. Swift having taken whales twice, the J. R. Manta with 150 barrels, and had not seen any other whalers on Hatteras. —N. B. Standard. 6/28/1906

Whale Oil Goes Up. 11/23 1916

(From the New York Times.)

We are too for away from Nantucket, which, somehow, seems the heart of the whaling country, if we may say so without injustice to Marthas Vineyard, or of "America," as the Nantucketers call Cape Cod and the Massachusetts mainland. It's just a little more than 200 years ago that Kit Hussey of Nantucket harpooned a sperm whale off the island. The seventeenth century, and the eighteenth century whalers, up to about its middle, whaled from the beach in boats. The right whale was their sole game till after Kit's day, and somewhere about 1750 they began to perambulate the ocean stream in ships and followed the whale toward the ultimate pole, south and north. Nantucket's glories passed to New Bedford. New London had its prosperous whaling days. All the old whaling ports, and many an interior town of the Cape, still keep reminiscences of this sea hunting. The old race of whaling captains is gone. They walked the sand as if it were a quarter deck. Spyglass to eye, they searched the sea from their cupola observation platforms atop of their houses. Spoils of marine venerie, great ribs of whale, were decorations of their front yards. And, Lord! how they hated a steamer! Their occupation was dwindling. Whales got scarce. Mineral and gas oils crowded out whale oil. Rubber and steel usurped the place of whalebone.

We are reminded of the old and the new whaling by a "Review of the Whale Fishing Industry" in the annual report of the New York Chamber of Commerce. The New England whale fisheries were at their height in 1846, when 680 whalers were registered. In 1914 the number had fallen to thirty-two. The "banner year" of American whaling was 1854, when the tonnage was 198,594. Our total merchant marine tonnage was then about 5,000,000. There was about one ton of whaling to twenty-five tons of merchant shipping. June 30, 1915, the merchant marine tonnage was 8,389,429, the whaling 8,829, a ton to a thousand. Melancholy figures. In 1846, the whaling tonnage was 38,833. New Bedford alone had 31,000 tons. By 1890 the tonnage had been cut in half. In twenty-five years it has been cut in half again. New Bedford, devoted to the sperm whale alone, has fourteen whalers. The price of sperm oil has risen 10 cents a gallon in the year, whereas the price of whale oil, especially of the Pacific product, the oil of the Humpback, Finback and Sulphur Bottom—86 feet long, sometimes, this chap—which yields a higher percentage, sometimes as much as 14 per cent. of glycerine, an ingredient of explosives, has risen 50 per cent.

Other times, other whalers. None the less, ghosts of old whaling captains, Coffins, Mayhews, Macys, Starbucks, affectionately we salute you!

Went Whaling on the Bar. Nov. 7 1908

Thirty-two years ago last Sunday, while cruising near Nantucket bar in catboat Mable, Captains John M. Winslow and Heman Eldredge discovered a whale aground on the shoal. Hastening ashore they landed on the Cliff beach to secure assistance, and one of the Jersey wrecking boats was manned by a volunteer crew, with Captains Charles C. Mooers and Obed Swain on board, starting in pursuit of the whale with an improvised whaling outfit. By the time the men reached the bar again the whale had floated off with the rising tide and was bound up into the chord of the bay. The boat gave chase and followed the leviathan about eighteen miles, finally giving up the task and returning to shore. Although the boat came near enough to strike the whale once or twice, it was not near enough to reach a vital spot, and with their crude outfit the men thought discretion the better part of valor. Captain Mooers ventured the opinion that the whale was a forty-barrel fellow, and had the boat been able to put off half an hour sooner they would undoubtedly have succeeded in capturing the prize.

DEC. 7-1907

Monarchs of The Arctic. 1907

Captain Henderson of the revenue cutter Thetis, which is supposed to safeguard the interests of everyone "North of 53" claims that Captain James A. Tilton, master of the steam whaler Herman, has been guilty of violating the navigation laws of the United States by carrying passengers between points in the Arctic, when his ship was not certified for the purpose, and an investigation was held by the Board of Steamboat Inspectors at their office, Nov. 14, to determine the truth of the charges and, if necessary, punish the derelict master.

Incidentally, Captain Henderson intimated that Captain Tilton had been rather a gay dog in the polar seas, and otherwise exhibited a desire to "do for" the whaling captain.

As the local board has no jurisdiction to investigate the private lives of the men it licenses, that portion of the complaint was given no attention.

Captain Tilton denied that he had at any time carried any "passengers" within the interpretation of the department, from one cold spot to another. Captain Henderson, being in Seattle, had nothing to say. His complaint reached the local board by means of a letter from the department, inclosing a copy of his charges—which were not under oath.

Captain Tilton admitted having carried Capt. William Mogg, his Esquimau wife and their son, on the Herman, on two occasions, but stated that they were "articled" and that he did not receive any remuneration for the trips, either in the way of passage money, or any other means. Further, that on one occasion he had a letter of permission to do so from Captain O. C. Hamlet, then master of the Thetis, although he knew it was not necessary.

He called the attention of the board to a ruling of the department, which permitted persons other than the crews to be carried without the ship being certified for passengers, providing that no passage money was received for the transportation. He was at a loss, he said, to account for Henderson's apparent animus, and said that the captains of the revenue cutters were practically monarchs of the Arctic, and instead of being welcomed by the whalers as a protection afforded by the government as of yore, they are now shunned on account of their arbitrary methods.

The board will take no action in the matter other than to forward a transcript of the testimony in denial to the department.

Captain Henderson also had a similar complaint to make against Captain Mogg, but as the master is in command of the gasoline whaling schooner Olga, and will probably live in the Arctic for some years to come, the question of summoning him to appear for a hearing was considered doubtful.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Oldest Whaler Sails Again.

Bark Canton, the oldest whaler in the world, sailed from New Bedford, Thursday, on a South Atlantic ocean whaling voyage, under command of Capt. Valentine Rose.

For 62 years the old blubber hunter has been chasing whales in different oceans, and hardly a league of any of the whaling grounds of the globe has escaped being disturbed by her blunt old prow.

Homely, as compared with the modern clipper built vessels, the old Canton looks dear to the whaleman of years ago who have sailed in her. A dull sailer now, the time was when owned by the Girards of Baltimore she was considered a clipper, and made several voyages to the orient and to the West Indies before being converted into an free lance.

A conservative estimate of the amount of oil taken by the vessel in her voyages is 625,000 barrels, which has averaged over $20 a barrel, which would credit the Canton with $4,500,000 in oil, and nearly half as much in whalebone. Apr. 20-1907

Signs of a Revival of American Whaling Industry. Jan. 1905

For a number of years it has been asserted repeatedly that the whaling industry, which at one time furnished such constant and profitable employment to the inhabitants of several of the smaller New England seaports, was destined to go out of existence altogether on account of the disappearance of the great mammal from the seas. It has been stated that the few remaining oil producing whales are to be found only on the coast of Newfoundland, and that even there they have become a decided rarity.

Much of the pessimistic statement seems to have been disproved by the recent return of the whaler Canton to New Bedford, Mass., with a cargo of 2,450 barrels of sperm oil, worth $50,000, taken in sixteen months. The Canton, built seventy years ago and the oldest whaler afloat, has had a most remarkable career. She is a visible and material refutation of the claim that whaling as a business is no longer profitable. Within a few years she has made two record breaking voyages and has brought 7,000 barrels of sperm oil into the port of New Bedford.

A dozen years ago the industry of whaling was at the limit of the ebb of prosperity. At that time and for several years thereafter sperm oil sold for 40 cents a gallon, and the few vessels that remained in the business did not bring in more than 12,000 to 15,000 gallons annually. There was no scarcity of whales; on the contrary, the decreased fishing gave them the opportunity to become abundant. It was the low price of sperm oil that caused the industry to lag. It was not until the United States government came into the market that matters began to assume a more encouraging aspect. It was established by repeated experiment that no other illuminating oil was so suitable for lighthouse use as sperm oil, and it was finally put upon the list of approved naval stores. Sperm oil can be marketed at 50 cents a gallon with a fair profit. It rose steadily in value and is now selling at about 60 cents.

The industry immediately experienced a decided uplift. The whaling schooners which had been lying idle at their wharves for lack of profitable employment began to fit out, and the few barks that had escaped being allowed to degenerate into driftwood were made seaworthy and put into commission. Many vessels which had been devoted to freight carrying purposes were remodeled hastily and pressed into service, and in the course of time whaling recovered something of its former activity. It has not however, nor will it ever probably come again into its old time importance—to the days when more than 700 whale ships from New Bedford alone were upon the high seas.

One thing that has contributed greatly to the revival of whaling is the improvement which has been made in the implements used. The invention known as the darting gun has revolutionized the process of taking the wary leviathan. It is practically a harpoon and bomb gun combined, the former striking the whale and the latter simultaneously killing or wounding it by discharging the explosive lance, or "darting bomb," as it is termed. When the harpoon buries itself in the whale the gun is automatically discharged by a long wire rod, which is, in fact, a trigger extending beyond the muzzle and which by impact operates the internal mechanism and projects the lance. If the whale is not killed instantly the shoulder gun is called into use, and the wounded creature is quickly dispatched. Some still use the ordinary harpoon and the shoulder gun.

At first there was much opposition to the use of these guns. For a long time whaling masters would not permit them to be carried when boats were lowered in a school. It was believed that the blood of a whale in a flurry alarmed the others, and the first boat to make fast must be snaked about, imperilling the safety of the crew and frequently losing a whale, because no whale was to be killed until all the boats were fast. Nowa-

days the boats go in and kill as quickly as possibly, and the result is much more satisfactory than by the old process.

The development of the gun now used was not a matter of a year or two. Swivel guns were tried a century ago, and various devices for harpooning were used. A New England invention was a single barbed explosive head. This iron was fixed with a trigger, and when the point penetrated the flesh the trigger closed on the shank, released the hammer, set off a cap in the point and exploded the powder and the harpoon head. A peculiar weapon was invented by the French in 1830 and was used by them, but it never became popular in America. It was called the acid harpoon. It had a two flued head with a recess in the shank, in which was placed a bottle of prussic acid. When the instrument entered the body of the whale a spring broke the bottle, and the acid was discharged.

The origin of whale fishing is obscure, but it is known that as early as the ninth century the Norwegians sent out vessels in pursuit of whales, some of them going as far as Greenland. The Biscayans seem to have been the first to make a regular commercial pursuit of whale killing. Between thirteen hundred and 1500, whale hunting in the bay of Biscay was one of the chief industries in the Basque provinces and Gascony. Whales' tongues were at that period an important article of commerce. About the time whales became scarce in the bay of Biscay, the northern fishery condicted by the English, Dutch, French and Spanish came into prominence. During the latter half of the seventeenth century the Dutch supplied all Europe with oil. They obtained it from the region about Spitzbergen. At one time they had 260 ships engaged in taking whales and employed 14,000 men. Soon after that their business began to decline, and in the following century Great Britain took the lead. The government offered a bounty to those who were willing to engage in the calling. The object of this was not so much the upbuilding of the whaling industry as it was the development of seamanship.

In the next century the United States became the greater center of the whaling interest. Nantucket was the original headquarters of the industry, and even before the Revolution had fleets of whalers in all the fishing grounds then known.—Exchange.

Captain of Canton Reaches Home.

Captain Valentine Rosa, who was the master of the bark Canton at the time that whaling vessel was lost in the island of Mayo, one of the Cape Verde group of islands, arrived in New Bedford last Wednesday. Captain Rosa brings further details of the loss of the bark, though there is little to add to the report that was received at that time.

The vessel was lost early in the morning of November 26, 1909, the bark going ashore on the island of Mayo and becoming a total wreck within a brief space of time. Captain Rosa states that the watch on deck had failed to see land ahead until the bark was right on top of the island. The morning air was thick with fog, and this is given as the reason the watch did not get sight of the island. When land was sighted the vessel was under sail, and because of the strong current setting in toward the island it was impossible to save the ship. When it appeared impossible to save the ship the officers and crew took to the boats and got ashore. The men worked to save what they could from the ship, but it was difficult to save a great deal, as the ship filled with water two hours after she struck. All of the sails were saved and likewise some of the provisions.

Captain Rosa will go out as master of the bark Morning Star.—N. B. Standard.

Steering to the North'ard.

Considerable local interest attaches to the result of the Peary polar expedition, on account of the part taken in it by our well-known summer citizen, Dr. Benjamin Sharp, who has already furnished THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR an interesting description, which was presented to our readers in a recent issue, and which was among the first accounts published of the trip. We give below a description of the departure of the party from Brooklyn, on Saturday last, and a cut of their steamer, for both of which we are indebted to our obliging friends of the New Bedford *Standard:*

The latest expedition to the North Pole is off. Accurately speaking, two expeditions to Greenland, with different objects in view, started Saturday for the field of their research. At 4.57 p. m. the explorers and scientists who comprise the expedition sailed away from Warren street, Brooklyn, in the staunch little steamer, the Kite. Preparations for departure were hurried all day long, with results that were uncertain almost up to the last moment. The scientists and explorers were eager to be away, but Captain Pike was inclined to think that a delay of about two weeks would be advisable, so that the Kite would be sure of making her way through the ice when she arrived at Greenland. Two of his engineers seemed to think so, too, because they delayed the sailing of the steamer. Still they were found, and amid the cheers of a thousand or more people, accompanied by the hoisting of flags, the Kite pulled out from her pier for a long and interesting cruise.

The expeditions are in charge of Lieut. R. E. Peary of the navy and Prof. Angelo Heilprin of the Academy of National Sciences of Philadelphia. The object of Lieut. Peary's expedition is to ascertain whether Greenland is a continent or an island, and the purpose of the expedition under Prof. Heilprin is to make scientific researches on the western coast of Greenland. Prof. Heilprin expects to return in September, and Lieut. Peary plans to be back a year later. Capt Richard Pike, an experienced whaler, who went out with Greely in 1881, and took part in the rescue in 1883, is the commander of the Kite.

The Philadelphia scientists arrived in Brooklyn Saturday, and soon were struggling to find places for their things in the Kite. Everything was in a state of confusion. A bouquet in the cabin it was discovered was for Lieutenant Peary's wife, who is the first woman to join in an exploration of Greenland. Mrs. Peary is entitled by her beauty, pluck and youth, to be the queen of the expedition.

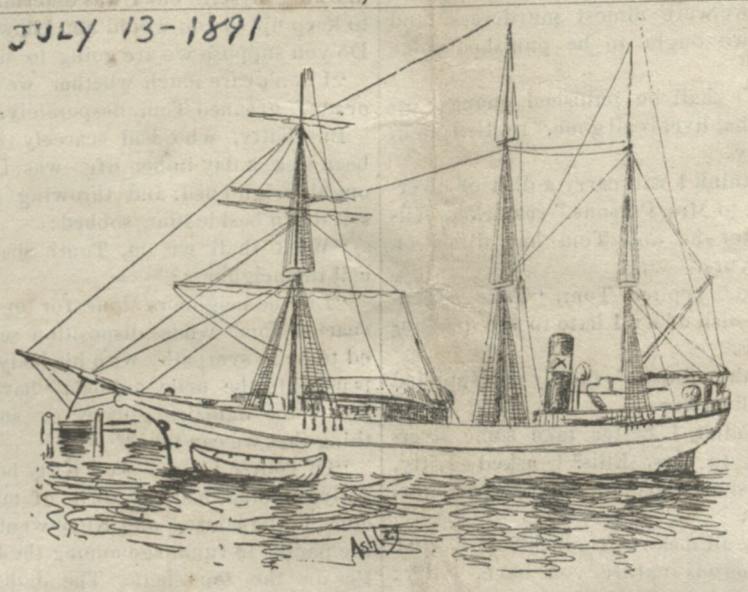
The Kite will proceed to Cape Bretton where she will coal up, and thence sail for Godhaven Harbor, on Drisco Island, off the coast of Greenland. She is a little craft and hardly one that a landsman would choose as a pathfinder among icefloes and icebergs. She is 117 feet long, 14 feet deep, 26 feet 4 inches wide, and has a tonnage of 280. But Capt. Pike says that the Kite is provided with ice breakers in the shape of bows that are a mass of wood, and can knock out any ice except icebergs. She is so small that she can run close to icebergs, and her engines will help her to turn away quickly.

The party will divide when the Kite reaches Whale Sound. One expedition will go north, and the other west, but before they separate they will build a house for Mrs. Peary at Whale Sound, which will hold the provisions. Arrangements will also be made for stations along the journey so that supplies can be had at convenient stages. The travelling can be done on foot with snow shoes and skates, while Esquimau dogs will drag the provision sleds. Lieut. Peary expects to get within 350 miles of the North Pole by travelling 1200 miles from Whale Sound.

Prof. Heilprin and his colleagues will in the meantime travel along the western coast, studying the coast line, the vegetation on the sides of the glaciers, the glacial phenomena and geological formation of the country. The Kite will return to Whale Sound for Prof. Heilprin's party after she has been on a sealing trip. She carried a large amount of equipment yesterday and a number of Esquimau dogs. Everybody went off in the best of spirits.

Those of the sailors who are at all superstitious found ground for the gloomiest foreboding in an incident as the Kite was just leaving the dock. Lying directly opposite at the same dock was the ship Tacoma, and as the Kite backed out the Tacoma saluted by hoisting her flag at the mizzen peak It had been run nearly up when somebody discovered that it was union down, and instantly a great cry arose. The error was repaired as soon as possible.

JULY 13-1891



WHALING STEAMER KITE.

Death of Capt. Fisher. 1905

Captain Charles W. Fisher, one of the best known whaling masters of the present time, died at the Parker House in this city, Friday afternoon, after a very brief illness, caused by bladder trouble. He had but just returned from a cruise in the Behring sea, and met his wife in Boston, who came on with him here, intending to start for their home in Edgartown on Friday. Thursday evening, while at the hotel, Captain Fisher was attacked by the fatal illness, and died the following day.

He was a native of Edgartown and had made his home there all his life. Very early he began a whaling career, and was brought up as a whaleman on ships fitted by Jonathan Bourne, Jr., sailing for that well known merchant up to the time of Mr. Bourne's death. After making two voyages, he took command of the old bark Lagoda, when but 29 years old, and made a profitable voyage, returning home in May, 1868, with over 2800 barrels of oil and 56,000 pounds of bone. That voyage stamped him as a rising young master, and just after its completion he was sent to Honolulu to assume command of the Sea Breeze. After one season north in her he again returned home, and was given the Alaska, sailing three voyages in that vessel. He also commanded the Josephine, and later took the Canton on a cruise on the Crozette grounds. After completing a voyage in northern waters in the Alice Knowles, he remained on shore for several years, bent on retiring from the sea, but he met with financial losses, and although well along in years, he again decided to try his luck. This was during his 66th year. He purchased the controlling interest in bark Gay Head and for four years had cruised with fair success in northern waters. Captain Fisher was a man highly spoken of by all who were acquainted with him.—N. B. Standard, 11th.

Was Stone Fleet Captain. 1909

MAR

Captain James M. Willis, for many years master of whale-ships sailing from New Bedford, and the last surviving master of the famous stone fleet, and for many years a resident of this city, died suddenly of heart failure at the residence of his daughter, in Fall River, Monday morning, aged 83 years.

Capt. Willis was the last surviving master of the famous Stone Fleet that sailed from this port to blockade southern ports, and his story of his cruise south in the Fairhaven ship Rebecca Sims, was by far the cleverest and fullest account of any ever recorded about the Stone Fleet, Capt. Willis having kept a log of that short cruise, which refreshed his memory about many details which others had forgotten.

Capt. Willis made most of his voyages in the northern seas, spending the time there from 1843 to 1876. His cruises were generally successful, and he never met with any serious disaster. He was mate of the Mt. Vernon in 1847 when she went north as far as Cape Thaddeus, the first whaling vessel that had sailed in those waters. She sighted three bowheads, but had to turn back on account of head winds. Captain Willis first went to sea at the age of 14 years, and at 24 was master. He was born in New Bedford in 1826.

Capt. Willis first went to sea in the ship Filma as foremast hand. Next in the ship Delphos as boat-steerer. His next voyage was in the ship Mt. Vernon as third mate. He next went second mate in the same ship, and owing to the death of the mate was promoted to first officer. His first command was in the Mt. Vernon. He then commanded the ship Mt. Wollaston a voyage. He commanded the bark James Allen and the California, and his last voyage was in the bark Bartholomew Gosnold. He retired from the sea in 1876.—N. B. Standard.

12/11 **Oldest Whaler Lost.** 1909

For several years the oldest whaling craft in the world, the whaling bark Canton, built in Baltimore in 1833 for a merchantman, first a famous packet, and for 66 years a whaling vessel, is a wreck on the island of Maio, one of the Cape de Verde group. Word has been received that the old craft is a total loss, although the crew was saved.

The Canton was bound on a whaling voyage from New Bedford to the coast of Africa, and had put into the Cape de Verde islands. There are no very good harbors in the islands, excepting Fogo, where all the vessels go in the "hurricane months." In all probability a violent storm came up and the Canton dragged anchor.

Although the oldest vessel sailing from New Bedford, the Canton was still considered the most comfortable whaler afloat.

The Canton sailed Oct. 7, under command of Capt. Valentine Roza, fitted for about $15,500. The news of the wreck is the first from the vessel since she sailed.

Early in the 40's, she was purchased by C. R. Tucker & Co. and fitted as a whaler. She also has been owned by J. F. Tucker & Son, E. D. Mandell & Co. and J. & W. R. Wing. Originally a ship, her rig was changed to that of a bark in 1874.

She has been commanded by some of the best of New Bedford's deep sea sailors. At first she was named the Canton 2d, to distinguish her from another ship of the same name. The first ship was lost. The Wings purchased the bark in 1893. She was partly rebuilt in 1883, and the repairs made on her 33 years ago, and later repairs, left her practically a new vessel.

She has chased the whale under the line where the rays of the sun started the pitch in her seams, and she has wintered in the far waters of Hudson bay, buried in snow and ice.

If the miles she has travelled could be reckoned up, the old whaler would undoubtedly be found to hold the record for long-distance sailing.

Her captain is hardly less interesting than the craft. A Brava Portuguese, he was picked up by a New Bedford whaler at the Cape de Verde islands, and, starting before the mast, worked his way up to command. He began on the Josephine, that is about to sail for Chili. On board the Josephine was Mrs. Marion Smith, wife of the master, Capt. Horace Smith. Mrs. Smith knew navigation, and finding young Roza willing to be taught, she gave him the instruction that made him capable of taking a vessel around the world.

After he became a navigator, Roza was mate of several vessels, and finally was given command of the Canton. On the vessel with Capt. Roza was his wife, who was in the shipping articles as assistant navigator.—Boston Herald, 7th.

To Have New Whaler. 1909

Captain John A. Cook of Provincetown, who has for years been one of the successful masters of steam whalers to the Arctic ocean, and who this year fitted a schooner, the Valkyria, for a sperm whaling voyage in the Atlantic ocean with such signal success, is having a brig of 175 tons built by James & Tarr of Essex, work of laying the vessel down having been started.

Captain Cook will command the brig, while he will send Charles A. Sparks, his mate of the Valkyria, out in the schooner.

The Cook Whaling company, with six or seven small vessels to engage in the Atlantic ocean whaling business, is not an improbable thing, as it has been talked among Captain Cook's friends that he had intentions of getting a small fleet of whalers together.

Tragic Incidents of Mutiny on a Whaleship.

(Written for the Lewiston, Me., Journal.)

Living in Auburn at 81 years is Charles R. Mansfield, a hero of the Civil war, a forty-niner in the California gold fields, sailor, shoe manufacturer and member of Lynn Post, G. A. R., the largest in the country. He also is undoubtedly the sole survivor of the crew of the famous whaling ship, Junior, out of New Bedford, which in 1857, was the scene of a cruel mutiny and dreadful slaughter, the details of which crime are recorded in the annals of the United States circuit court in Boston.

"I was born," said he, "up in the little town of Charlotte, Vt., where I learned how to farm and work long hours—at a time when a 16-hour day was expected of every laborer. I lost my parents early in life and so when I was 20 years old I decided to try my fortunes in Boston. I set forth and made my way thither by means of a cattle train. My first job was in a big mercantile plant on Merchants' Row. I knocked around the city at various kinds of work until the following spring of 1857, when I decided to try the sea. Going to New Bedford I shipped as steward for a three years' voyage on the bark Junior, little dreaming of the terrible experiences that were to be my lot.

It was with a high hope in my breast that I watched this vessel pull out of port on the Fourth of July, for I longed to see the world. I was only a green country lad, used to hardships. But the life aboard that ship opened my eyes to some of the worst phases of human nature. For the ship's officers, as was shown in the subsequent trial in Boston, were arrogant and cruel, the food was poor and dissatisfaction reigned.

We had been out of Buzzard's Bay hardly five weeks before trouble began to brew. It started in the steerage with the boat-steerers, one, Cyrus Plummer from Providence, R. I., being the instigator. He did not want to go north, whaling, and he frankly declared that rather than do this he would take the ship himself. Working on the discontent of the sailors, Plummer secured their co-operation, these men swearing on the Bible to stand by each other.

The first attempt to capture the ship, out of the hands of Capt. Archibald Mellon of Nantucket, was made when the bark was off Fayal in the Western Islands. It proved a fizzle. The second attempt came when the Junior was cruising in the South Atlantic, and this, too, failed.

Then came Christmas night—horror of horrors—when we were in the South Pacific, between New Zealand and New Holland. Plummer had charge of the watch on deck and the captain and officers were asleep below. We were in the forecastle when Plummer rushed in, a blood-dripping dirk in his hand, and announced that he had killed the captain and proposed to take the ship to Australia.

We soon learned that the mutineers had armed themselves with hatchets and whaling-spades, while Plummer and two of his ring-leaders had firearms. They had descended into the cabin when the officers were sound asleep. Capt. Mellen was shot in his sleep, but was able to spring from his berth in an effort to escape. Plummer, however, downed his man and drove the steel into the captain's head. Meanwhile Third Mate John Smith, out of Boston, was being slaughtered with a whaling-spade by Cornelius Burns, who hailed from Little Falls, N. Y. Henry Lord, second mate, who had closed with Richard Cartha, another mutineer, was shot, point-blank, but was not killed and later was able to reach the deck. There he was found by the mutineers and bound and gagged. The fourth officer attacked was First Mate Nelson Provost, who while still asleep was shot by his townsman and neighbor, John G. Hall, and was left as dead. But Provost escaped with a flesh-wound and hid in the hold.

Provost's narrow escape proved a miracle of grace, inasmuch as it developed that Plummer could not manage the ship nor make port anywhere. After five terrible days, during which the bodies of the two murdered men were thrown overboard with no further ceremony than curses, and a fire which started in the cabin was extinguished in time to save the ship, the search to find Provost ended. The latter was all but dead from his wound, hunger and exhaustion. The mutineers wanted to string him to the yard-arm, but Plummer knew Provost could steer the vessel to land and, fortunately, Plummer had no special grievance against him. Thus, on Provost's promise to take the vessel to port, he was allowed to live, though kept under constant guard.

When the Junior was within 20 miles of Australian shores, the mutineers threw all the whaling equipment overboard, took valuables and put off in two boats to make their escape. Provost and the loyal crew went on with the vessel to Sydney, where the tragedy was reported to the authorities. Within two months all the mutineers were hunted down except Burns and Hall, who were never heard from by people interested in the Junior.

It was through my identification that Plummer and his companions were caught. The American consul had taken me to Cape Race, where the men were under arrest for smuggling, for this purpose. The men were sent back to Massachusetts on the return voyage of the Junior, but I remained in Australia for a time. Later I had my experience in the gold fields of California, but decided that cooking for the miners was more profitable than mining and that was my lot until I again came East.

In the meantime, after a long trial in Boston, with able legal talent and a mysteriously vigorous defense of the mutineers, Plummer was convicted for murder and his companions for manslaughter. Plummer, however, did not hang. He was sentenced for life but was pardoned out by Governor Talbot 15 years later. Curiously enough, from the time of this pardon in 1874, Plummer was not heard from for 23 years, when it was reported that his dead body had been found in a hermit's hut near a famous Vulture mine in Arizona. He died friendless and alone."

Ship Sails for Antarctic To Serve Whaleships.

Montreal has only one ship in the whaling trade. It is the Torshavn, which plies a rather unusual trade. It has just left Montreal for the Antarctic ocean.

Captain Klarius Mikklesen is engaged each year in taking away whale oil from whaling ships. He leaves the cold weather of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and goes to Curacao, to load with fuel oil and to take on fresh water. Then he crosses the tropics, encountering heat, and later swings into the cooler weather of the Antipodean summer.

Finally, he makes the ice fields. Plunging into them, he goes round to all the ships in the longitude and latitude of which he has ahead of time.

Then he stands by, with whales as buffers, while he pumps in fuel oil. He spends Christmas in this lonely area, and about mid-February, when the Antarctic winter sets in, he heads north again, this time encountering fall weather in the south temperate zone and meeting spring off the coast of Europe.

He discharges his whale oil and reoperates as a tanker in the Gulf of Mexico to Montreal service.

12/22—1934

Feb. 27 1909

Was Last Survivor of Mutiny Ship.

The announcement of the death in Berkley, Cal., of Capt. Nelson Provost, aged 78, a native of Nantucket, did not attract more than ordinary attention, except among the older persons connected with the whaling industry, who immediately recalled a famous mutiny on board the New Bedford whaleship Junior that took place 52 years ago, when five of the crew, the morning after Christmas, 1857, attempted to murder the four officers of the craft. They succeeded in killing Capt. Archibald Mellen, Jr., and the third mate, while the second mate, Henry T. Lord, and Mate Provost were badly wounded.

Mate Lord was captured and placed in irons, but Mate Provost armed himself with the dead captain's revolver and escaped to the hold of the vessel, where he lived for five days in constant fear that the mutineers would come after him. He had little food and no water, and came near dying as a result of his wound and lack of food. At the end of five days the mutineers said they wanted Provost to come out and navigate the ship, promising to spare his life.

Capt. Provost was the last survivor of the famous mutiny ship, the story of which is carefully preserved in the New Bedford public library, where the log book of the Junior reposes. Besides the common entries of the days' doings of that cruise are several pages of finely written manuscript telling of the tragedy. The last regular entry in the old log book was Christmas day, 1857, and it reads:

"Friday, Dec. 25, first part strong winds from SW, steering NE by E. At sundown, shortened sail to maintopsail and foresail. Middle part strong gale. Latter part heavy gale from southward. Lying to at sundown, heading to the eastward. So ends."

So, indeed, ended the day for the writer of this record. He was murdered that night along with the captain and the other mates shot. The next entry, in a strange hand, is a confession to the crime, signed by a company of mutineers, while following is a graphic story by one who came back, almost from death itself, to write it.

The confession was written by William Herbert. A marginal note states: "It is an engrossed hand which would be creditable to a bookkeeper."

The statement, signed by Cyrus Plummer, John Hall, Richard Cartha, Cornelius Burns and William Herbert, states that they took the ship Junior after killing the captain and third mate and wounding the first and second mate, and that all others in the ship "are quite innocent of the deed."

Then comes Provost's statement written in the old log:

"Friday, Dec. 25, 1857. Shortened sail for the night and everything appeared as usual until 1 o'clock Saturday morning, when the cabin was attacked by five men aforesaid. Cyrus Plummer shot the captain with a whaling gun containing three large bullets. The balls went in at his left side, passing under his ribs and came out at his right side, entering the side of the ship. The captain sprang from his bed and exclaimed, 'Oh, my God, what is this?' He was answered by Plummer:—'You? it is me,' who then seized the captain by the hair of his head (at the same time calling to his other men to 'up with the hatches') and commenced cutting him with his hatchet. After he had struck him three or four times he let him fall on the floor and he (Plummer) went on deck. The mate was also shot by a whaling gun in the hands of John Hall, alias William Payne.

I was fired upon at the same time the captain was. The charge from the gun went so close to my left cheek as to take some of the skin off and lodged in my shoulder. It stunned me so that I knew nothing, but when I came to myself I sprung from my bed exclaiming! 'My God! My God! What is this?' and calling for some one to come to me. I said, 'Steward, come here.' The steward made haste

to obey, but was met at the door by John Hall with a cooper's axe raised (he had dropped his gun) and was told by him if he said a word he would cut him down. I then sung out 'Boy!' The boy turned out and came to me with a light and I told him to put the fire out in my berth, which was ablaze. Then I went into the second mate's room and saw the second mate dressing himself. I told him I was shot. He answered that he was shot, too.

The third mate was out of his berth, on the deck, dying. I left him and went to the captain's stateroom. I was barefooted, not having had time to dress myself. When I entered the captain's stateroom I found I was treading in blood. I sung out to the boy to bring a light. I saw the captain lying on the deck, dying. I raised his head and he breathed his last. I then opened his chest and took his pistol, revolver, and loaded three shots.

I determined to shoot the ringleader and sent the boy to tell the second mate to come to me. But neither returned. I then blew the light out and stood as long as I could without suffocation. I then thought I would leave and give them a chance to put the fire out. As I passed through the steerage I sang out 'Cooper?' Then I sang out for several others to see how many I'd have to help me. But when I saw the ship on fire I thought it was no use to ask for help.

I then sung out to the men to put the fire out and I would not hurt them. As I passed by, I heard the second mate on deck asking for his life. I heard Plummer say: "Kill him," as I thought. When the men heard me sing out to put the fire out, they said: 'Yes, you would like to get us down there. Come up or we'll shoot you.'

I felt faint, and, being wounded, I thought I'd take a bungborer and go down in the lower hold and get some water, and also in hope of shooting the ring-leader. But I was two days without getting water or anything to eat, and by that time my pistol was out of order. My thoughts were that I would like to get into port, and, if they undertook to sell the ship. I would come out and take her. But after I had been in the hold five days they found me and told me if I would come out that I might have the ship. So I passed my pistol up, when I found, to my surprise, the second mate alive and in irons.

I was almost dead. But they took me aft and dressed me. My shoulder, where I had been shot, had mortified, but they had it dressed. They told me that all they wanted me to do was to take them where they wanted to go and I might have the ship.

The third mate had the boarding knife run through him several times by Cornelius Burns, and after he had killed him, Richard Cartha told him to get out of the way and he (Cartha) struck at the second mate with another boarding knife, but it struck the berthboard. He then struck at him again, when the second mate caught the blade in his hand and bent the point of it over the berthboard. By that time I was out of my berth hollooing. Cartha then fired a pocket pistol at the second mate and shot him in the breast. All I knew before I took to the hold was that the captain was dead and that the second mate was shot and wounded, and I supposed he was killed after he went on deck.

When I went in the hold I was strong as a lion, but when I came out, I could scarcely stand. I looked so bad they took pity on me. The foremast hands said that if they had seen two persons with me they could not have told who I was, I was so much altered. My hair stood upright for fear of being shot. They took me aft. Cartha came up with a pistol cocked and a hatchet raised as if to strike me, and did strike me on the lame shoulder, and said he was going to shoot me. He made motions with the hatchet and said he was going to cut my nose off.

Plummer told him to keep still and not shoot us, but he had hard work to keep him back. They made irons for me, but when I asked them to put them on my feet, and not on my hands on account of my shoulder, they let me free, thinking I'd have a better chance to navigate the ship.

Nelson Provost,
First Officer of the Ship Junior of New Bedford."

There are but few more entries in the log. The men left the ship in two boats, a number joining the ringleaders, and started for Cape Howe, Australia, 20 miles away. The Junior was kept on her course until out of sight of the boats, the mutineers having threatened to come back and burn the ship should the Junior be run for the land. Then she was headed for Sydney, and the story of the mutiny told. Eight of the mutineers were captured and brought to America, where they were tried in the United States court. The trial was a famous one. Benjamin F. Butler defended Plummer. The defence was bad fare and cruel treatment on the part of the officers. Plummer was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged, but this was commuted. He died in prison while serving a life sentence. Cartha, Herbert and Stanley were convicted of manslaughter and served life sentences.

Capt. Provost followed the whaling business. He was acting mate in the civil war, and then went whaling from California.—Boston Herald, 21st.

[Capt. Provost was port warden of San Francisco for a number of years. He was the father of Mrs. Ella Taber, of Nantucket.—Ed.]

Surgery Aboard Whaleships Performed by the Captains.

(From the New Bedford Standard.)

Among the many duties which the oldtime whaling captain was called upon to perform, none is clearer in the memory of seamen than the occasional surgical operations. Indeed, it was every captain his own doctor, in the old days of long "v'yages" out of New Bedford, and many a tale is told of the methods used and the strong doses of medicine sick seamen were obliged to swallow.

It is an old, old story how one veteran whaleman, who hurried to consult his book to find what medicine among the 62 or so in his chest he should give to a sick sailor to cure certain symptoms, found that number 13 was wanted—and that the bottle bearing that number was empty. So he carefully compounded equal parts of number seven and six and gave the mixture to the sick man instead.

The real methods employed were simple enough. Blood-letting was commonly resorted to, to cure fevers and fits, and indeed was prescribed for almost every trouble which was not fully understood. Bad cuts were sewed with a surgical needle purchased for the purpose before leaving the home port. The chest of instruments included a saw, for amputating limbs; "rollers," or huge forceps, for pulling teeth; a tournament, for stopping the flow of blood—used in amputation or in venesection.

Among the treasures of the Old Dartmouth Historical society is the medicine chest used on the ship Corinthian in 1854, Captain Thomas N. Russell. Its contents are phials labelled as follows: Blister plaster, sulphur, quinine, tinct. bark of bitters, Tartar emetic, syrup of squills, Friar's balsam, antimonial wine, carputa oil for rheumatism, an ointment used externally, from Cajela Bay, Island of Buro, Calomel, mercurial pills, calomel, julep and ipecac. Its instruments include scales for weighing doses; forceps for pulling teeth; a tourniquet, etc.

Fortunately for whaling surgery, serious operations had to be performed but rarely. Fingers and toes not uncommonly were removed, however; and flesh wounds numberless were sewn. Captain Fred West, whose arm was shot off by a bear-gun in the Arctic, can tell of the crude methods practiced by Captain Leighton, who amputated the shattered arm with a sailor's knife, with Captain Bodfish and Captain John Cook to help.

Captain George L. Howland was 22 years at sea, and for 19 years on the same vessel, the old whaler Canton. His experiences have been perhaps as varied as any master's now living.

He has pulled many teeth—from the jaws of both men and whales. The latter operation, by the way, properly belongs to an account of tooth-pulling at sea. The jawbone is cut from the whale, and lifted on deck by a tackle; a lashing binds the bone firmly to a ringbolt in the deck. The gum is then cut from the teeth, on both sides of the jaw, with a whale-spade. The seaman then takes a crowbar with a pointed end, and drives this in hard under the first tooth at the end of the jaw. A line is strapped around the first two or three teeth, thus loosened, and three men haul on the other end of the tackle and pull the whole row.

First one side of teeth are pulled, gum and all, and then cut apart with the spade, and turned over to the men to be cleaned. They are commonly distributed, afterwards, among the officers and men. In a fully developed whale, there are 46, including the small teeth, in a jaw, and vary in size from 3 inches to seven. The teeth of the female are small, perhaps 2½ inches long, and curved, life fangs.

"For pulling teeth from seaman," said Captain Howland, when asked about his surgical experiences, "whaling masters used to carry what were called 'rollers'—huge forceps with a hook at the end to grip the tooth. You were supposed to roll the forceps hard until it gripped the tooth, and then draw the tooth as with any forceps; but many captains used to roll them out.

I never used a 'roller.' But I have had them used on me. When I was sailing as mate for Captain James Henry Sherman, the brother of Captain Jesse T. Sherman, who just died, I had a tooth pulled by a roller. I sat on a couch in the cabin and the fourth mate held my head. It is a knack to use them rightly—you are not supposed to pull a tooth as you would a stump!

I used to take three pairs of forceps: one big and strong one; one of medium size, and one suitable for picking out small pieces of tooth.

Yes, during my long life on the sea I was called upon to act as doctor, surgeon, policeman—in many capacities But during all those years, I never had a serious accident. To be sure, men were killed by whales, but I never had to face an amputation of a leg or an arm, although I knew how to do the trick.

I carried a saw to cut off a man's leg, were it necessary, and I knew three ways of doing it. I have sewn up many cuts; the worst one was a gash in a man's leg, which I closed with four stitches. I always carried different kinds of needles and silk thread for this purpose, and 62 or 63 different kinds of medicines, numbered and with a book going with them describing the medicines.

We used large doses of Epsom salts for all sorts of troubles, and took so many ounces of blood from sick seamen's arms.

When I wanted to draw blood, I strapped a tourniquet around the man's upper arm, and had him bend the arm. When the vein swelled, I took a lance, and pierced the vein, letting the blood run down his arm and trickle off his elbow until the right quantity of blood had been drawn. I used the method many times on a fellow who had epileptic fits, on one voyage. We were told to use it, in those days, for almost everything. Yet I believe a man needs all the blood he has, if he is sick!

We used chloroform and laudanum for anaesthetics. A common method of amputating a leg, was to pinch up the thigh, push the knife through the flesh and cut outward—and repeat the process three times round the leg. Then, opening a stout cloth, it was wrapped round the leg and pulled back, so as to draw back the flesh. The bone was then sawed off. We had hooks, made of sailor's needles bent and fastened into wooden handles, to catch up the arteries with, and tie them with silk.

Another method used was to take the leg and cut straight down to the bone, through the flesh, clean around, then roll back the flesh as before and saw off the bone."

Among the New Bedford sea captains who have performed surgical operations is Captain Giles Slocum, who set and spliced a broken leg and said that the late Captain George S. Anthony once cut off a man's leg.

As Captain Howland says, "These things require steady nerves." And the successful master was at all times the man with absolute control of his nerves.

It is on record that one New Bedford whaling master successfully acted as doctor at the birth of a child to the cook's wife. Such adventures were part of whaling—when strong medicines were administered, according to their numbers, and Epsom salts, followed by a dose of "Turlington" or "Friar's balsam" and the letting of blood were the most common first-aid methods, and teeth were pulled like stumps in a pasture, by a roll of the terrible rollers. 1/6/1917

Whalers Hear Good News.

Whaling circles are busy discussing the remarkable catch of the bark Canton, as shown by a cable message from Fayal. This dispatch gives the catch as 1100 barrels. The Canton was bound to Fayal to recruit. When last reported, July 17, she had taken 40 barrels of sperm oil, which was regarded as especially good. Now that she has taken all told 1100 barrels, the whalers are filled with excitement. The Canton sailed from New Bedford, April 18, 1903, and next Friday she will have been at sea just five months. Eleven hundred barrels in that short space of time is remarkable whaling.

The bark Platina, Capt. McKenzie, which arrived home last Friday from an Atlantic ocean whaling voyage, with 450 barrels sperm oil to J. & W. R. Wing, had been absent 26 months, and during that time had taken 2552 barrels of sperm oil. She left St. Eustatia May 3. Despite the rough weather, the ship had good luck, and while off Bermuda whaling was good. From Aug. 8 to Aug. 17 she captured six sperm whales, which stowed down 250 barrels of oil.

Aug. 10, while trying out an 80 barrel sperm whale, the starboard try pot came very near setting fire to the ship. The bottom of the pot had rusted out, and while boiling, the bottom fell out, setting fire to the ship. For a while the crew had their hands full to quench the flames, and then, having no time to set up a new pot, the trying-out was carried on in the one pot, and 130 barrels of the 250 taken were tried out in that single pot. While boiling, the whalers saw whales several times, but after completing this work and setting up a new try pot no more whales were seen. The bark returns to port with seven of the original crew who sailed in her July 16, 1901.

The fact that the revenue cutter Thetis, on duty in northern waters, landed the mail and provisions for the Point Barrow Mission at Icy cape, Aug. 15, not being able to get farther eastward, because of heavy ice, leads local whalemen to beleive the Arctic season will be a poor one. Letters from San Francisco also state that ship owners believe there will be little whaling to the eastward this season.

A letter received in New Bedford by John McCullough, from Capt. Enos, of whaling bark President, dated Barbados, Aug. 29, reports that he had shipped 471 barrels of oil home, and would recruit for a year's cruise after leaving Fayal. He will cruise on the coast of Africa. 9/19/1903

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1937

Cape Cod Studies the Pages of 3000 Unpublished Ships' Logs

The Whalemen Chronicled Measles as Well as Murder

Wrote of Presenting Valentines to Hard-Boiled Captains, and Cannibal Ceremonies

"If the men are allowed to go on this way they will soon hav charge off the ship but thay shall never hav charge off me as long as thare is A drop of bleed that floes thru my vanes," bitterly wrote the mate of the Falmouth ship William Penn in the ship log on Feb. 2, 1843.

This is the kind of comment, often humorous, and always dramatic and thrilling that is found on the crumbling and tattered pages of 3000 unpublished ships' logs studied during the past year by the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce. Excerpts from these logs that are the official records of these voyages, found in the fire-vaults of museums in Salem, Boston, New Bedford, Nantucket and Cape Cod, and in Cape Cod trunks and attics, have just been published by the Chamber from its headquarters in Hyannis. No similar study of ships' logs has ever before been made.

The Cape organization was aided in the tedious research and difficult copying of thousands of pages of faded writing and poor spelling by the Federal Writers Project of Massachusetts. The search led far from this now resort region because Cape men were famous both as navigators and whalemen, and were much in demand in other ports where their records were retained by the ship owners.

LOVE-SICK GIRLS, CANNIBAL CEREMONIES

Eighteenth and nineteenth-century seamen took seriously the instructions of the owners to record in the log everything that happened, however slight; so, in carefully formed script, they wrote not only of longitude and latitude, of bloody mutinies and murders, of great storms at sea and angry wounded whales, but also of babies with the measles, of presenting Valentines to hard-boiled captains, of love-sick girls and cannibal ceremonies. The proportionate space they gave to their items of news might not please a modern city editor. One log gave three words to a man's death and three paragraphs to the effort to repair a leaking cask, but these salty writers packed an enormous amount of information in their journals that give a new picture of their days and years at sea.

Some eighteenth-century captains kept their own logs but by the early nineteenth century, this duty had been taken over in almost every case by the first mate. And, once every twenty-four hours, no matter what happened, the mates left their tough and hard-swearing crews, and in storm or calm, descended the cabin stairs and filed their stories. The captain of the New Bedford ship Montreal quarreled with his officers on Friday, August 3, 1857. They mutinied and put him in irons but he took the log book with him and wrote the day's entry with his hands shackled. The first mate of the New Bedford ship Junior kept his log, in 1857, for five days while he hid in the hold during a mutiny and wrote: "I expected to be killed at any moment."

In now faint writing, with very bad spelling and little punctuation, these seamen wrote of exciting times. Their ships were froze in the then uncharted Arctic where they went after bowhead or Arctic whales; they were attacked by Indians on the northwest coast where they went for furs; they were chased by the Confederate vessels during the Civil War and their ships burned.

ROASTED THE SHIP COCKROACHES

They met cannibals and native kings. They ran short of tobacco and roasted the ship cockroaches which they smoked as a substitute. They wrote poems to their girls and pasted pictures from Godey's Lady Book in the ship log.

These men were tough and hard-swearing. They took flogging as a matter of course, though few people know it was customary on American ships. On one ship a dead man was put into a cask of rum and sealed up so that he could be returned to his home. They ran short of rum some months later, dumped the man overboard and drank the rum. But on another ship they cried when the captain's pet pig fell overboard, and on a third ship, the log records "Today the crew presented Captain Comer with a Valentine." This ship had been in the Arctic ice for two years. Where did they get the Valentine?

This study uncovered the fact known to few, even on the Cape, that the once fabulous whaling business began there. Most historians associate the beginning of the whaling period with New Bedford and Nantucket, yet it might be said that American whaling started while the Mayflower was in Provincetown harbor. Records of the famous voyage say that whales played around the ship the very day she anchored at the tip of the Cape in 1620. A few days later the Pilgrims tried to kill a whale with a musket but the weapon exploded and flew apart in all directions and the whale got away.

It was 1767 before the first whaler sailed from New Bedford but in 1727, according to the Boston News Letter, many vessels were fitting out on Cape Cod "to go a-whaling."

FIFTY-FOUR WHALES ON A SINGLE VOYAGE

A Cape Codder, Ichabod Paddock, born in Yarmouth, was invited to Nantucket in 1690 by the islanders to teach them "the art of catching whales." Paddock moved to Truro; that was the first whaling center on the Cape. Whalers from there were known as "Truro Seed Corners" because the Mayflower passengers dug their first seed corn in this section. Captain Jesse Holbrook, a "Seed Corner," became internationally famous because of his record of capturing fifty-four whales on a single voyage.

From Paris in 1778, Benjamin Franklin reported that the English had established a very valuable whale fishery off the coast of Brazil. "All the officers and almost all of the men belonging to these vessels," he wrote, "are Americans from Nantucket and Cape Cod, Massachusetts." Yet a widely circulated booklet on whale fishery in New England tells none of this.

Following are some excerpts from the logs:

Ship Emerald of Salem, Dec. 4, 1833: "The dead man was knocked in the head with a club and had the appearance of being literally beat to a jelly. After a short speech, a proposition was started.

"'Shall we eat him or not?' His sister who was married to a Rava man came forward and began a lamentation over him. One chap speaks up 'give him to me, I will eat him, never mind his sister.' He being a Chief, however, the King with the concurrence of the majority of his council gave up the dead to his relatives and he was buried."

Ship Minerva Oct. 25, 1849. "Comd with wholesale breezes heading to the Westward with fine and pleasant weather employed in painting the Larboard boat and looking for whales—that I hope the All Wise Jehovah has in store for us—I also hope he will forgive my many sins while in port."

Ship Junior—"My proceedings in the Hold from December 25 to Dec. 30, 1857.

"I then raised my hands to God and asked him to protect my soul. I almost choked with thirst. Then I said 'O God wilt thou be so kind as to give me a little water!' As the ship rolled I heard a stick stilting on the casks about once a minute and something told me there is water. I went there and found the bung out and the cask nearly full of water. Then I said, 'How will I get it out.' I was in my drawers and had on a thick woolen shirt. Then I thought about taking a piece of my shirt collar and dipping it in the water and suck it."

Schooner Edith May of Wellfleet, Cape Cod; "O Sarah how I should like to be at home tonight instead of being here for it blows a heavy gale of wind and snows very fast and I am wet through as I can be and am as cold as cold can be. I have got to take 8 hours out tonight. And Sarah you can imagine how I shall suffer but darling this night shall be spent in thinking of you."

Ship Argus enroute to California — Thursday 10, 1832: "Morning pleasant. We had a very pleasant sunrise this A.M. Broke out the main hold. Ten A.M. great excitement. There she blows, there she breashes, was the cry. Lower the boat. In we jumped, pulled for the wake. Up the fish rises. Still, still, was the word. Peak the oars. There she rises again. Pull ahead! Hold! Back water a little. Stand up. Dart. Hove. The iron bent, did not enter. There she sounds. Pull ahead. There she rises. Pull ahead again. Stand up. Dart! In went the iron, out goes the line. Away we start. Hold up. Pull in. Near enough. Lance! Lance it is. Killed him. Put on the fluke ropies, towed him alongside. O what a terrible, tremendous looking animal."

HEARD LINCOLN WAS PRESIDENT

Ship Enterprise, September 7, 1849: "At 9 A.M. the fogg lifted a little saw whales, lowered and struck one, killed him, the irons broke and he went to hell dam & blast the whales & irons and the damd fool that made the irons and the bloody jackasses that will go a whaling. Amen."

Bark Eugenia, Monday, February 4, 1861: "Spoke an English Bark called the 'Brendelburn' of Auckland went on Board got some papers heard Abe Lincoln was President."

Ship Leonidas enroute to the Indian Ocean: "Sunday, June 5, 1849. We are going like a whiptoad through the mud. This day I am 31, more than half my life has probably gone, and to what purpose? Spent far from home and all comforts, for what? Nothing, nothing."

The background material, explanations in the booklet and a Whaling "Dictionary" were prepared by William Tripp, an authority on the whaling period, who is curator of the Old Dartmouth Whaling Museum at New Bedford.

One Log Gave Three Words to Dead Man

A New Picture of Eighteenth-Century Days at Sea

WHALERS NEAR THE LAST CRUISE

BY CLARENCE J. HALL BOSTON TRANSCRIPT JUNE 23-1923

FOR more than a century sturdy, blunt-bowed whale ships have turned their prows past the outposts of New Bedford's harbor to tread the deep waters of the world. Nowhere have the mightiest of creatures of the earth found a safe haven from them. To the famous cry "A dead whale or a stove boat!" the all-daring whalemen have hurled their harpoons. Never a year but the whale has felt the sting of the dart thrust by a strong arm. Never has the sweetish smell of oil failed to emanate from the docks of the port.

To be sure year by year, decade by decade, the fleet whose masts once made a forest along the waterfront has dwindled. The tall stacks of the cotton mills now pierce the sky in their place. The yards of the square-riggers have been replaced by the tapering masts of schooners converted to the industry. The docks have rotted away. The mighty fleet which once spread the fame of New Bedford to every port of the globe, disappeared before the growing popularity of petroleum, as the harbor mists vanish before the rising sun. The ships shrank until their number could be counted upon the fingers of one hand. The schooners to scarcely more. But always whalers have rocked to the surging billows as they sailed bravely forth from Buzzards Bay.

Will this year see the complete breaking up of the fleet, the tragic end of the industry as far as New Bedford is concerned? The last ship may have fitted out. The sad dissolution of an industry, which with New Bedford as its greatest centre, has played such an important and unique part in the maritime interests of New England; which gave to the lovers of literature the epic, "Moby Dick"; the industry which played its part in the Civil War, providing the backbone of the famous Stone Fleet; which took adventurous Yankees into every outlandish port of the Seven Seas gathering knowledge; the industry which lighted the lamps; which gave the woman of bygone days the whalebone for her stays!

The recent sale of two schooners to be transferred to the ever-growing Cape Verde Island packet trade, leaves but one actual whaling vessel tied up in New Bedford. The schooner Margaret rubs gently against Merrill's wharf, where countless sailors of the past have leaped joyously ashore from protracted cruises to the Arctic and the Antarctic, the West and East. Along the waterfront streets the boys no longer run eagerly to go a-whaling. Even the "crimps" no longer pick up befuddled green hands. The Margaret cannot get a crew. Not even for a summer whaling voyage!

A WELL known compiler, John R. Spears, places the number of whale ships under the American flag in 1846 as 736, with a tonnage of 233,262, an investment of $21,000,000, and states that in the golden years the catches sold annually for nearly fifty per cent of the value of the fleet.

The captains in those days were men of affluence. They were men nurtured to daring and skill, able navigators and seamen, upright and trustworthy. The position of a competent master of a good ship was one to aspire to. What if it did for a time cause separation from home ties and family surroundings? The master was in charge of life and property, his word was law, and where he willed he went. The master might make a considerable sum whaling, although it undoubtedly is true that as a rule the owners of the ships reserved an exceedingly fair share of the profits for themselves.

It was the profits of the "offshore pastures" which gave New Bedford its substantial mansions which stand as staunchly today as when the harbor was scanned from their tops for glinting sail.

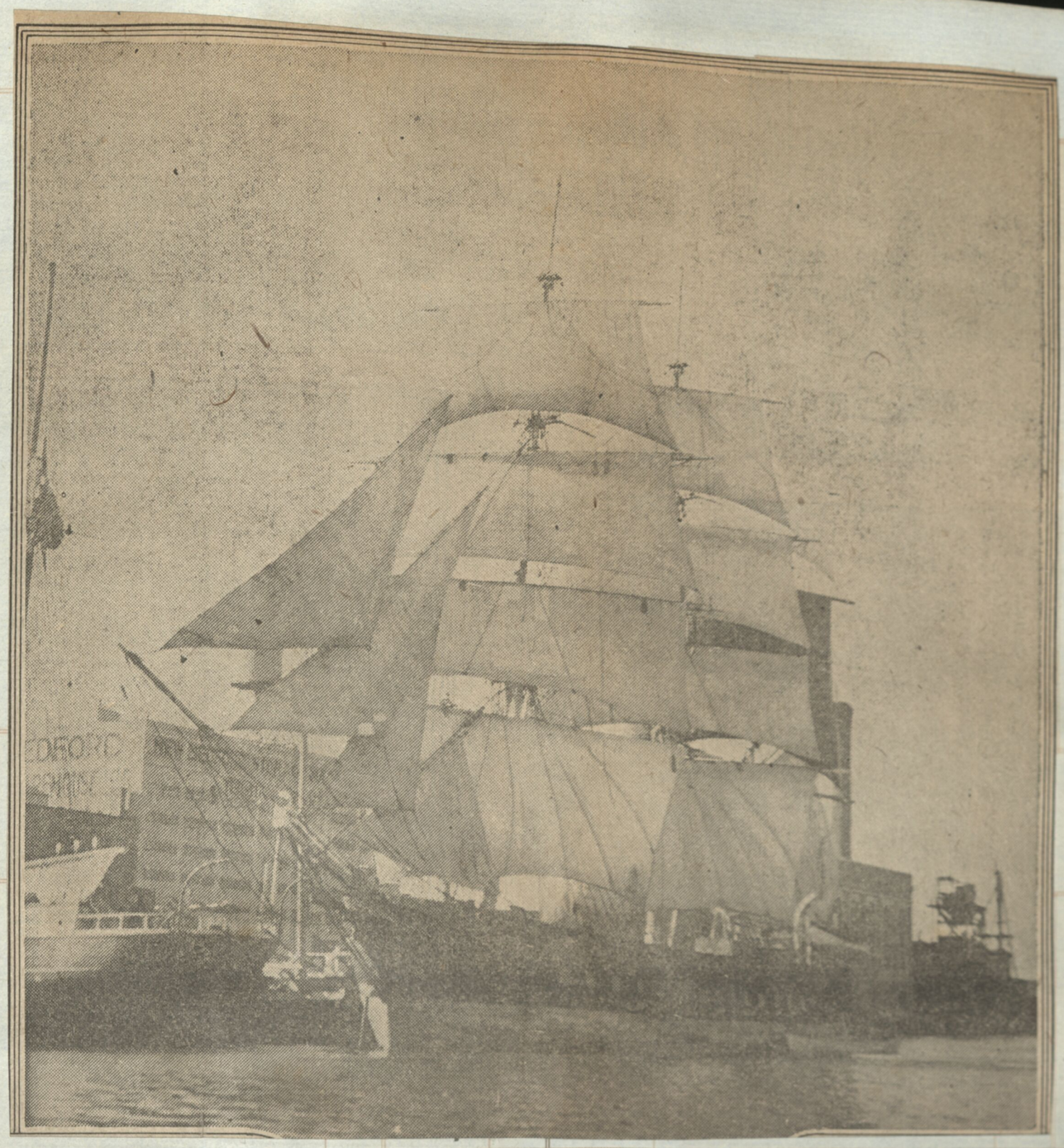
"Nowhere in all America," wrote Herman Melville of the olden days, "will you find more patrician-like homes, parks and gardens more opulent than in New Bedford. Whence came they? How planted upon this once scraggy scoria of a country? Go and gaze upon the iron emblematical harpoons round yonder lofty mansion and your question will be answered. Yes; all these brave houses and flowery gardens came from the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Indian oceans. One and all they were harpooned and dragged up hither from the bottom of the sea. Can Herr Alexander perform a feat like that?"

"By the way, what was the Stone Fleet?" is asked today by persons who see a lithograph crowded with ships which hangs in many a New Bedford parlor. The grandeur of the past is quickly forgotten and the explanation that in 1861 Northern ships were sunk in Southern ports for an effective blockade is necessary. Of the forty-five vessels used, New Bedford furnished twenty-four, which with skeleton crews sailed out of the lower harbor November 15 of that year..

The sailing was at once a glory and a stroke of the death knell of whaling. Wise men of New Bedford had already read the doom of the industry in the discovery of petroleum. The sailing of the great fleet was as if the mills which today stand proudly along the shore abruptly crumpled into piles of bricks. Twenty-five whalers were burned during the war by the Confederates. Another crushing disaster followed in 1871, when thirty-two whaleships were abandoned ice-bound in the Arctic.

"The Chase." A Rare New Bedford Print

tate Street Trust Company and Used by Permission.



The Bark Charles W. Morgan with Full Sails Set and Drying in the Morning Sun after a Voyage for the Motion Pictures. She Is Said To Be the Oldest Square-Rigger in the United States

FOUR other New Bedford whalers are on the seas, the bark Wanderer, the only square-rigger still whaling of all the mighty fleet, and the converted schooners, Claudia, Athlete and the John A. Manta. When the fleet returns there is grave question if another vessel is fitted out again from New Bedford. There will surely be none so long as the price of oil remains at its present level.

The whaling age was the "Golden Age" of the industrial city, which is now a leader in prosaic fine cotton goods. The present generation knows from tradition that New Bedford whalemen were once at home in every odd port of the world, and that "New Bedford" and "whaling" were almost synonyms.

Much literature on the subject has been devoted to the romance of whaling, yet certain statistics must be used even if figures are dull, to show the extent of whaling. In "The History of New Bedford," Zephaniah W. Pease quotes from an old report compiled in 1843 by James Arnold of New Bedford, whom older Boston people will remember as the giver of the Arnold Arboretum, that the whole number of vessels engaged in the national fishery was 650, with a tonnage of 193,000, manned by 16,000 officers and men. In 1845 New Bedford was the fourth tonnage district in the United States, the others being New York, Boston and New Orleans. The greatest import was received in that year, when 158,000 barrels of sperm, 272,000 barrels of whale oil and 3,000,000 pounds of whale bone were landed. The prices then ruled, according to the same history, eighty-eight to ninety and one-half cents for sperm oil, thirty, thirty-two and seven-eighths to thirty-six and one-half for whale oil. The New Bedford whale ships would at that time have made a line ten miles in length, if placed bow to stern.

Quickly memory fails and today, year by year, even these traditions grow more foreign to the present-day residents of industrial New Bedford. Of all the shore institutions but one remains, the Seamen's Bethel on Jonnycake hill. But one truly old whale ship, the bark Charles W. Morgan, built in 1841, three-quarters of a century ago, lies mouldering at a dock across the harbor on the Fairhaven shore, her days of adventure over. Sea gulls wheel desolately about her. The once prevalent odor of whale oil clings to one dock alone. A glorious star of American history has set.

A Rare Scene at a City Wharf with the Morgan Drying Sail in the Background and Two Island Packets Tied Up in the Sip

Col. Green's Failure to Endow Museum Raises Problems.

By Waldon Fawcett in the New York Times.

The present season offers lovers of the sea and its stories what may be the last chance to see whaling's most ambitious memorial. "Whaling Enshrined," a project in which the late Colonel E. H. R. Green restored the Charles W. Morgan, one of the last of the whaleships, and gathered in and around it vivid reminders of whaling's golden age, faces an uncertain future. Colonel Green, son of Hetty Green, invested a quarter of a million dollars in the project, and the problem now is how to raise at least $1,000 a month to maintain it as a free display.

Colonel Green often told his friends in New Bedford that he was going to set aside a fund which would perpetuate the Morgan as a museum free to the public, and he even planned to reconstruct one of the whaling industry's land plants, including a candle house, to supplement the old ship. He failed to provide such a fund, however.

Upward of 2,000,000 persons have visited the Morgan and viewed the whaling relics gathered at the Green estate at Round Hill, Mass. Now it has been suggested that visitors be charged a nominal fee to maintain the museum at least until 1941, when the Morgan will have rounded out her one hundredth year.

The difficulty lies in maintaining the historic ship in the state to which she has been accustomed in a career which has included stardom in the movies. It is one thing to offer the venerable whaler stripped of sails, boats and whaling gear, and quite another to keep an able crew aboard her, to set her sails every visitor's day in summer and break out each morning a different emblem in the rotation of the house-flags of the whaling fleet.

Preservation of the old square-rigger is likely to develop upon the men who organized Whaling Enshrined. Colonel Green gave the land and the wharf and met the cost of preserving the wooden ship, but thirty-two persons were associated in the permanent corporation, formed in 1925, and this organization continues.

To many visitors the present crew of the sand-embedded craft has afforded the chief satisfaction. All hands have contributed to reminiscence, from the young seaman who has revived the venerable art of scrimshay, to the master who ran away from home at the age of 14 and shipped before the mast. The sailmaker has also come into his own, for the Morgan represents a triumph in refitting. The rig of the vessel was changed from that of a ship to that of a bark in 1867, but when Colonel Green and his associates undertook the rejuvenation they restored the original sail plan and riggers put back very spar, stay, cable and sail.

Not the least of the worries is what may happen to the collection of whaling relics assembled by Colonel Green and now entangled in the litigation over his estate. The plan was to recreate, as a setting for the Morgan, the wharf and waterfront street of an old-time whaling port, with a blacksmith shop, sail loft and other buildings housing the trades integral with the industry. In preparation for this background a rare collection of whaling implements and equipment had been assembled, including even the pots and pans of the whaler's galley.

Colonel Green was one of the most persistent specialists in unusual hobbies. For example, he collected scrimshaw, a type of carving and engraving on shell and bone. His prime hobby, however, was chronometers and he had one of the most valuable collections of them. There are more than a hundred examples of the old mariners' time-pieces in the Green gallery, every one in perfect working order.

"The Frozen North" as Told by One Who Has Been There. 12/15 1906

Although still a comparatively young man, but large of stature and with brawny muscles, Capt. George Fred Tilion has passed an eventful life thus far and has experienced hardships and privations which would surely have sent a less rugged man to an early grave. Famous the world over as the man who left the fleet of whaleships frozen in the ice field a few winters ago and travelled more than three thousand miles over the uninhabited regions in the far north, that he might reach civilization again and thus send relief to his ice-bound companions, Captain Tilton is now considered one of the most remarkable men alive.

To hear him tell the story of his experiences in his customary free-and-easy vein is a rare treat, and during his visit to Nantucket this week Captain Tilton has been the centre of many an interested group of listeners, who never tired of hearing him relate some of his exploits. On Wednesday evening he gave a half hour's smoke talk before the members of the Athletic club in the library room of the club building, when he kept his audience so closely interested that had it not been for the captain himself calling the players' attention to it, the bowling contest might have been forgotten.

Captain Tilton intends to reach the north pole some day, but it will not be on his next trip to the Arctic, for he has just accepted the command of the steam whaler Bowhead, which will sail from San Francisco on the 5th of next March. When he does go up in quest of the pole, or the "parallel of ninety," as he prefers to call it, he will have had more experience in travelling over the ice-fields than any other man who has ever attempted to locate this coveted spot. Altogether he has spent twenty-four years of his life in the polar regions and has obtained more definite knowledge of the strength and movement of the Arctic currents at the different seasons of the year than the average whaling captain, having made these conditions a special study.

In his opinion the powerful current flowing up north from the Japan sea is responsible for the movement of the ice fields, and the captain stated that these immense bodies of ice, often from 100 to 200 feet thick, would be loosened by this powerful current when the rivers commence to swell during the summer months, drift out to sea, and two months later would be swept back in almost the same position. He told of the shifting of the ice-field and the conditions arising therefrom; of how in running down the coast at one season he had sounded deep water all the way along, and returning a few months later found that his boat could not pass over the same locality without grounding, due to the ice-fields being forced back by the current and pushing before it miles upon miles of mud.

The captain told of how ships are lost in the ice, crushed like egg-shells without a moment's warning; and of how one after another of the vessels were cut through as the fleet was trying to force its way out to the open sea. The details of his trip back to civilization, when it became certain that the body of 305 men would be compelled to pass the winter in the frozen north, were most interesting. When he volunteered to go for assistance from the United States, lying 3280 miles away, his fellows looked upon the scheme as fool-hardy and none of them expected to ever see Tilton again alive. But through his efforts this company of isolated whalemen were brought relief and the captain lived to tell the tale.

Accompanied only by two natives—a man and his wife—he traversed the ice-covered country where white man had never before trod; experienced hardships and privations which no ordinary man could stand; lived for nine continuous days with nothing to eat but raw frozen fish; slept under lee of a pile of snow with the thermometer at 57 degrees below zero; struggled on for days and days with his two faithful companions and a few Esquimaux dogs, until after a period of five months and twenty-two days he reached civilization and brought news from the ice-bound whalers to an anxious country. Even then he had hard work to convince the people that he had really come from the ships three thousand miles away, but the 102 pounds of mail which he brought with him from his fellows and the missions which he visited as he neared civilization, was proof of the truth of his tale. Even his owners refused to believe that it was he who telegraphed them from Portland, Oregon, and even accused him of having deserted the ship when she was farther south. But it soon developed that his tale was true, and to him alone was given the credit for performing the most remarkable exploit ever accomplished in the polar regions.

Giving his opinion regarding the success of the recent Peary expedition, Captain Tilton said that in the last eleven years, explorers had been able to get only about thirty-seven miles nearer the pole, and thought that many of Peary's schemes for combating the ice with a steamer were impracticable. A ship fitted with iron braces and guards would not stand the great pressure, owing to the frost, which causes iron to break under anything over forty pounds pressure. Peary's hydraulic jack schemes could never be used to advantage as the ice would crush the craft before they could be put in operation.

Well Known Whaling Master Dead.

Capt. John A. Dunham, a well-known whaling master and owner of the schooner Ellen A. Swift, died suddenly in Boston. last week, from heart failure. Captain Dunham was for years a resident of Provincetown, from which port he has sailed many years as a whaling master, making many successful voyages to Hatteras grounds.

For the past fifteen or twenty years previous to this season he has sailed in the schooner William A. Grozier, making the summer cruise to Hatteras and filling his craft, returning to New Bedford to lay up until the following year. Last season and the year before was the first time in many years that Captain Dunham had not been on whaling cruises, giving up the business as skipper to his son. During the last ten years that Captain John A. and his son George were in the Grozier, they averaged over 400 barrels sperm oil a season. Captain Dunham leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter.

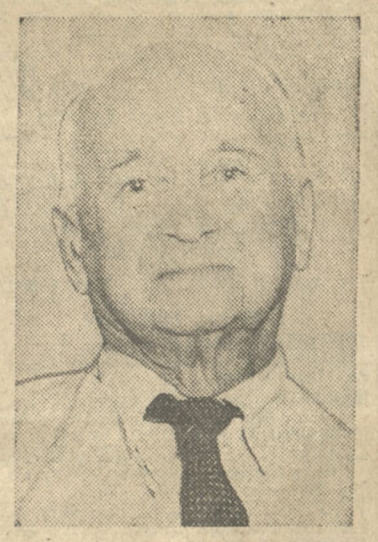
City's Oldest Whaling Skipper Marks 95th Birthday Today

"A dead whale or a stove boat" is something Captain Henry Mandly, 95 today, of 277 Palmer Street, New Bedford's oldest whaling skipper, knows all about. Still in good health, Captain Mandly spends most of his time in an easy chair, where he is receiving congratulations of many of his relatives and friends today.

Forty-eight years at sea, most of them on a whaleship, furnish a man with enduring health and happiness and enough excitement for any 10 men. Of that, Captain Mandly is a rugged testimonial. He was washed overboard once and, because he did not know how to swim, saved himself by clinging to the tackle hanging from the stern. Another time he spent 24 hours in the water grasping a whaleboat which had capsized during a hurricane.

He has seen death at sea many times, though he proudly can relate the tale of a 26-month voyage under his command in which he lost only one man.

Captain Mandly was born in the Western Islands and began his career as a sailor at the age of 14 as a cabin boy aboard the Batholomew Gosnold, which he left in San Francisco to join in the search for gold. Unlike his profitable voyages for whale oil, he arrived home from this venture a year later, by way of Panama, with $1.50 in his pockets.



CAPTAIN HENRY MANDLY

He returned to his original calling and in 1887 became master and part owner of the schooner Quickstep, which sailed out of Provincetown. He also commanded the John R. Manta and the schooners Pedro Varela, T. Towner and Margarett, which he owned at the time of his retirement 33 years ago, and transferred to his son, Captain Henry Mandly Jr.

Besides Henry Jr., Captain Mandly is the father of another son, Leon A. Mandley of 9 Lindsey Street, and a daughter, Mrs. Vincent Grace, who makes her home at 277 Palmer Street.

Alice Knowles Arrives. 1910

The bark Alice Knowles arrived in port Friday afternoon from a 21 months' cruise to the Crozet Islands, Indian and Atlantic ocean whaling grounds. She had taken about 1,750 barrels of oil and had on board, in addition to the casks of oil, upward of 8,500 pounds of whalebone. The Knowles arrived on the Crozet grounds late in the season and only took one small whale there, which netted about 520 pounds of bone. The Knowles had hard luck in losing one good sized whale on the Crozets, due to a fluke chain giving way as the vessel was beating off shore. Two boats were also lost at this time.

The second season on the Crozets was more profitable than the first, for seven whales were taken and over 8,000 pounds of bone resulted. The total catch was 1,450 barrels of sperm oil and 300 barrels of whale oil.

The Knowles fell in with many vessels of the New Bedford fleet during the cruise. The Knowles met the new whaler, Arthur V. S. Woodruff, Captain James A. Tilton, about the seventh of July. The Woodruff had 300 barrels of sperm oil aboard. On the 15th of July the Knowles spoke the schooner Valkyrie with 270 barrels of oil. The Valkyrie was seen to take one whale later, which would bring her catch well above 300 barrels. The captain of the Valkyrie reported that he had seen whales 27 times and had captured them 17 times.—N. B. Standard, 6th.

A Long Record. 1907

With the return of William R. Wing from San Francisco the latter part of this week that gentleman will have made 29 successive visits to the Golden Gate city, where he has given attention to the refitting of whaleships, of which he has been the agent. As the bark Andrew Hicks is to return to this port, hereafter sailing from here, his interests in whaling on the Pacific coast will cease, and it is doubtful if he again makes the trip. One thing is certain, his unusual visits to San Francisco are at an end, for the firm of J. & W. R. Wing no longer has vessels on that side of the continent.—N. B. Standard.

Whaling Fleet Frozen in Arctic.

Twelve Vessels Fast in the Ice---Two Women With the Fleet---Other Similar Experiences.

NOV. 18 - 1905

What will be the fate of the 12 whalers and the 500 men composing their crews imprisoned in the Arctic ice pack? This is a question which will be a source of anxiety to the families and friends and owners for months to come, for there is little probability that their fate will be known until another summer.

Casualties in the Arctic ice pack are no unusual thing. Scarcely a season passes but one or more vessels are crushed. That is one of the hazards which are reckoned upon. And at intervals in the history of Arctic whaling whole fleets have been sacrificed.

There is nothing in past experiences which affords ground for sanguine hopes in the present emergency, at least so far as saving the ships and their cargoes, the aggregate value of which is more than $500,000.

In 1871, 33 vessels were caught in the ice. The crews, numbering over 1200 men, abandoned the fleet, and making their way to a fleet in the open sea beyond the ice pack, reached home in safety. But every vessel, with one exception, was crushed or burned, resulting in the loss of property valued at $1,090,000.

In 1876 a dozen ships were abandoned. Fifty men, members of the crews, took the chance of remaining with the fleet and were never heard from. The monetary loss was $660,000.

In 1888 five vessels were lost; and again in 1897 a half dozen vessels were caught. The crews were succored by a government relief expedition, but three of the vessels were crushed.

The latest report states that the vessels are imprisoned near Bailies island, although another report places them near the Mackenzie river. They are 1000 miles from the whaling station at Point Barrow, but the crews might reach the station at Herschel island.

If the ships are so fortunate as to release themselves they may find safe harbor at Bailies island, Herschel island or the mouth of the Mackenzie river, where the whalers often winter. But the probability is they were nipped in the open sea, in which case there is but a remote possibility that they will be liberated.

William F. Williams, who was with his father in the disaster of 1871, tells an interesting story. "The Arctic ice pack," he says, "is an indescribable thing, at least I judge so from the fact that I have never read anything that to my mind adequately describes it. The pack ice is an enormous accumulation of cakes or floes of snow-covered sea frozen ice of all sizes and shapes, but containing very few whose highest points are more than 10 feet above the sea level, and those have been formed by the crowding of one floe on top of another.

There are no icebergs, as there are on glaciers in these northernmost parts of either America or Asia. The pack is not, therefore, in its individual parts, imposing, grand or beautiful, but as a whole under all the varying conditions of an Arctic sky, from brilliant sunshine to a leaden gloom, it is a magnificent spectacle, and when you stop to consider that it represents ages of accumulation, and that there is beneath the surface nearly ten times more bulk than you can see, you realize that there is something to be considered beyond beautiful effects; that there is within it a power that cannot be expressed and can only be partially comprehended. The southern limit of the pack ice is not always the same. In 1871 it was unusually far south, but I do not believe the great central pack acts often as a unit, and probably there were large openings of clear water to the north and west, perhaps in the neighborhood of Wrangel land, caused by the separation of the pack or the result of the long period of westerly winds.

The little that is known of this great ice pack has been learned by the whalers, and of the many ships that have been lost in it, no wreckage has ever come back. It was in this great pack that the whaling barks Mt. Wollaston and Vigilant were lost the year that De Long entered the same pack ice to the westward of Wrangel island, and again the same in which, in 1876, 13 whaleships were lost to the northwest of Point Barrow. It was the central position of the great pack that had swung south and barred our escape.

The water at the edge of the pack where we were anchored was about 24 feet deep, yet the ice was on bottom and each day the tremendous force of the pack pressing in was driving it close to the shore. September 2 the brig Comet was sunk by getting between a grounded floe of ice and the moving pack. On the 7th the bark Roman was crushed in a similar manner, only in this case the pack performed one of its peculiar tricks of relaxing its grasp, allowing the floe to sag back, whereupon the vessel sank, giving the crew but scant time to save themselves. On the 8th the Awashoke was crushed and pushed partly out upon the ice. It was now apparent the situations were serious, and consultations between the captains were frequent. Captain Frazier of the Florida was sent down the coast in a whaleboat, and reported that seven ships were outside the pack in the vicinity of Icy cape, about 70 miles distant. They had lost their anchors and were in peril, but Captain Dowden of the Progress sent word back, 'Tell them I will wait for them as long as I have an anchor left or a spar to carry the sail. On September 12 the captains held a last consultation, and it was decided to abandon ship on the 14th, all signing a statement which briefly set forth the reasons, as follows: First, there was no harbor available; second, there was a lack of provisions to feed the crew longer than three months; and third, the country was bare of food and fuel. The colors were set on the 14th on all of the vessels, and everything was left as though we intended to return. All liquor was destroyed, so that the natives would not get drunk and commit depredation, but the medicine chests were forgotten, and later we were told the natives sampled the bottles and were made sick, whereupon they burned several of the vessels in retaliation.

It was depressing to abandon vessels absolutely sound, and my father and mother were particularly low-spirited, the more so, I think, that the Florida, of which he had been master eight years, and on which three of his children were born, lay near by. The great fleet of small boats rowed and sailed to Icy cape, where the night was spent. The next day the ships outside were boarded in a terrible storm, which made it a hazardous undertaking. One vessel, the Progress, took 188 men aboard, and it was close quarters."

The following year the returning whalemen found most of the vessels sunk, several beached and others had been burned by the Eskimos. One vessel, the Minerva, was saved. She lay on the edge of the beach, clear of the heavy ice which grounded outside, and received no material damage. One man had remained with the ship. The natives had threatened to kill him, but through the good offices of the women and an old chief he was spared. He saved a large quantity of bone, but the natives took most of it away. He said that a few days after the ships were left a northeast gale sprang up, and if the crew had been aboard the vessels might have been saved. Later on the Eskimos plundered the ships and wantonly destroyed everything they could find.

The beach was covered with whalebone and ivory, and when the ships came up the following year the natives went off in their canoes to trade. They cut the sails and rigging to make tents, and a native was found boiling blubber in a chronometer case.

In 1876, twenty vessels were caught much the same as in 1871, and after fruitless waiting it was decided to abandon the ships. The sailors made tents from the sails of the ships, and with about 25 days' rations all who chose to do so started for the land. After travelling four days across the ice and ferrying over open water, the party reached Point Barrow. While there they learned that a ship was lying eight miles to the south with a prospect of escape, and the party of 300 made their way to this ship, which proved to be the Florence. It was found on reaching her that a strip of ice only a quarter of a mile in width was hemming her in. The ice was from 30 to 50 feet in thickness, and the full force of the men set at work with spades to cut her out. There was a swift current of water, and by cutting in the ice so as to form channels for the water to run through an opening sufficiently wide for the vessel to pass was made, and the whalers escaped. But they left 50 men behind, too weak from sickness to make the exertion necessary to escape. The value of the New Bedford ships abandoned was $442,000, to which must be added the estimated value of the cargoes, $375,000. The catastrophe of 1897 is remembered from the fact that Capt. George F. Tilton made an overland expedition down the coast from Point Barrow to bring the news of the casualty, and by the equally wonderful overland journey to the Arctic shore made in the dead of winter by Lieut. Jarvis of the revenue cutter service and a party of revenue cutter officers who went north on the Bear as far as Port Townsend, and took along a herd of reindeer that the imprisoned men might not lack food.

The Orca was crushed and the Freeman abandoned, both crews going aboard the Belvidere, which reached winter quarters at Port Franklin, after which the crews of the two wrecked vessels went to Point Barrow, where they were quartered. Farther to the eastward were the Newport, Fearless and Jeannie in the clutch of the ice-pack, but within reach of Point Barrow. Several whalers were wintering at Herschel island in safe quarters.

The Belvidere at Sea Horse island was reached on March 25. The vessel was housed in. Provisions were short, but two meals a day being served, and they were wholly dependent upon hunting. The relief expedition pushed on to Point Barrow, which was reached after a journey of 1500 miles. Provisions at the station were short and great anxiety prevailed. Beef and pork which had been left in the old refuge station 10 years before were served out. They had undergone the freezing and thawing processes until little nourishment remained. Four days in the week one pound of this was issued, two days a half pound of frozen deer meat, and one day a half pound of frozen fish. On Sunday a quarter pound of beans was issued.

This with one pound of flour a day and a small allowance of tea and coffee, constituted the ration. Seventy-five men were living in one house, scarcely large enough to permit them to stand inside. Soot and smoke covered everything and filth and vermin were everywhere. A serious outbreak of disease menaced, but the revenue cutter officers assumed charge and soon improved conditions, the reindeer meat serving to ward off scurvy.

There are two women with the fleet this season, the wife of Captain Cook of the Bowhead and the wife of Captain MacGregor of the Karluk. Mrs. Cook has spent nine seasons in the Arctic, but her home is in Provincetown. Her first trip was in 1893, when she was an invalid and weighed but 90 pounds. She wintered in the Arctic and on her return weighed 130 pounds and was in vigorous health.

Bailie's island is just west of Cape Buthurst, north of Liverpool bay, and 300 miles beyond the Mackenzie river. Whalers have wintered there, the Beluga, Capt. H. H. Bodfish, putting in for a harbor in the winter of 1898, instead of going to Herschel island. It was a paying venture for Captain Bodfish, who came down to San Francisco in October, 1899, with 63 whales. This led other vessels to winter there, but the success has never been repeated.

Nearly all of the masters are New Bedford and Vineyard men, who have wintered in the Arctic many seasons. Captain James F. Tilton of the Alexander is one of the most famous, being a pioneer in wintering in the north. As a result of his first venture in this line he caught so many whales that he filled his ship with bone and did not bother to try out the blubber.

To sum up the situation, everything depends upon the hope that the ships have been able to make a safe harbor. If they are caught outside, as is reported, the destruction of the vessels is almost certain. In that case the crews will probably make the attempt to reach Herschel island, in which event most of them, it is hoped, will be found in good health next summer.—Boston Sunday Globe, 12th.

3/14 – The Whale Fishery. 1903

The Whalemen's Shipping List publishes its annual review of the whalefishery for the year 1902, and in it the Standard finds the following statements, the salient features in the report, which is four columns in length:

The 18 vessels comprising the fleet of sperm whalers that cruised in the Atlantic ocean the past year were quite successful, the total catch being 13,600 barrels, as against 12,550 barrels the previous year. A better average price was obtained and the results may be said to have been quite satisfactory to those interested. The past season's catch in the Arctic ocean by the right whalers was a better one than in 1901, but not entirely satisfactory. Very much higher prices for whalebone, however, were obtained, and owners were quite reconciled as to results.

The number of vessels engaged in the business remains the same as one year ago, viz: 39, the total tonnage being 8,470 tons against 8,366 tons January 1st, 1902. Two vessels belonging to New Bedford were lost The bark Kathleen sunk by a sperm whale; and schooner Francis Allyn, burnt in Hudson bay; the crews of both vessels being saved.

The right whale business is still principally carried on in the northern seas. The catch of bowheads the past season was 57, against 43 taken in 1901. Only three right whales were taken outside the Arctic by six vessels, against 13 whales the previous year.

Six vessels cruised in Japan waters for sperm oil and did well, their catch aggregating 5,700 barrels, which was landed in San Francisco and all sold there for refining.

The brig Leonora returned from her cruise to Desolation bringing about a full cargo of sea elephant oil, about 2,900 barrels, making a fine voyage for her owners.

Sperm oil opened the year at 70 cents asked, but no sales were made until March, when 2,000 barrels were purchased at 70 cents by refiners, and further sales were made in April at the same price. In May the price dropped to 68 cents and 3,000 barrels were sold. In June the price further declined to 66 cents, 2,800 barrels being sold. The market remained very quiet until September, when a still further reduction in the price was made to 63 cents, and to 62 cents in October, at which price the market remained steady to the close of the year, the stock of 3,600 barrels remaining in first hands being held at 65 cents.

The total number of vessels employed in the whale fishery of the United States at present is thirty-nine, with a total tonnage of 8,470. The list comprises twenty-four ships and barks; one brig and fourteen schooners. In 1846, the year when the whale fishery of the country was at its highest point, there were 680 ships and barks, 34 brigs and 22 schooners engaged in the business, with a total tonnage of 233,262.

Of the thirty-nine vessels now engaged in whaling, 23 hail from New Bedford, 11 from San Francisco, 4 from Provincetown and 1 from Boston.

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APRIL-8-1911

Adventures of the Old-time Whalers.

(*From the Boston Sunday Globe.*)

The varied annals, running nearly the gamut, of the adventures into which the whalers have been forced in the following of their interesting careers contains few more salient experiences, in which the lot has been a fairly general one, than that of being thrust into a foreign prison or held captive without reason or for offences real, fancied or fabricated. The old whaling captains of New Bedford, Nantucket and Provincetown can recall many cases in which fellow seekers after the cetaceous mammal, to the number of several hundreds, have been lodged in prisons of South American countries, held captive in the islands of the South seas and off the West coast, or have languished in cells at Petropavlovsk and other places in the northern Pacific. Then, too, these memory historians of the perils of the one-time flourishing whaling industry are prolific in particular recollections of brother townsmen or former whaling mates who met cruel and often wracking deaths at the hands of savages.

It has been recorded and remembered that there have been many instances of whaleships captured in the South seas, in which news of the fates of vessels and crews has been brought to this country by other sources. There have been as many cases of missing whaleships as there have been of every class of craft that has ever plied the seas, and evidences of some instances and conclusions in others tended to the belief that the crews were captured by the natives of one or other of the South Sea islands.

The crews were believed to have been either subjected to a horrible form of death or held in a more tortuous captivity. Boats putting off to islands where the natives had previously been friendly were often captured, and the whalemen held prisoners, many of them until a reward of some sort was forthcoming to their release. The ransoms which were asked were usually simple, but not always easily obtainable. Sometimes it was the duplication of a rifle that had attracted the eye of a chief previously; again it was one of the minor ornaments which the whalers wore as keepsakes from wives or sweethearts, or a trifle of shiny or new appearance which appealed to one of the favored dusky belles that had been seen on a visiting sailor sometime before and had since been much desired. One of the elements entering into these captures or deaths was shipwreck.

During the late 30s and early 40s there were some 460 vessels engaged in the whaling industry, and the well-informed whalers of New Bedford say that more than half the number went to the South Seas, as the best ground in which to seek the whale. The remainder sought to secure their complement of oil and bone from the creatures of the Pacific ocean and in the Arctic region, on both sides of the North American continent. Many of these South Sea whalers touched at the islands in Oceanica and further north, and from old log books have been learned many tales of fights with savages, escapes from capture and death and some striking instances of actual captures. A few personal instances of men returning to this country following a term of imprisonment at one of these or other places are included among these. Even earlier than the date mentioned incidents are recorded in which members of whalers' crews have been forced into irons, into working captivity, solitary imprisonment, with lack of food and wracking torture or the sometimes truly preferable deaths.

In chronological order, the following are some of the more notable cases in point of the general experience treated of. In each case the story is fully vouched for, the few qualifications necessary being noted in full. From almost any individual tale of those noted there might be found material for a book of such stirring and interesting qualities as would undoubtedly find a ready sale.

It was a patriot armed vessel which overtook the ship Martha of Nantucket in 1810, and ordered Capt. Reuben Weeks to dispense with part of his crew, so that the privateer might be fully manned. As a result the Martha was detained at Valparaiso nearly a month before it was possible for her to continue the voyage with the necessary number of men.

Robbed by Arabs, with one man killed, and one wounded and still another captured, was the fate of the brig Mary in the year 1818, following her wreck on May 28 of that year on the island of Blanco. Aware of the hostile nature of the Arabs who were lined up on the shore, the crew fortified, as best they might, the crumbling wreck of their vessel and maintained their position until driven ashore in their boats by the natives, who had come out in their dugouts. Reaching the shore, they fought for their lives, with the result that they left two of their men behind, one mercifully dead, and the other a captive, and carried with them another comrade, sorely wounded. After several further adventures in their small boats and on the shores of several islands, they managed to find a haven at the practically uninhabited island of Fali, on June 5, and there they were picked up some time later and returned to their homes.

Capt. Russell of the ship Hero, which sailed from Nantucket in 1819, and a cabin boy on the same ship, were shot to death at Aranco, after being captured off St. Marys by the pirate ship Beneveda. By means which, strangely, have never been recorded, mate Obed Starbuck secured his ship and with some of the crew brought her back during the following year.

The case of the ship Oeno, in command of Capt. Samuel Riddell of Nantucket, which was lost on the Fiji islands in 1825, is a most interesting one. It was kept alive in public interest and attention during a number of years by newly reported developments. After the ship was wrecked, the natives captured the crew, with the exception of William S. Cary, the cooper, who managed to escape. He returned after several years' imprisonment in one of the islands, stating that the remainder of the crew had been murdered. Some time later, however, it was learned that a youth named Swain was still alive on one of the islands. The information was brought to this country by the captain of a British bark which had touched at the islands in 1830. He stated that the lad had boarded the bark in company with several native chiefs, representing himself to be the youngest of the Oeno's crew and a brother-in-law of Capt. Riddell. The English captain said that he made several efforts to cajole the natives into releasing the boy, but he could not prevail upon them to give him up. Their overwhelming numbers prevented any attempt at forcibly recapturing him. During succeding years various reports received at Nantucket and in other whaling centers tended to prove this statement correct.

The ship's cannon proved the salvation of Capt. Timothy Upham and his boat's crew of the ship Corinthian of New Bedford, when he was seized by natives of the Friendly islands in 1813. The ship left New Bedford in that year, to prosecute the whale fishery in the Pacific ocean, and stopped at the Friendly islands to renew its water supply. A boat's crew, commanded by Capt. Upham, went ashore with the water casks, intending to fill them. They were corralled by the natives upon landing, and the chief gave Capt. Upham to understand that he wanted the ship's cannon, which was prominently mounted on the vessel. He said that unless he got it the captain and other captives would be put to death. The remainder of the crew aboard the Corinthian had observed the plight of their mates and were about to attempt a rescue when made acquainted with the possibility of peaceful release. They sent the cannon ashore at the request of the captured captain, following which the natives lived up to their agreement and allowed the men their freedom. Moreover, they also furnished them with the desired water supply and gave them considerable of native foods.

The flogging of an interpreter while he was lashed to a mast on a previously arrived ship, because he had claimed more than a pair of duck trousers in payment for his service, is believed to have led to the killing of first mate Eldredge, of the ship William Penn of New Bedford, and the capturing of two boats' crews by the natives of Navigator island. The William Penn left her home port in command of Capt. John C. Lincoln, in 1833. The captain was forced to return home because of sickness, Capt. Swain relieving him. Like the unknown ship which had preceded them, the William Penn touched at the islands for water and supplies. Unarmed, two boat's crews put ashore in command of first mate Eldredge. That officer was killed and the two crews captured and ultimately massacred, it is believed, with the exception of a Sandwich Islander, who was not included in the general retaliation because of the color of his skin. He was afterwards brought off the island by the ship Vincennes.

About 1838 the ship Alexander touched at the Marquese islands. One boat's crew was sent ashore, the mate of which was killed when the natives attempted to capture the men.

Like the case of the Aswaskonks for individual bravery was that of a 19-year-old boy, Ben Clough, third mate of the whaler Sharon, which put into Ascension island on Oct. 15, 1842. The Sharon had left New Bedford in command of Capt. Norris with a complement of upward of a score of men.

When 12 men deserted at Ascension island the ship's crew was reduced about one-half. Among the dozen remaining were the captain, young Clough and three natives, who were aboard alone when the others had gone off in boats to chase whales. Taking advantage of the great reduction of the crew a number of natives came aboard when but the above five were on the ship, killing the captain and taking the vessel. Young Clough ascended above and when night fell made his way to one of the boats, the occupants of which did not dare to attempt a rescue of their ship. Later this beardless youth, unaccompanied, again clambered aboard the ship and in making his way to the cabin killed two natives single handed. He reached the muskets and entrenched himself from attacks by the savages. He acquainted the second mate in one of the boats of his position, but the latter refused to help him. Finally the boy's insistent statements that there was no danger prevailed upon the mate and he came aboard with the others. They succeeded in placing several of the savages in irons and later handed them over to the authorities. Young Clough upon his return was made the captain of a new boat constructed especially for him by an appreciative owner.

Five of the crew of the ship Triton of New Bedford were killed and seven others wounded, when the vessel was attacked by the natives of Sydenhams island during the early 40s. A number of the crew were captured, most of them being released shortly after, except Capt. Spencer. After an enforced sojourn of several years on the island he managed to communicate his plight to the captains of the ships United States and Alabama, of Nantucket, and a concerted demand by them upon the natives resulted in Capt. Spencer's release.

The natives of Pleasant island captured the whaling brig Inga of New Bedford in the early part of December, 1852, while the vessel was laying-to off the island. All but there members of the crew, only one of the survivors being a white man, were murdered. This trio escaped only by having been knocked overboard during the fight. J. F. Blair, having a home in Fairhaven, was the white man who survived. He, with the two natives, the latter being from Byrons island, remained in the water until night, when they swam to the brig and found her abandoned, although stripped of nearly everything of any value which was portable. Heading the Inga off shore, the men were forced to cut away the masts and rigging, as their lack of numbers prevented the necessary manning of the various sails and rigging. Their trust was placed in the chance of being picked up by some passing vessel, and after a dreary toss of four months upon the ocean they fell in with the Bremen whaleship Republic, on May 14, 1853. They were taken aboard after setting fire to their craft, which had left New Bedford on May 9, 1848, for a voyage to the Indian ocean.

The cruelty of unscrupulous masters is believed to have led to many of the attacks by natives. These men usually managed to get away without molestation, but the next ship's crew which landed at the scene of their inflictions was bound to suffer for the doings of the others.

The experiences which befell the crew of the New Bedford whaleship Mentor, after being wrecked on a coral reef connected with the most eastery of the Pelew group of islands in the Pacific ocean, may be attributed primarily, it is believed, to just such measures of cruelty. It was in the fall of 1831 that the ship was thrown up on the island shore, nearly five months after the captain and 11 of his crew had fallen into and escaped from the hands of several bands of natives. Together they remained on the last island about six months, during which period they were well treated and acquired a considerable knowledge of the language, characteristics and customs of the inhabitants, although the natives let it be noticed that the whalers were not in their good graces, for a reason unknown to the men who had unwillingly become captives.

At the end of six months the sailors prevailed upon the natives to allow eight of their number to seek some civilized settlement, from whence they might communicate with friends and secure a ransom for the remaining members of the ill-fated party. This was agreed to and the men were supplied with a native canoe and provisions. But in attempting to navigate their way to Amboyna, one of the Moluccas, or Spice islands, which lie to the northwest of the Pelews, they were captured by the natives of Lord North's island. Here they were reduced to the most abject state of slavery and starvation, and their misfortunes may be said to have only commenced.

After 10 months' captivity and suffering Capt. Edward C. Barnard and one of the crew escaped on board a Spanish vessel, ultimately reaching the United States. Although he told his story here and recited the fate of his comrades, Capt, Barnard was unable to secure aid to effect their release.

Of the personal in such adventures there are at least two notable characters whose careers embrace a number of like events. His success in several encounters gave to Capt. Loum Snow of the ship Alexander of New Bedford, the title "The Redoubtable Captain" Capt. John C. Smith of South Dartmouth, had several combats with savages, in one of which a boat's crew of the ship William Hamilton of New Bedford was captured, but later released by natives of the Fiji islands.

APR 1909

Whaling Cruise to Arctic.

Looking as neat as a steam yacht, the little whaling steamer Karluk went into the stream at San Francisco April 2d, preparatory to going to the Arctic for a whaling cruise. Captain S. F. Cottle, formerly of the whaling steamer Belvedere, will go out this time as master. The captain is managing owner, and his wife will accompany him to the far north.

That the perils and hardships of whaling in the Arctic do not "cut much ice" with the sailors of San Francisco was plainly evidenced by the number of men who wished to leave on the two years' cruise of the whaling steamer Karluk. The Karluk did not get away until the 2d, but Captain Wing could have engaged half a dozen crews had he been so disposed. He was literally besieged by old hands who wanted to go whaling and many who were refused a position wore a very dejected countenance.

Topics of The Times

1942

Good Ship Melville

Somebody with imagination had the naming of one of the Maritime Commission's new 10,500-ton freighters launched day before yesterday at South Portland, Me. It is called the Herman Melville. Five thousand miles from Herman Melville's particular sector in the Eastern South Seas many of Melville's countrymen are now active in the Solomon Islands.

Our marines set foot on Guadalcanal one hundred years almost to a day since Melville, tired of life on a whaler, jumped ship in the Marquesas Islands with a companion. Like our men today, Melville had to fight his way through Pacific jungles, but when he reached the valley of Typee it was to land in an earthly paradise.

South Pacific Pioneer

Up to Dec. 7 last the standard picture of life in the South Seas was man consulting his soul under a breadfruit tree. Today in the South Pacific the trees do not rain breadfruit and coconuts but Japanese snipers with tommy guns and grenades. Today in the South Pacific the physical state of things is at the opposite pole from Herman Melville's early lotus country. The proper Melville parallel for the grim work now going on from Australia to the Gilbert Islands would be the stormy soul of Captain Ahab in pursuit of Moby Dick.

If it had happened that our soldiers and sailors and fliers were busy in the South Seas a little more than twenty years ago, say about the year 1920, and if a government shipbuilding agency were launching freighters for war transport, it is doubtful whether there would have been a ship called the Herman Melville. He had virtually rounded out his literary career at the age of 32 with "Moby Dick" in 1851. He then spent forty years more in complete obscurity. Over a period of seventy years Melville was forgotten, from the date of Moby Dick until the great vogue of South Sea romance around the year 1920, which led to his rediscovery. It is an interesting thought that the post-war craze for a rather cheap Baedeker paganism should have brought back the South Seas and with them the creator of "Moby Dick."

Whaling News.

1908

J. & W. R. Wing of New Bedford have received a letter from Captain Scullion of whaling bark Alice Knowles dated July 27, latitude 33 29 north, longitude 52 27 west, with 500 barrels of sperm oil since last report. The letter was taken by steamer Giulia (Austrian) to New Orleans. Captain Scullion reported to the steamer that he was short of provisions and was furnished all he required. He also in his letter reports on July 15, bark Wanderer, Huggins, which sailed from home April 23, with 175 barrels sperm oil; the Greyhound, Edwards, with 175 barrels of oil and the Bertha, Gonsalves, with 200 barrels of sperm oil, all taken this season.

The cargo of whaling bark Platina was discharged at New Bedford, Tuesday afternoon, and came out in excellent order. The work of breaking out the cargo of the Andrew Hicks began Wednesday in the presence of a goodly number of spectators. When the Hicks is discharged the Ellen A. Swift's cargo will be landed. The large casks of oil are stored at the head of the wharf where the Platina and Andrew Hicks are berthed.

Days of Whaling Pictured By Federal Writers.

1938

Old whaling salts along the waterfronts in New Bedford, Nantucket, New London and Cape Cod ports have not as much to talk about these days as they once had.

Once they could take pride in the full-rigged barks and schooners making for the horizon on one- and two-year voyages in search of whales. Now those very ships and the old whaling days are but memories.

These memories began taking shape soon after the Civil War, when three distinct factors—discovery of petroleum oil, the war, and the large number of men and ships lost in Arctic ice fields—led to the decline of Yankee whaling, and its gradual absorption by Scandinavian fishermen.

Whaling, as the old Yankee salts practiced it, is gone forever, says the Christian Science Monitor in commenting on the books recently issued by Federal writers. The industry is now as efficient and as mechanized as the automobile business. Today steamers hunt as units, and tow catches to port every day. Oftentimes, especially in foreign countries, ships are outfitted so as to be able to process a whale while still at sea. Harpoons are shot by cannon, instead of by hand, and harpooned whales no longer set out to tow small boats on "Nantucket sleigh rides".

Not a few of the experiences, hardships, and tragedies of Yankee whaling captains and crews are set forth in "Whaling Masters," a new volume in the American Guide Series. Compiled and written by WPA workers on the Massachusetts Federal Writers' Project, with the co-operation of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society of New Bedford, the book describes the history of whaling, besides listing hundreds of captains and their voyages.

The book tells how the Pilgrims were credited with the first recorded attempt to capture a whale, while they were anchored in what was to be called Provincetown harbor. "A number of whales 'of great size' were feeding and disporting in the vicinity of the famous shallop. One venturesome member of the school came to the surface close to the side of the ship. A fowling piece was loaded with a super-charge, aimed and fired. But ...the charge was too much for the weapon and it exploded." The whale was not caught, it added.

Despite the firing of that first shot in the whaling industry in 1620, however, there is, according to records, no indication of any really concerted whale fishing as an independent industry until about 1740.

Nantucket, with a fleet of 30-ton sloops, was for many years the country's leading whaling port, but through the years it gradually yielded place to New Bedford.

Among factors leading to the change were the isolation of the island, which during the wars of 1776 and 1812 made its ships easy prey to the British, and the fact that newer whaling methods had been developed, including that of outfitting ships for months at sea. This meant that larger and larger vessels were needed to bring home cargoes; and Nantucket harbor was blocked by a sand bar that could be cleared by small craft at high tide—and not by the larger whaling vessels.

Nantucketers tried to remedy the situation by building a floating dry dock, or "camel", into which large vessels were warped the same as into any dry dock. The water was pumped from the camel, and the ship floated in or out of the harbor. For seven years the islanders followed this procedure in the attempt to keep up with New Bedford. A cataclysmic fire in 1846, however, spread to the harbor and cost shippers hundreds of thousands of dollars.

New Bedford, which had begun to challenge Nantucket's supremacy as early as 1815, then took over in earnest.

The book continues with a description of the typical whaling vessel—the bark—which had fore and main masts square-rigged, and mizzenmast fore-and-aft rigged. Fewer men were required to sail a bark, for the fore-and-aft rig was handled from the deck without the necessity of sending men up into the yards.

Old whaling masters, however, had decidely individual ideas as to best type of vessels and gear. Most of the larger vessels carried five whaleboats. The captain and each of his four officers had command of the small boats and their crews of five each. An average whaling crew included 35 or 40 men.

A typical day on a whaling vessel was described as follows:

"Breakfast at 5 o'clock was followed by swabbing decks, then making sail and tightening rigging. There were bales of oakum and sennit to be braided into buffers and fenders... to pevent chafing. Harpoons and lances had to be kept razor-edged, lines overhauled and weak spots spliced. The cooper and ship's carpenter continually needed men to assist them. At 4 p. m. decks were swept and scrubbed again. Supper was at five o'clock; and between that hour and 7 p. m. the whalemen had two hours of 'loafing' time."

Sailors used this time for scrimshaw work—the carving of articles out of whalebone. These included pie crimpers, canes, and knickknacks.

Whalemen's wages in those days were usually small, and not infrequently voyages were disastrous to owners. On the other hand, the percentage of profit from successful voyages was tremendous. Such trips were called "greasy voyages". One that cleared expenses but left little profit was known as a "saving voyage".

One ship, mentioned in the book, which had an unusually "greasy" career, was the Lagoda. On its best voyage, it returned a net profit of 363.5 per cent, to its owners. Its average profit a voyage in 19 years was 98 per cent., and its lowest 29.6 per cent.

Whalemen were paid in "lays" or shares. A captain's lay might be from one-eighth to one-fifteenth, or one barrel out of every 15 of a catch netting $35,000—or $2,333. A common sailor would probably receive one-one hundred and fiftieth lay or $233.

The years from 1859 to 1872 saw the decline of whaling in America. In 1861 came the war, and through confederate raids, 34 whaling vessels were either burned or captured. The Union Government bought 40 ships, which constituted the Stone Fleet. Loaded with stone, they sailed south and were scuttled in Confederate harbor entrances, to make a blockade.

The war thus took 72 vessels. The Arctic took still more. The industry, nevertheless, fought on, until petroleum began to be produced in increasing quantities and at a decreasing price, and until corset makers began to offer steel stays to take the place of heavy bone ones.

By 1910, Norwegians were virtually in control of whaling, although it is still practiced commercially off the coasts of Lower California and Mexico, and in the Southern Pacific, as well as in the Antarctic Ocean, off Japan, off the western coast of Africa, and along the New Zealand coast.

The book contains a small glossary of whaling terms, interesting among which are:

Breaching: About to dive, the whale frequently shot out of the water nearly full length, diving head first beneath the surface.

Case: The upper portion of the sperm whale's head, from which valuable spermaceti was bailed and used to make candles.

Chantey Men: Old-timers who knew sea songs and led the singing when the crew hove at windlass.

Flukes: The tail of a whale.

Greenie: One making his first whaling voyage.

Lobscouse: A delicacy—hard bread and salt meal well sprinkled with pepper, chopped into pieces and boiled in water.

Voyage to Desolation.

Brig Daisy is fitting out at New Bedford for a voyage to Desolation island and will sail the first week in May. The Daisy is the only vessel in the world that makes regular trips to this far-away, desolate spot in the lonely Antarctic ocean. Every other year she goes after sea elephants, the oil of which is rated almost equal in value to whale oil.

The interesting thing about her trip this year is the fact that the commander, Capt. Benjamin D. Cleveland, has been commissioned by the head of several noted American museums to collect for them all the bird, animal and fish life that he can find. The collections are to be for the Museum of Natural History of New York, the Brooklyn Institute and the Yale Museum. The Daisy will return from her trip a year from next August or September.

Capt. Cleveland has frequently been importuned by naturalists and scientists for permission to sail with him, but he has always refused to carry passengers or to bother his head about gathering specimens for them. D. C. Potter, part owner of the brig, is the man who has induced Capt. Cleveland to break through his custom, but the skipper is firm in his refusal to carry passengers, and will make the collections hmself. 4/25/1908

12/11 Oldest Whaler Lost.

1909

For several years the oldest whaling craft in the world, the whaling bark Canton, built in Baltimore in 1833 for a merchantman, first a famous packet, and for 66 years a whaling vessel, is a wreck on the island of Maio, one of the Cape de Verde group. Word has been received that the old craft is a total loss, although the crew was saved.

The Canton was bound on a whaling voyage from New Bedford to the coast of Africa, and had put into the Cape de Verde islands. There are no very good harbors in the islands, excepting Fogo, where all the vessels go in the "hurricane months." In all probability a violent storm came up and the Canton dragged anchor.

Although the oldest vessel sailing from New Bedford, the Canton was still considered the most comfortable whaler afloat.

The Canton sailed Oct. 7, under command of Capt. Valentine Roza, fitted for about $15,500. The news of the wreck is the first from the vessel since she sailed.

Early in the 40's, she was purchased by C. R. Tucker & Co. and fitted as a whaler. She also has been owned by J. F. Tucker & Son, E. D. Mandell & Co. and J. & W. R. Wing. Originally a ship, her rig was changed to that of a bark in 1874.

She has been commanded by some of the best of New Bedford's deep sea sailors. At first she was named the Canton 2d, to distinguish her from another ship of the same name. The first ship was lost. The Wings purchased the bark in 1893. She was partly rebuilt in 1883, and the repairs made on her 33 years ago, and later repairs, left her practically a new vessel.

She has chased the whale under the line where the rays of the sun started the pitch in her seams, and she has wintered in the far waters of Hudson bay, buried in snow and ice.

If the miles she has travelled could be reckoned up, the old whaler would undoubtedly be found to hold the record for long-distance sailing.

Her captain is hardly less interesting than the craft. A Brava Portuguese, he was picked up by a New Bedford whaler at the Cape de Verde islands, and, starting before the mast, worked his way up to command. He began on the Josephine, that is about to sail for Chili. On board the Josephine was Mrs. Marion Smith, wife of the master, Capt. Horace Smith. Mrs. Smith knew navigation, and finding young Roza willing to be taught, she gave him the instruction that made him capable of taking a vessel around the world.

After he became a navigator, Roza was mate of several vessels, and finally was given command of the Canton. On the vessel with Capt. Roza was his wife, who was in the shipping articles as assistant navigator.—Boston Herald, 7th.

The Voyage of the Era.

The list of whalemen published last week has started lots of reminiscing in all quarters, and some folks are wont to recall the voyage of the schooner Era, of New London, in the spring of 1887— a cruise lasting but a few days, for the schooner met with disaster soon after leaving port, and her crew returned home with their pockets filled with experience.

The Era was officered as follows: John O. Spicer, captain; George E Coffin, mate; James Kiernan, boatsteerer; Charles Taylor, cook. John A. Scott and Thomas B. Hoy, also of Nantucket, were among the seamen.

It was a voyage in quest of whales, but as it lasted only six days and the men never caught sight of a whale, we hardly think the latter two could be properly classed as "Nantucket whalemen." The others, however, have all seen service, and those now living are listed Jan. 27, -1912

Ship Delivers Gifts to Pitcairn Islanders.

From the New Haven, Ct., Union.

News from Pitcairn Island far out in the South Pacific Ocean, where the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty have lived for nearly a century and a half, has reached Miss Mary McCoy of Fairfield, daughter of the so-called president of the island, in a letter announcing the arrival on January 28, 1917, of the steamer Port Hardy from San Francisco, laden with many useful gifts from friends in the United States. A second ship, the steamer Austraplain, sailed from New York on March 23 for Pitcairn by way of the Panama canal, carrying not only necessities but a number of luxuries for the islanders.

It was a joyful day at Pitcairn when the Port Hardy dropped anchor in Bounty Bay, the only harbor in the islands. The islanders had not been expecting the steamer; in fact, six of them had left a few days before for Tahiti, the principal town in the Society Islands, 1,600 miles across the Pacific. For the past ten years the islanders have been engaged in building a small boat for this voyage and the craft was completed in December. The voyage to Tahiti, in spite of the favorable southeast trade winds, is a venturesone one, and a previous attempt to reach Tahiti in a small boat was not successful. It will be recalled that the ancestors of the Pitcairn Islanders came to the island from Tahiti, the women being natives of the Society Islands and the men the mutineers fo the ship Bounty.

It is believed that the little craft made the voyage in safety, although Miss McCoy has not heard of its arrival at Tahiti.

The Port Hardy left San Francisco late in December and was called the Christmas ship, as she carried many gifts for Pitcairn, where Captain Griffith, her commander, planned to call on his way to Australia. According to the letter received by Miss McCoy from her brother on the island and which was probably written while the Port Hardy was in Bounty, there were five large boatloads of goods sent ashore from the steamer. It is expected that the Austraplain will reach Pitcairn about the Middle of April.

APR—14—1917

19 Nations Write New Set Of Rules for Whale Industry

1946

By Neal Stanford

Staff Correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3 — The whaling industry got a new set of laws today, which, while not airtight, are expected to do much to keep the whale from becoming extinct.

Nineteen nations, after 12 days of day and night consultation here, wrote these new rules which:

1. Set up an international whaling commission to handle the administrative work of international control.

2. Include a code of regulations on how whales should be caught, where they may be caught, and what whales could be caught.

The conferees, however, could not agree on uniform penalties for illegal killing of whales, even when punishment was to be left to the governments of the parties implicated. In fact, the entire whaling agreement is of a voluntary nature, with each government promising that its nationals will observe agreements reached, but no international group with the authority to assure observance or power to punish.

24-Hour Inspection

The accomplishments of the meeting, in spite of this, are considered extensive by those acquainted with the problems of whaling. Thus they did agree there should be 24-hour inspection aboard those factory ships which go out whale-hunting for months at a time. If there is a weakness in that regulation it is that the inspectors do not represent any international body but are representatives of the governments whose citizens operate the factory ships. Thus, in a sense, the umpires are part of the team operating the ships. One must rely on their word (and this applies to practically all other parts of the agreement) that the convention and protocol signed here yesterday are being observed.

It was also agreed there should be full reports on what whales were caught, when, and how. Everything was done to encourage exchange of information on whales and whaling. The catching of whales for research was specifically excluded from the rules on whaling—and while this exception could be abused, so could most of the other provisions of the agreement.

There was also agreement on definitions, which is important, since there are some nine major types of whales and more than 50 minor differentiations, with rules on capture varying with the type of whale.

There was agreement on how long whales had to be before they could be killed, the lengths varying with the kind from 35 feet to 70 feet. It was also spelled out how whales are to be measured so that all crews used the same method.

Formula Devised

Where limits were put on whaling a formula was devised on how to estimate when the quota was reached. Thus when limits in one area were measured in Blue whales it was agreed that one Blue whale equaled two Fin whales, or two and a half Humpback whales, or six Sei whales.

The Conference came up with a number of resolutions and recommendations. The Soviet delegates (who were not present at the opening of the conference but took an active part once they appeared) made three requests for special treatment since they had missed the gun on the hunting season just opened. They wanted, and the Conference recommended they get: the right to measure their four-months season from the time they got their factory ship into the antarctic; the right to catch more whales than the limit of 16,000 Blue-whale units permits just for this season; the right to catch whatever Gray whales they wanted in the Bering and Chukotsk seas if the meat was used for the "aborigines" of the area.

Codification

The delegates agreed that "it is inevitable that some whales will be taken illegally" and therefore called for certain latitude in assessing penalties. But while they could not agree on a uniform system of penalties they did agree all powers should make them sufficiently severe "to discourage illegal killing or taking of whales."

The agreements reached at this meeting were really a codification of previous agreements as well as an updating and unifying of rules for whaling. Amendments in the future it was arranged should be made by the IWC, but with a three-quarters vote necessary to get any substantial changes made—such as open and closed seasons, open and closed waters, size limits for each species. However no power had to accept such amendments until it individually ratified them, so that in effect each power had a veto over amendments — at least as far as they applied to it.

To get the convention signed yesterday working at least six nations have to ratify it. Among those six must be the United States, the United Kingdom, the U. S. S. R., the Netherlands, and Norway.

While the code book provides no enforcement agency, it does among other things:

1. Forbid killing calves or suckling whales or female whales accompanied by young.
2. Forbid using factory ships or whale catchers to catch whales in certain areas.
3. Forbid catching more than a given number of whale units in certain waters.
4. Forbid catching whales below specified lengths.
5. Require immediate reporting by radio of each whale caught when caught.
6. Establish the remuneration for crews and gunners not just on number of whales taken, but on species, size, yield of each whale.
7. Require full reporting by each factory ship or land station on whales caught, species, oil and other products derived, length, etc.

THE OLD MILL. Photograph by J. S. Sisson.

Many a Ship's Quarterboard Tells An Interesting Story of Its Career.

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Most of the Boards on Nantucket Came From Craft Wrecked On The Island Over a Period of Many Years.

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By Edouard A. Stackpole.

It might be said of men that "the good is oft interred with their bones," but of ships, whose bones often rot away in exposed places, or who are pounded to pieces in shorter time than is thought possible, it is sometimes true that their good passages are not covered by the shifting sands that inter their bones.

Ships so wrecked and disappearing have no monuments to mark the spot, it is true, but if a quarterboard is left to drift upon the beach they need no further gravestone to mark how they lived or when they died.

In the not so long ago, when Nantucket's seafaring population was a great deal larger than today, when the dory fishermen were in their prime, and shipwrecks were common around our shores, it was the practice to display the name-boards or, as they are more commonly called, the *quarter-boards* of vessels in a prominent place on the barn or outbuilding of an islander's property.

In those days every part of the town revealed these boards, their gilt lettering easily distinquished at some distance. Newtown undoubtedly showed the most, with North Shore next in number, with a sprinkling of the signs appearing along the wharves, and in other sections of the town.

Today, however, a drive about town fails to disclose more than a half-dozen quarter-boards. On Fair street, the board of the *Alice Oakes* may be seen in plain sight on the barn of Philip Holmes; the *Sammy Ford* looks as good as new on Lester Harris' barn on Eagle Lane; and from Orange street, beyond the junction with Union, one may read the name *Ellen Perkins* on a board attached to the barn of the late Stilman C. Cash.

A search was therefore instituted with hopes of unearthing the whereabouts of the many other boards that so familiarly adorned Nantucket outbuildings. This search disclosed some unusual results, making an interesting story in itself, for it showed how the boards had gone through various hands and ownerships, in a remarkable contrast to the years in which they had stayed "put."

If there is such a thing as a snug harbor for these quarter-boards then, certainly, Nantucket has two such places. At the well-known building on Old North Wharf, designated by the name of Wharf Rat Club, and having the minute sign "Perry & Coffin" above the door, a goodly number of these boards are displayed. At the head of Main street, in the workshop home of Wallace Long, another "batch" reposes, tucked carefully here and there about the place. The boards have fortunately fallen into the hands of men who know sailing ships and respect them with the true reverence of sailor-men.

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In looking about the island for the resting places of other quarter-boards, the most out of the ordinary is of the *British Queen*, which is now proudly displayed on the farm house of the Mooney Farm, on the Polpis Road.

The story of the *British Queer* has recently appeared in these columns. She was a full-rigged ship, bound for New York from Dublin with nearly three hundred immigrants on board when she was wrecked off Muskeget in 1851. The grandfather of the present owner of the Mooney Farm was one of those rescued. Two Nantucket fishing schooners, skillfully handled by Captains Patterson and Bearse, saved all but two of the ship's human cargo. The wreck occurred on December 18, 1851, and with the true Christmas spirit, island organizations helped relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate people. Several of the castaways remained on Nantucket during the rest of their lives.

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On E. U. Crosby's barn at Shimmo, the board of the *A. J. Ross* is also displayed during the summer months. This was a brigantine, but she was not wrecked on these shores. Mr. Crosby doubtless knows her history.

The Three-masted Schooner *Warren Sawyer* Ashore at Surfside. She was wrecked on December 22, 1884, with cargo of 1,115 bales of cotton, insured for $65,000. About half of the cotton was saved, but the *Sawyer* became a total loss, breaking up within two weeks' time.

The board of the two-masted schr. *S. M. Bird* has been a familar object on the barn of W. W. Justice's estate on Cato Lane. This is also a craft which was not lost on Nantucket, and so little is known of her.

The *Ellen E. Perkins*' board on the Cash barn on Orange street did come ashore here. The *Perkins* was a lumber schooner from Bangor to New York. She was lost on Great Point in June, 1896, and her crew was saved. The late Stillman Cash obtained her quarter-board.

On the barn of Philip Holmes, on Fair street, is hung the board of the *Alice Oakes*. This craft had a strange history. On the last day of March, 1879, she was one of the fourteen schooners which were wrecked around these shores as the result of a sudden hurricane from the northwest. The schooner came ashore at Great Point, loaded with coal. She was purchased by Capt. Asa W. N. Small, and after a portion of her cargo had been taken out, was towed to Straight wharf and the balance discharged. She was then towed to Boston, where repairs were made.

During this same storm, a boat's crew from Tuckernuck went out to rescue the single survivor of the schooner *Emma G. Edwards*, on her beam ends at the edge of Tuckernuck shoal. All the rescuers received a medal for this daring feat. Marcus Dunham is the only one now living who took part in that thrilling row.

In April, 1885, six years later, the *Alice Oaks* was again wrecked on Nantucket. On this occasion she was again bound north up the sound, loaded with coal, was caught in a northerly and driven ashore on the bar off Capaum. Her crew was rescued from the rigging by a boat's-crew from the shore. The vessel soon went to pieces.

On the Buckner garage in 'Sconset is the name-board of the schooner *Sarah Wood*. As she was not wrecked here little is known about the craft or of the board's presence on the island.

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In the living room of the Hallbach's residence at Shimmo is the quarter-board of the *Uriah B. Fisk*. This was a three-masted schooner wrecked on Great Point on January 30, 1880. She was known as the "guano vessel" from the fact that she was loaded with 670 tons of the fertilizer, being bound to Charleston, S. C., from Boston. The crew and Captain Crowell and his wife landed in their boat through the ice, with the assistance of men ashore, but for whose aid they would have undoubtedly have perished. The *Uriah B. Fiske* was stripped of her rigging and sails and some spars were saved. Only a small part of the cargo was salvaged.

Mr. Hallbach also has the name-board of the *E. C. Allen-True*, but the vessel is not otherwise identified with Nantucket.

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In the studio of Mrs. Henry Lang, on Quince street are the boards of the *E. S. Baymore* and the *Ada C. Shull*. The *Baymore* was purchased by the Island Service Company and her name changed to *Nantisco*. She was a three-master and under Capt. Bishop carried cargoes of coal to South wharf for several years, and was subsequently sold to the mainland. The sloop *Ada C. Shull* was used by the same company for many years, bringing in gasoline and lumber. She now lies dismantled alongside the wharf, having out-lived her usefulness.

About eight years ago, Wallace Long, who is as familiar with coasting vessels as anyone in Nantucket, made a trip to Providence and vicinity. During a cruise up Narragansett Bay, he came upon a "ships' graveyard," a place where old ships are towed to rot away in some unfrequented cove. Here among the hulks was the old *Nantisco*, distinguished from the others by her bow and stern. Mr. Long had sailed on her with Captain Bishop, when two West Indiamen lived in the forecastle and Mrs. Bishop was the cook and kindly mother to all on board.

John R. Killen has in his possession the quarter-board of the three-masted schooner *Mary A. Killen*, which was sailed by his father, Captain John Killen, for a number of voyages from the West Indies to Boston. The *Mary A. Killen* was lost in a snow storm at Scituate, in beating up Boston Bay in 1898.

In William Small's house at Pocomo is the quarter-board of the *Isaiah K. Stetson*. On March 13, 1920, the three-masted schooner struck on Handkerchief Shoal and sank. Four of her crew perished, and only the timely arrival of the cutter *Acushnet* saved the captain and the remaining seaman, who had clung to the rigging all that night.

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One of the most interesting of older boards is that of the *Haines*, a West India vessel, loaded with logwood, which ran ashore on the south side of the island near the head of Hummock Pond. The crew abandoned her and all perished in the attempt to gain the shore. Had they remained aboard it is probable they would have been saved. The cargo was discharged and carted to town, but the *Haines* soon after went to pieces.

The wreck occurred three days before Christmas, 1865. On Christmas Eve, the iron vessel *Newton*, bound from New York to Hamburg, was a total wreck off Madequecham, and all hands perished. The tragedy of the two shipwrecks cast a deep gloom over Bodies were washed ashore and buried after solemn funeral ceremonies in the Unitarian burial ground. Only one man from the *Newton* reached the shore alive, and he perished from the cold. The life-preserver he wore is now in the Whaling Museum.

The quarter-board of the *Haines* is now owned by Mrs. Emma Hayward, who obtained it from her uncle, Walter Swain, who as a lad of 12 years recovered it from the beach sand a few days after the wreck. For a number of years it was nailed to a barn on West Chester street. When Mrs. Hayward secured it she first kept it at her Centre street residence, but now has it in her house on Hinckley Lane.

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A visit to the home of Wallace Long, on Upper Main street, revealed a collection of boards rivaled only by those in the "Wharf Rat Club." Mr. Long, himself a sailor with many years of experience on windjammers along the coast, has not only come into possession of these boards but has also learned the history of each craft, recounting it with revealing gusto.

Perhaps, the outstanding boards in Mr. Long's collection is the pair from the *Warren Sawyer*. This was a large three-masted schooner which became a total loss at Surfside on the 22nd of December, 1884. The *Sawyer* was bound from New Orleans to Boston, and had 1,115 bales of cotton aboard, with 28 tons of scrap iron also in her holds. The crew was saved by the life-savers from Surfside station. About 700 bales of cotton had been landed when a severe storm on January 6, 1885, broke up the vessel, and about 50 per cent. of the cargo was salvaged. The *Sawyer*, valued at $10,000, was insured for $4,000, while her cargo was insured for $55,000.

The *Warren Sawyer's* boards are believed to be the only pair on the island. As far as can be learned, the only other two boards from the same ship are those from the *Julie E. Pratt*, but one of these is at the Wharf Rat Club and the other at the Whaling Museum, while the *Sawyer's* are still together.

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The board of the *J. D. Ingraham* is also here, as are those of the *F. C. Pendelton* and *Charles E. Raymond*. Mr. Long at one time sailed on the *Pendleton*, which was a famous craft in her day, having made a voyage from Africa to New York in 16 days. Wallace was aboard her in 1924, when a movie troupe used the vessel. At this time such well-known stars of the silent screen as Billie Dove, Agnes Ayers, Lila Lee, Martha Mansfield, and Louis Wolheim participated in the filming, the direction being under the watchful eye of Roy Webb, who for some years was well known as a summer resident of 'Sconset.

In the workship may also be found the board of the *Argo*, a schooner which brought the lumber for the St. Mary's Church structure on Federal

street. It was on the 9th of December, 1896, that the *Argo*, bound to this port from Portland, Me., was driven ashore in the Chord of the Bay. She had come down to the bar, the night before, too late to enter the harbor. Her crew was taken off by the Coskata life-savers, and the vessel was afterwards towed into this harbor. After the lumber was removed the *Argo* rolled over and became a total loss on the South beach.

Other boards in Mr. Long's possession are those of the *Elizabeth H. Cook*, the *Lillie O. Wells*, *Leo V. Jordan*, *A. H. Howe*, and *Chester R. Lawrence*. Several of these were obtained in Maine seaports, where he had seen the vessels or had boarded them previously. Because of this intimacy, Mr. Long likes to feel that the ships are still exisiting in spirit, and that their name-boards will constantly remind of their trim lines and billowy canvas.

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The most distinguished board in the Long collection is that of the *Alice M. Lawrence*, which was wrecked on the 5th of December, 1914. The *Lawrence* was the second largest vessel ever lost around Nantucket, being exceeded in size only by the *Wyoming*, another six-master. The *Lawrence* was 305 feet long and 48 feet beam, with a tonnage of 3,132 gross, and was valued at $200,000.

This great vessel was bound from Portland, Me., to Norfolk, Va., in ballast and, oddly enough, struck on the sunken wreck of the *French Van Guilder*, on the edge of Tuckernuck shoal. The crash "broke her back," and for several weeks lighters and tugs concentrated upon saving only her spars, rigging, and other equipment. Her hull was a conspicuous object for some months, until it was set afiire and burned to the water's edge the next year. The hull was afterwards blown up by the government.

Three years later, the British schooner *Unique* struck the hulk of the *Lawrence* and in turn became a total loss. Her crew was taken off by the Muskeget coast guards. Thus, the bones of three ships lie, one upon the other, in a strange grave.

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Taking down a board from the rafters overhead, Mr. Long showed the name *E. M. Roberts*, recounting her story of shipwreck. She was a three-masted schooner, a British vessel, bound from New York to St. John's, N. B., with hard coal. She was driven ashore at Coskata, during a gale from the northeast, on March 7, 1928. The crew remained in the rigging all night, being taken off by the Coskata coast guards the next morning. She became a total loss.

On the 26th of October, 1921, the four-masted schooner *Henry F. Kregar*, loaded with limestone and plaster, struck on Little Round Shoal, east of Nantucket, and became a total loss. The crew was taken off by the Coskata coast guards. Mr. Long made a trip coasting in this schooner a few years previous, sailing under Captain Arthur Stevens, the man who built the *Alice Wentworth*, now owned and sailed by Capt. Zeb. Tilton.

Mr. Long also has the board of the *George B. Ferguson*, wrecked outside Brant Point on December 16, 1904. The schooner was loaded with coal, most of which was saved, but she was never salavaged, her bones rotting almost in the steamer channel. The quarter-board is a "home-made" one, Mr. Long believes.

The schooner *Jerusha Baker*, which was lost on the eastern jetty some time in the early 1900's, is not recorded in the Gardner list of wrecks, but Mr. Long has her quarter-board, and also states that she was an old vessel, having been built in Bridgeport in 1860, and being engaged in coasting for many years.

On February 12th, 1885, a fleet of some thirty vessels put out of Vineyard Haven and made their way up the sound toward Pollock Rip slue. Just past Cross Rip they encountered ice-fields. Some of the vessels turned back; others kept on; still others put over their anchors and waited. On the following day, Sunday, the 15th, the fleet was scattered, while six schooners were caught in the ice. That night, during a gale and snow storm, these six were driven on the shoals off Muskeget.

It was impossible because of the ice to rescue the crews until two days later, when the Muskeget life-savers and the cutter *Gallatin* combined in the rescue work. One of these schooners was named the *Sammy Ford*. A party of Tuckernuckers bought her at aution as she lay, salvaged her cargo of coal, and would have gotten her off but for the laxity of a tug's skipper. Instead of taking advantage of the mild weather, this skipper went over to the Vineyard to attend a dance. Before he returned a half-gale wrecked the schooner beyond hope of saving.

One of the Tuckernuckers who purchased the *Sammy Ford* was Marcus Dunham. He recalls well the incident of the romantic tug-boat captain, and remembers the names of the island catboats salvaging the coal. Today, the quarter-board of the *Sammy Ford* is attached to the barn of Lester Harris, on Eagle Lane, and is in very good condition.

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Two weeks later (March 29th) the three-masted schooner *French Van Guilder*, bound to Port Chester from Gloucester with a cargo of stone paving blocks, struck on Tuckernuck Shoal. The sea in the sound was running so high that crews from Muskeget and Tuckernuck were unable to reach the vessel. The schooner's crew got into their long boat and were driven before the wind close to Tuckernuck, where they were assisted to shore by a party of men there. James E. Smith, of Union street, was one of the Tuckernuckers present.

The *Van Guilder's* crew were given shelter in the Smith home. Capt. Herbert P. Smith, who was a lad of six at the time, recalls well the incident. One of the sailors was a negro from the West Indies, who wore large earrings. During an argument with a companion sailor over the loan of a bit of tobacco, this fellow said: "No, ye can't have any. Of all my father's children I like myself the best."

The words, and their manner of delivery by the negro, made a deep impression on the listening boy, and Capt. Smith never forgot them nor the scene.

The schooner became a total loss, only the sails, rigging and spars being salvaged. James E. Smith took part in this work, and speaks of the danger to one of the men at a time when the stays to a mast parted when the fellow was aloft. The quarter-board of the schooner was on Tuckernuck for many years, but has since disappeared.

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If there is a happy hunting ground for the memories of ships and sailormen, then Old North Wharf deserves to be so designated. Retaining the distinct charm of old boating days, and preserving the memory of whaling and ship-chandlery eras, the wharf is a unique place on Nantucket's waterfront.

On a building at the head of the wharf, facing Easy street, a quarter-board has been nailed for many years. Its faded letters proclaim the name *Papa Luigi C.*—an Italian bark that was wrecked on the south shore on the night of March 21st, 1877. While it may be a far cry from sunny Sicily, where the *Papa Luigi C.* loaded her cargo of brimstone and wine and put away for the Atlantic and Boston in the United States, this weather-beaten name-board is a link that binds maritime worlds together. The crew of the bark was saved by the Surfside lifesavers, but the vessel was a total loss.

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A few doors below the resting place of the *Papa Luigi C.* a gilded billet-head protrudes over the door of a low structure. This is one of the few bits of wreckage that came ashore here from the six-masted schooner *Wyoming*, which was lost in Nantucket sound with all hands on the 11th of March, 1924. The *Wyoming* was 330 feet long, of 3,730 tons, and had a crew of thirteen. A hoop from one of her masts, measuring over a yard in diameter, is among the marine relics of the Historical Association.

James H. Wood, Sr., accompanied by youthful Albert Olcott, was walking along the beach one day when he came upon the billet-head, half buried in the sand. The two sawed off the head and brought it to town, subsequently selling it to Austin Strong.

On one of Mr. Carlisle's buildings across the way, is the name-board of the *Mary F. Slade*. It is said that the board came ashore at Surfside, but nothing definite can be learned about her at this time.

Over the door-way to Leland Topham's shanty is the name *Sakuntala*, scrawled in crude letters on a piece of plank. This represents a fishing boat which sailed out of this port not so long ago.

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The sanctum of the "Wharf Rat Club" in the building of "Perry & Coffin," contains not only a large collection of quarter-boards but other marine paraphernalia as well. Here the genial presence of Commodore Herbert Coffin presides, both winter and summer, a veritable mine of information in regard to Nantucket, the fellow Wharf Rats, the weather, or the times.

Mr. Coffin first pointed to the large board reading *Minnie C. Taylor*. It was obtained from the wreck of the vessel by five men—Reuben C. Small, Robert Mack, Herbert Coffin, William Sandsbury, and Fred Coffin. Only Herbert Coffin remains to tell of this incident.

The *Minnie C. Taylor* was lost on the 13th day of January, 1894. She was bound from New York to Boston with 1,500 barrels of lubricating oil. She became iced up while at anchor near Cross Rip, broke adrift and went ashore in the Chord of the Bay. The crew had to extinguish a fire which broke out in the forecastle as the vessel snapped her best bower, and had no sooner extinguished the blaze than the three-master struck. The crew of the Coskata life-saving station shot a line over her and took off the men. The *Taylor* became a total loss, only sails, spars and parts of her rigging being saved. About 1000 barrels of her cargo, however, were saved and carted to town at $1.25 per barrel .

The board of the *Merriwa* occupies a place close to the *Taylor's*. It was in February, 1884, that the *Merriwa* was wrecked on Great Point. Her crew was taken off by the Coskata life-savers, it being the first rescue performed by this station. The *Merriwa* was a brig, loaded with coal, bound from South Amboy to Boston. She became a total loss, although some coal was saved.

Another brig's quarter-board hangs close by, that of the *M. C. Haskell*. She was not wrecked on Nantucket, and cannot be identified with the list of lost vessels.

The board of the *Julie E. Pratt* is here, also. She was a lumber schooner, wrecked on Great Point at 2 o'clock in the morning of August 25, 1886. Her crew took to the long-boat and were rescued by steamer *Marthas Vineyard* off Tuckernuck shoal. The *Pratt* soon after went to pieces. The mate to this board is in the Whaling Museum.

Of more recent date is the board of the fishing sloop *Governor Fuller*, which was driven ashore at Wauwinet only a few years ago. The board of Parker Hall's schooner *Angler* was

picked up at Coskata, although the craft was lost in Long Island Sound, and is now in the collection of Mr. Coffin's.

Another craft which cannot really be affiliated with the list of wrecks around Nantucket is that of the *Laura M. Mangam*, a craft wrecked in other waters but whose boards have drifted ashore here and now are displayed at the Club.

The quarter-board of the *Thomas H. Lawrence* has an unusual story. It is in two pieces, one of which was picked up on Smith's point, and the other near the jetties. At first it was believed that the schooner had gone to pieces somewhere on the shoals north of the island, and when it was learned that the schooner was still afloat and had not suffered any mishap the news caused considerable surprise. At length the facts showed that part of the board had been wrenched off in some manner, and the remaining portion was pried lose and thrown into the sea. In such a way did the board come to its resting place in the Club.

A life preserver from the *Jacob S. Winslow*, of Portland; a piece from the wreckage of the U. S. hydroplane A-781, which crashed on Coatue flats on April 17, 1918; a ship-model which was dredged up from Davis Shoal; the board from the coal barge *L. & W. B.* tucket Golf Links four years ago, are among other interesting marine bits in the room.

At one time, not so many years ago, across the dock from the Wharf Rats' headquarters was a basin, on the south side of Steamboat wharf, where "party-boats" once held rendezvous. The basin is gone; the Adams shanty is only a memory; the skippers have long since steered for another land. But on the walls of Commodore Coffin's shop rest the name-boards of a number of these party-boats. There is the *Dauntless*, famous catboat of the doughty Capt. Barzillai Burdett, boat-builder and yachtsman; opposite is the *Lizzie Roberta*, in which Capt. Alden Adams sailed all about the island; in another corner reposes the board of the *Priscilla*, Capt. Benjamin Morris' staunch craft; and that of the *Isabel*, which was owned and handled by Capt. Charles Coffin, father of the present Commodore of the Wharf Rat Club, is also here.

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In Irvin Wyer's stable on North Centre street is part of the board of the *Rebecca R. Douglas*, a two-masted schooner which was struck and sunk by the steamer *Eastern Crown* in the slue of Pollock Rip, September 17, 1926. The crew was rescued by one of the Coast Guard boats stationed here. The portion owned by Mr. Wyer has the word *Rebecca* on it.

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In the garden of the Minshall estate on Main Street is the figure-head of the Nantucket whaleship *Richard Mitchell*. She was a famous ship in the "palmy days" of the island's history, having been built at Mattapoisett in 1829, and sailing from this port under various captains until the year 1856, when Capt. Thaddeus Defriez brought her in, and she was soon after sold to Edgartown parties. The *Richard Mitchell* was the successor to another craft of the same name which was lost on her first voyage, being driven ashore at Fayal in the year 1828.

Another whaeship memento is the tiller of the ship *Lima*. For years the wooden arm was used to hang the sign for the Crosby coal company on Whale street. When that business was sold the Historical Association obtained the tiller. The *Lima* is not only one of Nantucket's great ships but a craft that left a record unsurpassed by ships of any nation. Her active career lasted more than half a century of continual sailing, which took her to every corner of the watery globe.

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On a barn in the rear of the Capt. William Baxter estate on upper Main street, the quarter-board of the ship *Shanunga* was a familiar object for thirty years or more. The *Shanunga* was wrecked at Tom Nevers Head in February, 1852. She was bound from New Orleans to Boston, and had 1,823 bales of cottton aboard. Most of her cargo was discharged, but the ship was never gotten off, and she was finally stripped and her hull sold for $100. When the barn was taken down a few years ago, the *Shanunga's* quarter-board vanished, and its present whereabouts is unknown to the writer.

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When the record of ships lost on or about the shores of Nantucket is rescanned, one wonders what has become of the hundreds of name-boards which must have been rescued. On the island of Tuckernuck alone a dozen have vanished with the passage of time, being laid away in some forgotten place to rot, or else long since used in the construction of an out-building.

Within a few years a number of boards have mysteriously disappeared. There was that of the *Richard Leaming*, the *Shenandoah*, the *John W. Hall*, the *Shanunga*, the *Minmaneuth*, and many others.

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The Maddequet Admiralty has the quarter-board of the *Emma*, presented to them by Everett Chapel. There were two vessels named the *Emma*, and both were lost near Muskeget. The first of that name was loaded with coal and came ashore at Muskeget in 1879, during the same storm that six other schooners were lost in the vicinity. The second *Emma* was dismasted and wrecked after a collision with a companion schooner named the *Erie*, the accident taking place in Muskeget channel in February, 1899. The board presented the Admiralty by Mr. Chapel came from the earlier schooner *Emma*.

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Some ships are like ancient ghosts, their names have the mystery of unfathomed years, and they have left little or no material thing to preserve their memory. Such ships were the *Sir Sidney Smith* and the *Douglass*, prize vessels of privateers during the War of 1812, both lost off the southeastern shores, the former going down with all hands. Then there was the *Packet*, bound to these shores from Russia, and wrecked at Miacomet, with the solitary survivor wandering over the commons into Newtown. Then there was the *Ranger* and the *Ann*, two schooners driven ashore at Squam during a blizzard. The shipwrecked mariners crawled on their hands and knees along a fence to a sheep-shed and safety, and the two sons of the captain of the *Ann* carried him through the storm within a mile of a farmhouse, then collapsed to expire, while the father crawled on to reach the house and live.

In Wallace Hall on Main street is a large mirror from the prize ship *Queen*, which had a cargo valued at $500,000 when taken by the American

Continued on Fourth Page.

The Barkentine *Culdoon*, Ashore at Nobadeer in March, 1898. She had a cargo of 1,142 bales of wool when she ran onto the beach during a dense fog. Her cargo was discharged on the beach. She was later hauled off by the tug *Right Arm*. The bales of wool were carted to town for shipment.

THE BRIG *POINSETT*, WRECKED AT NOBADEER AUGUST 30, 1871, LADEN WITH SUGAR.
The view is from a painting by George Fish and shows some of the casks being hauled ashore. The vessel soon broke up, only 40 casks being saved. The wreckage was strewn for miles along the shore.

HEROIC RESCUE AT WRECK OF THE SCHOONER *EVELINE TREAT* IN OCTOBER, 1865.
The schooner, laden with coal, came ashore near Miacomet Pond. She was 300 feet in back of the breakers, with five men in the rigging, when sighted from the tower. A line was shot over her but the line snarled as the aged Captain Pilbrook was being hauled ashore. Frederick W. Ramsdell went out on the rope, hand-over-hand, to untangle the rope and save the man's life as well as those of the other men.

privateer "General Armstrong". The "Queen" became a total loss off Nobsdeer in January, 1813, and her cargo was strewn along-shore for miles. How such a fragile thing as a mirror was saved is one of the oddities of shipwreck. —

Perhaps the most eerie tale concerns the survivors of the wrecked whaling schooner "Louden," of this port. They were being taken down past the beach at Scoset on a raft by the tide, and would have been lost but for the fact that a woman, who lay dying in a house in the village, persisted in muttering that she heard their cries coming from the water. Others listened, heard the shouts for help, and went out to rescue them. This remarkable incident occurred in June, 1774.

In the old Gardner Burial Ground may be seen two ancient headstones, erected to the memory of those lost from the English ship "Paoli," wrecked on Great Point during a violent gale and snow storm in December, 1771. On one stone appears the following: "Here lies buried Capt. Thomas Delap of Barnstable, Son of James Delap & Mrs. Mary his wife he was cast ashore on Nantucket December ye 6th 1771 & perished in ye Snowstorm, There aged 34 yrs 5 Mos. & 11 days."

The companion stone bears the following:

"Here lies Mr. Amos Otis of Barnstable Son of Solomon Otis Esq. & Mrs. Jane his wife he was cast ashore on Nantucket December ye 6th 1771 & perished in ye Snowstorm there aged 24 yrs. 5 Mos. & 11 days.

Only three on board the "Paoli" were saved. These two men and a boy named John Weiderhold - reached a barn at Squam and by burrowing in some hay kept from freezing. The boy Wierderhold remained on Nantucket during the remainder of his life. His descendants, still living here, are Mrs. Hobert Prindle & Mrs. Clifton Mayo.

On Steamboat wharf is a bell used to help the steamers dock in foggy weather. Its clamor has been heard on other occasions, also, but few of those who listen know where the bell was first obtained. It was brought ashore here in August, 1897, being rescued from the wreck of the fishing schooner "William G. McDonald," which came ashore at Great Point on January 30 of that year.

No story of ship-wrecks would be complete without a word about the work of the little fishing steamer "Petrel" which for more than a quarter-century made Commercial wharf her home. Of the original "Crew" of this vessel only two remain, "Dick" Barret & James Everett Smith. Mr. Smith, who is in his 78th year now lives on Union St., but for many years resided on Tuckernuck, his birthplace. He had been a boatman for more

than fifty years when he retired a few years ago. His memory is still keen & he recalled several interesting anecdotes in relation to the "Petrel", which show the daring seamanship of the men who manned her.

One of the "Petrel's" first bit of rescue work was characteristic of her entire career "wrecking". The schooner "St Elmo" had foundered among the shoals 12 miles east of Sankaty on March 31 — 1898. Two days later Keeper Rayfsen through his skyglass sighted her topmasts & sent word to town & 'Sconset. The Humane Society's boat put off from 'Sconset with the following at the oars: James P. Coffin, James A. Holmes, Horace Folger, Horace C. Orpin, Octavus W. Lewis, Arthur McCleave, Manuel Sylvia, Asa F. Meiggs, Charles S. Gliddon, Leander Small, Edward H. Rose & John P. Taber. The boat was nearing the wreck when a fishing smack signalled, came alongside and placed in their charge the solitary survivor of the wreck, a man who had been lashed to the rigging for two days.

Meanwhile the "Petrel" arrived on the scene, took the boat in tow & quickly covered the 12 miles to the beach at 'Sconset. The man was hurried to town, & though utterly helpless was nursed back to health.

The following month the "Petrel" towed the schooner "William E. Young" to safety. A few days later the waterlogged & abandoned schooner "Stephen Morris", was taken in tow off Surfside & carried safely into Vineyard Haven. A boat's crew from shore attempted to beat the "Petrel" to the side of the schooner, but the steamer won & secured $500. in salvage money.

The following month the "Petrel" was awarded another $500. for salvaging the fishing schooner "Lizzie M. Center," ashore at the head of Hummock pond.

During the next year the "Petrel" salvaged the schooner "Demozelle" and cargo, stranded on Ldry Shoal. The large 3 masted schooner "Emma C. Middleton" was hauled off the shore at the west side of Great Point by the little steamer in April, 1900.

The subsequent career of the "Petrel" would make a sizable yarn of its own, but it is enough for this rambling dissertation & wrecking to state that if the crew of the steamer had desired to make a collection of quarter-boards, wrecks, an interesting & valuable chapter in the islands maritime history would have been presented.

On the front lawn of the Nantucket Yacht Club is a large capstan, which for more than a decade has been the hub of lawn activities there. It came from the wreck of the English iron steamship "Cannonbury" lost on the "Old Man" shoal off 'Sconset, on the 28th of March 1888. With the

exception of one man, who had been ill & who died shortly after reaching shore, the entire crew was rescued by Capt. Veeder & his Surfside life-savers, who had rowed along-shore down to the wreck.

The "Cannonbury" was bound from Matanzas to Boston, with a full cargo of sugar. Shortly afterwards the ship worked off & drifted onto Pollock Rip, a short distance from shore off Low Beach, Scituate, where she was the object of many curiosity seekers for many months.

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On the north shore, a few yards beyond Sachem Spring, lies the bones of a ship which show clearly at high tide. This bit of wreckage is all that remains of the "Asia" a full rigged ship, bound from the Phillippines to Boston, with a cargo of hemp, & lost on Feb. 20 1898, when she struck on Round Shoal during a furious easterly gale & snow-storm. There were 25 aboard the craft, and the first knowledge of the disaster came two days later when a tug picked up the frozen bodies of the mate & the Captain's little daughter, clasped in each other's arms. Only 3 seamen were saved, and these were picked up by the crew of Handkerchief lightship. The "Asia" & her cargo were valued at more than $125,000. Pieces of her hull eventually came ashore near Sachem Spring, and are still there.

Between Squam Head & Quidnet, a recent storm disclosed the wreckage which washed ashore from the wreck of the ship "George P. Hudson" a large 5 masted schooner sunk in Great Round Shoal channel after being in collision with the steamship "Middlesex" during a heavy fog. Two men were killed, & 9 others escaped into the sea & were rescued by the steamer's boats. Capt. Thomas refused to leave the vessel & went down with her.

On August 25, 1885, the schooner "Oregon" Capt Abner Scott, bound to New Bedford with curbing, struck on Great Point rip & was beached at Wauwinet to keep her from foundering. Part of the present curbing on Gay Street came from her. Frank E. Mitchell, highway surveyor, having purchased part of the cargo. The vessel was broken up, and one of the summer cottages at Wauwinet has some of her timbers & planking which was used in its construction.

In the Whaling Museum repose, and imposing array of things historic, a majority of which pertain to the great industry which made Nantucket famous throughout the world. Even the skeleton wording of a summary of its contents would fill many a column, and so

this account must treat only of a few things which have come from ships now half-forgotten.

First, must be listed the titles of the "Lima" mentioned before in this article. A sign hangs below its 12 foot length, giving the years of her service. "First" Voyage, 1840, Condemned at Rio de Janeiro, 1842. In such laconic words the words the remarkable career of this great ship. When Capt. Solomon Swain took her out on her first voyage she was just an ordinary island whaleship, but when her last master Capt. Obed Luce, was forced to condemn her at Rio, outward bound, she had established a record equalled by few ships of her day & since.

On the west side of the Museum are mementos of 2 other well known whalers. One is the stern-board of the Ship NAPOLEON. This craft was built at Rochester in 1838. Several island whaleships were built here the "Henry Clay" the "Young Hero" "James Loper" & others.

The "Napoleon" sailed on her first voyage in 1838. under Capt. William Plaskett returning home in that same months four years later. She then made successive voyages under Capts. Elisha Fisher, Stephen Gibbs, and William Holley, but her last 2 voyages were disappointing & she was sold to New Bedford in 1854. She made good voyages out of her new port. On one of them, from 1869 — 1872 Fred V. Fuller of this town, then a boy of 5 accompanied his father & mother. Mr. Fuller's father Capt. William C. Fuller was a successful whaling master & when he retired took up his residence on Orange Street — a thoroughfare noted as having more whaling Captains living on it than any other street in the World.

Close by the "Napoleon's" stern-board is a deeply carved quarter-board from the whaleship CITIZEN.

This vessel was built in Boston in 1844 and sailed in that year from this port under Capt. Hiram Bailey. She was gone 5 years at this time & returned with a full cargo of oil & bone. Capt. Richard Bailey took her out on her next voyage, which was to the North Pacific. She sailed for the last time from this port in 1855, when Capt. William Cash took her to the Pacific Ocean again. In 1859 she was sold to New York.

The "Citizen's" board is almost in the shadow of the huge 18 foot sperm whale's jaw which Capt. Cash captured & brought home with him while in command of the ISLANDER in the 1860's.

There's a number of other seafaring articles which serve as mementos of the ships they were once part of. For instance there is the medicine chest of the whaleship PLANTER: the seachest from the "Sea Lion": a lantern from the "Rose": the office box of the New

Bedford craft "Osceola 2nd", and cabin door panels from the Bark "WANDERER", wrecked on Cuttyhunk on her last voyage outward bound about 10 years ago. Over doorways are models of the hulls of the famous whalers MOHAWK & NAVIGATOR. George Grant, the present well-known custodian of the Whaling Museum, was taken aboard the "Mohawk" his father's ship, at the age of 6 months, having been born at the Samoan Islands during the voyage. His interest in this model of his father's old ship can well be imagined.

The life-preserver of the NEWTON South shore on Christmas Eve, 1865, is also among the Museum's collection, the German vessel wrecked — Only one man reached the beach alive, the mate, & he perished trying to crawl across the Commons. About his body was the life preserver. It was presented to the Museum by Lieut. Lester Folger, whose grandfather, Peter Folger was wreck Commissioner at the time.

A piece of wreckage from the Warship NIAGARA is also in this corner. The Niagara was Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry's second flagship during his famous victory on Lake Erie in the war of 1812. For over 100 years the hull of the vessel lay near the shore on the bottom of the lake. When it was raised a piece of the deck planking was obtained & presented to the Nantucket Historical Assn.

There are a number of quarter-boards from merchant vessels here, also the other board of the "Julia E. Pratt" is here, its mate being at the Wharf Rat Club. The board of the "Mary H. Banks" is also here, but it can not be otherwise identified with Nantucket. Similarly nothing is known of the "A. M. Acken" whose board is in the Museum.

On October 15 - 1857, the Bark "John Swasey" of & for Salem from the coast of Africa with a cargo of palm oil, coffee and ivory, was wrecked near the head of Long Pond. Most of her cargo was saved but she became a total loss. Her quarter-board, looking its age, but still sound, reposes close to the big wheel on the east side of the Museum.

On one of William Wallace's boathouses off Beach St. the quarter-board of schooner "Crozimbo" & T.W. Cooper are fixed. The "Cooper" so far as can be learned was not lost about these shores, but the board of the "Crozimbo" was picked up on the beach at the east end of it in 1902. This schooner left Calais, Me. in March 1902, at the same time as the schooner "Fly Away". Both craft were loaded with lumber. They were caught in a gale sounding the Cape & were dismasted. The "Fly Away" drifted to & fro off the coast last end until Keeper Remsen of Saukaty sighted her &

gave the alarm. The Surfside crew rescued 5 survivors. While many believe the "Orozimbo" suffered a like fate. Patrick Robinson, of 14 N. Water St." for many years caretaker of Mr. Wallace's property is of the opinion that the schooner escaped with the loss of her quarter-board & deck load of lumber.

The capstan of the 3 masted schooner "T.W. Witherspoon" is now on the lawn in front of the Maddequet Admiralty's building at Madaket.

The wreck of the "Witherspoon" was one of the most heartrending of all those which have taken place around these shores, and is perhaps the most outstanding in the recollection of Nantucketers now living.

It was about 5 o'clock on the morning of January 10-1886 that the big schooner came ashore on the south side of the island during a fierce gale & snowstorm. She was bound to Boston from Surinam with a cargo of sugar, spices, molasses, etc.

Despite the severe cold, hundreds of people hurried out to her aid. But when they arrived at the scene they found themselves powerless to help.

It was impossible to launch a boat in such a tremendous sea, although a number of islanders attempted to put a raft through the surf & nearly lost their lives. After various trys all through the morning & afternoon, a line from the mortar gun was finally shot over the vessel and was made fast by one of the two active sailors left alive.

Never was a more tragic scene enacted than that which took place on the stormy shore. While the watchers on the beach stood by helplessly the shipwrecked sailors died by inches in the rigging, dropping off into the sea when their frozen bodies at last gave up the ghost. Of the 9 on board only 2 were saved, to be hauled to the beach in a breeches-buoy after dark hid the harrowing sight from horror-stricken eyes. One of the survivors was the mate, who had watched his wife & little boy perish before his eyes after a sea had broken into the cabin.

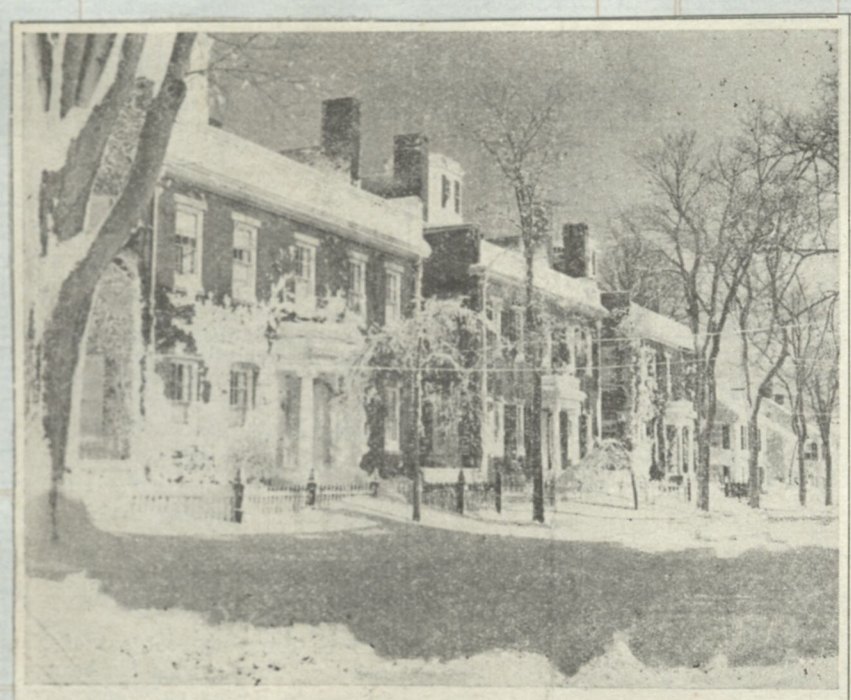
The wheel of the "Warren Sawyer" is now owned by the Maddequet Admiralty and commands a prominent place in the new club-house at Madaket.

There are doubtless several other quarter-boards in private collections here. They are a unique bit of nautical flotsam, and echo as grim memories of the days when wood and canvas and iron men ruled the wave

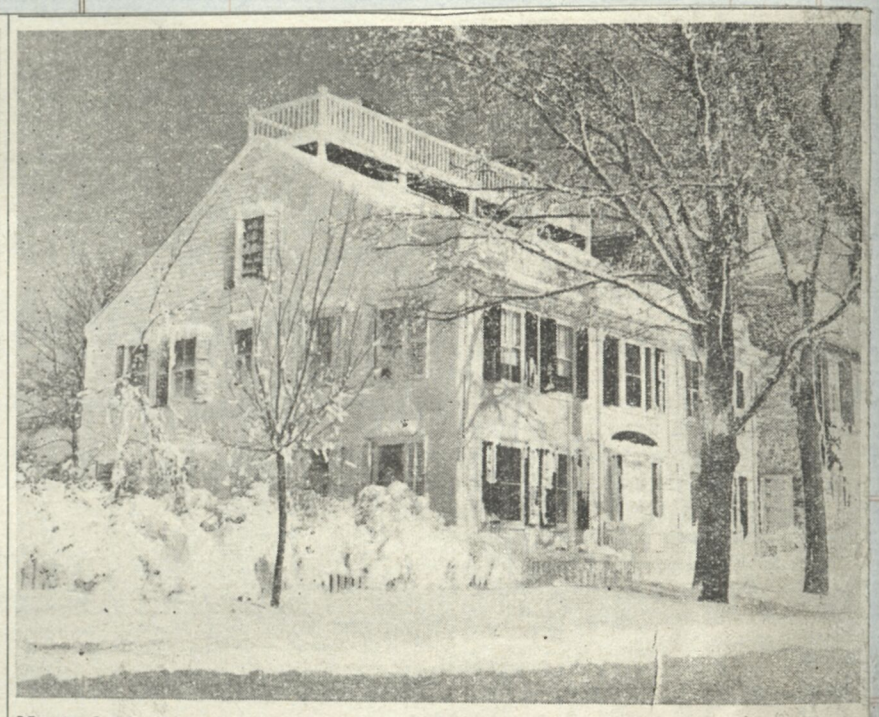
SCENE ON THE NORTH BEACH WEDNESDAY MORNING AFTER THE BLACKFISH HAD BEEN SLAUGHTERED.

LOOKING FROM THE BLUFFS, SHOWING CROWD ON THE BEACH AND BLACKFISH LYING IN THE WASH. STEAMER PETREL IN DISTANCE.

THE STATE HIGHWAY AT JUNCTION WITH ROAD TO TAR VILLAGE.



The "Three Bricks" as they appeared the morning after the snow storm of February 27. *Photo by Glidden*



Nantucket's famous "Macy House", on Main street, photographed after the snow storm of February 27. *Photo by Glidden*

THE "UPPER SQUARE" AT THE BANK STEPS.

'SCONSET'S "MAIN STREET" TO POSTOFFICE SQUARE

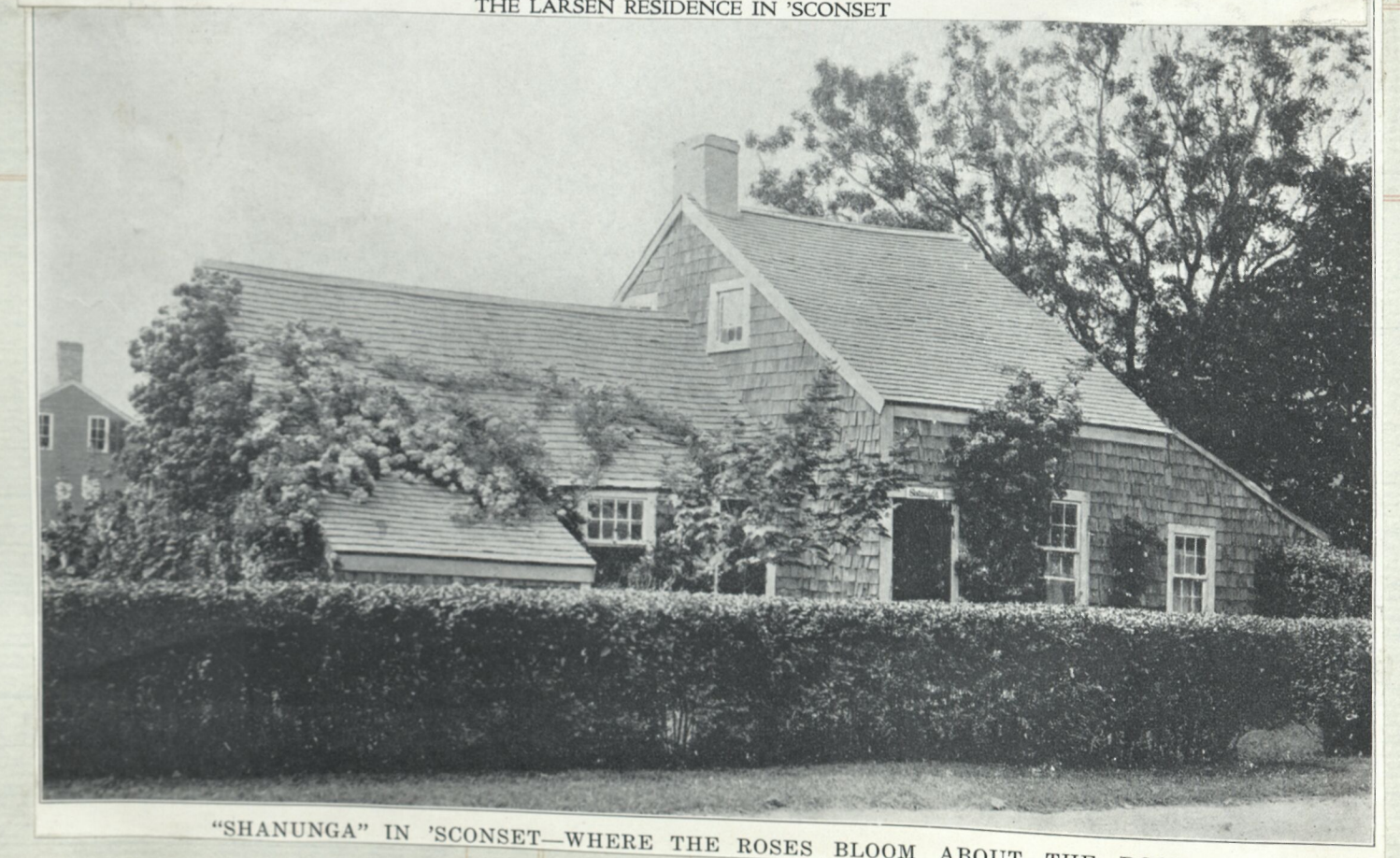
ONE OF 'SCONSET'S QUIET STREETS.

"PUMP SQUARE" IN 'SCONSET YEARS AGO.

BELOW THE BANK IN 'SCONSET

Photo by Fee

THE LARSEN RESIDENCE IN 'SCONSET



"SHANUNGA" IN 'SCONSET—WHERE THE ROSES BLOOM ABOUT THE DOOR

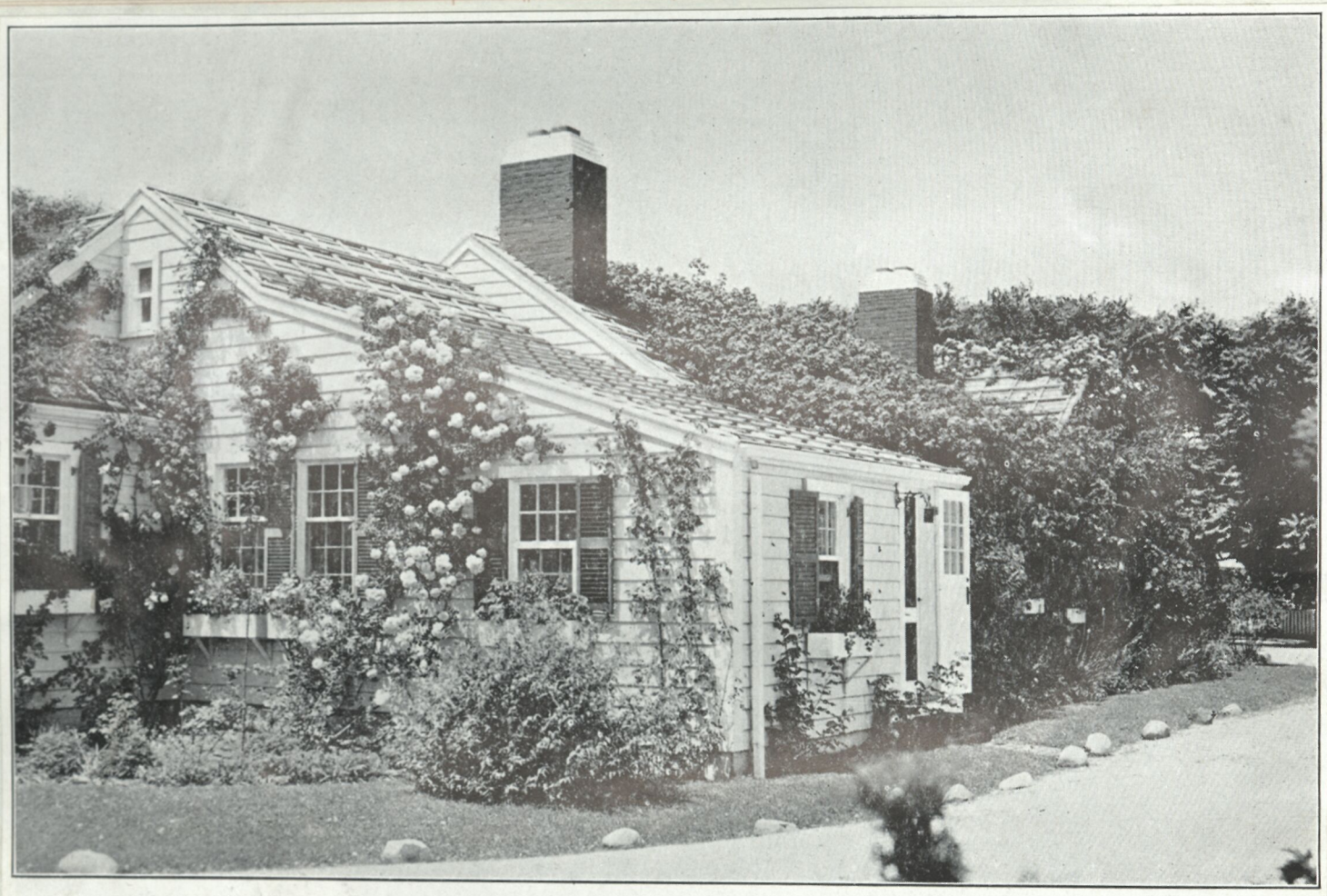
JACKSON STREET IN 'SCONSET

Photo by Fee

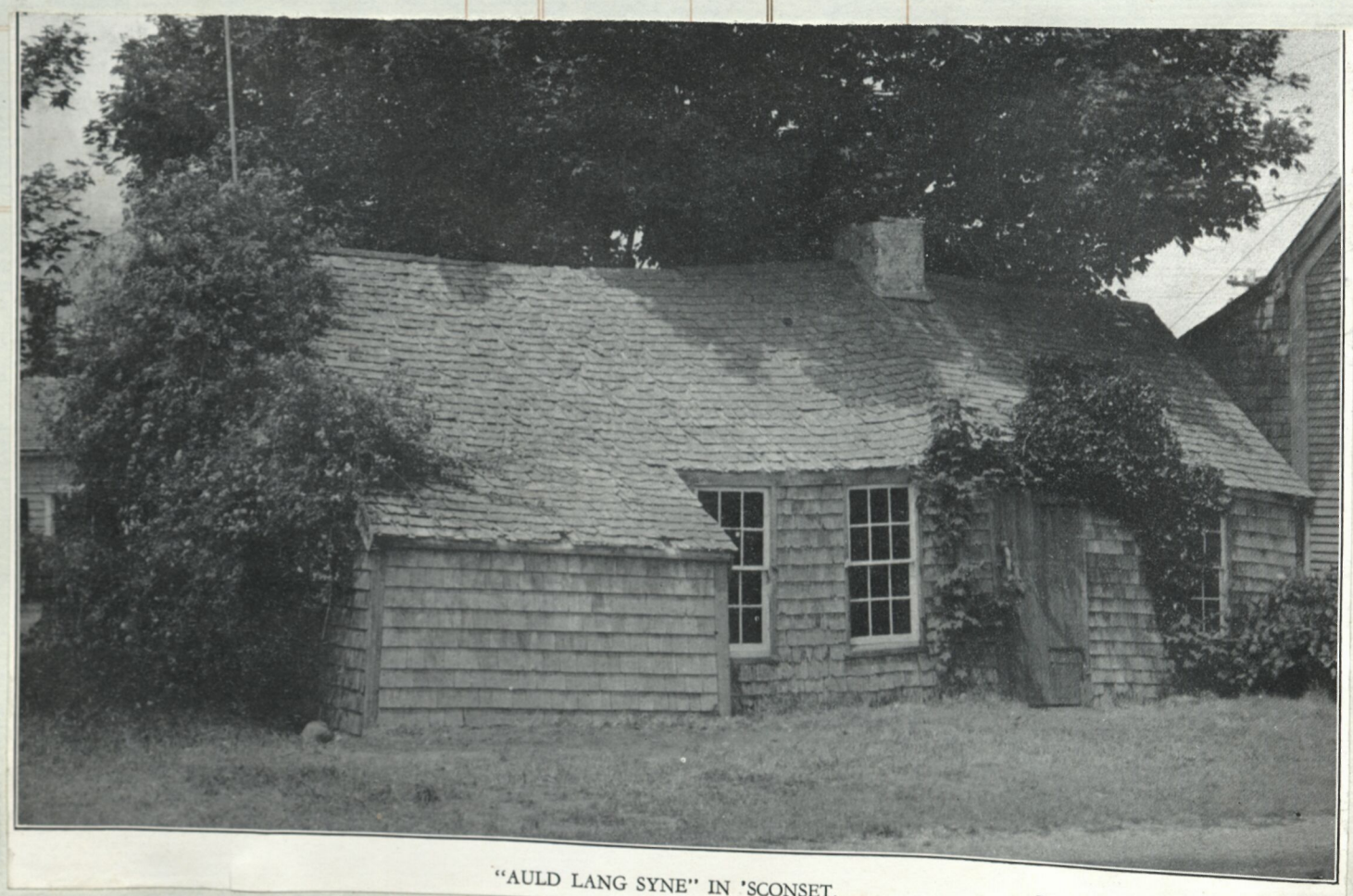
ALONG BROADWAY IN THE VILLAGE OF 'SCONSET.

HOWARD STREET

ROSE COVERED "SARAH WOOD" ON McKINLEY AVENUE IN 'SCONSET.



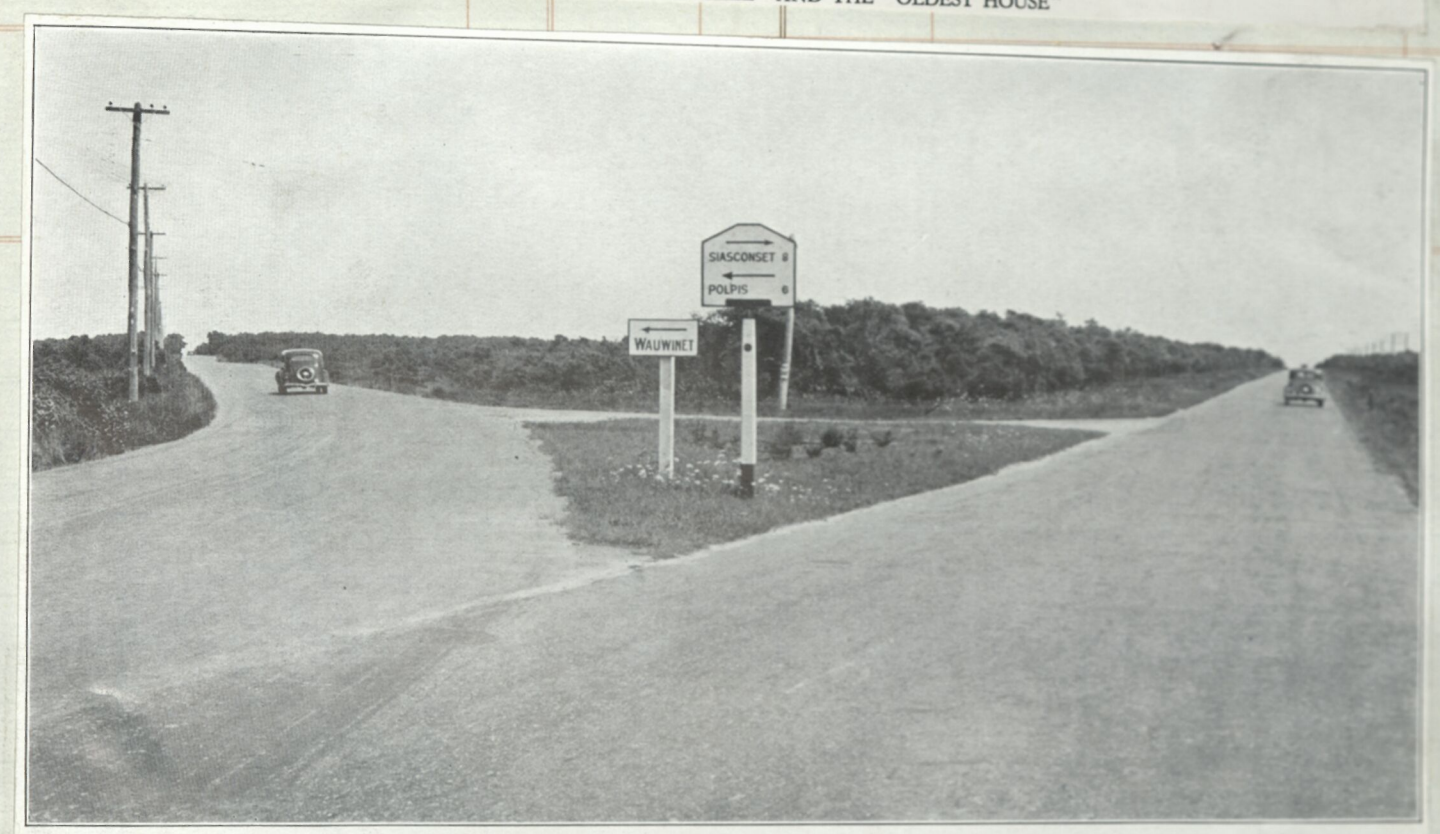
WHEN 'SCONSET'S ROSES BLOOM AROUND THE DOOR



"AULD LANG SYNE" IN 'SCONSET.

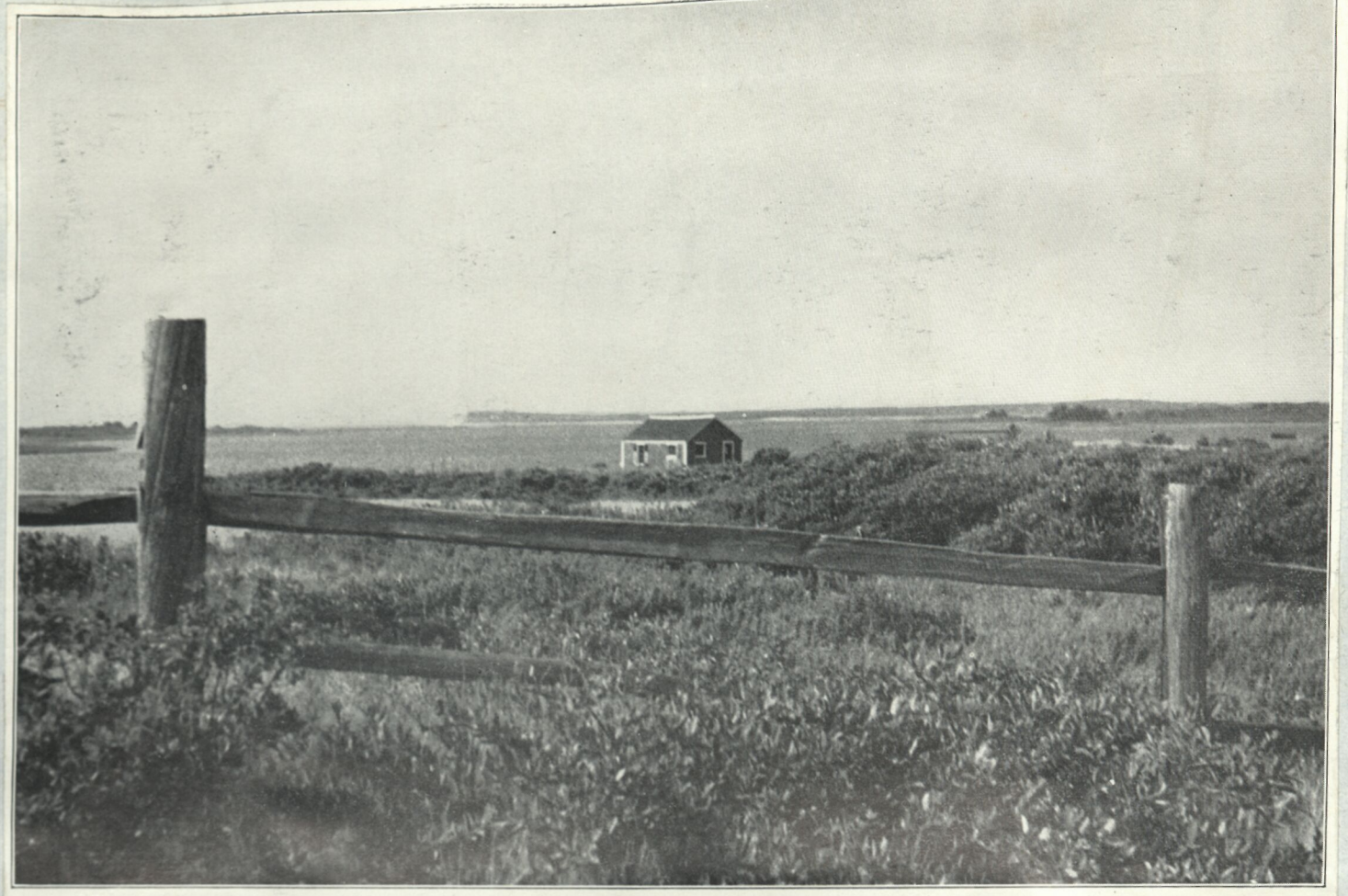
Photo by Dorothy Webster

THE ROAD UP TO "SUNSET HILL" AND THE "OLDEST HOUSE"



THE JUNCTION OF THE STATE HIGHWAY AND POLPIS ROAD.

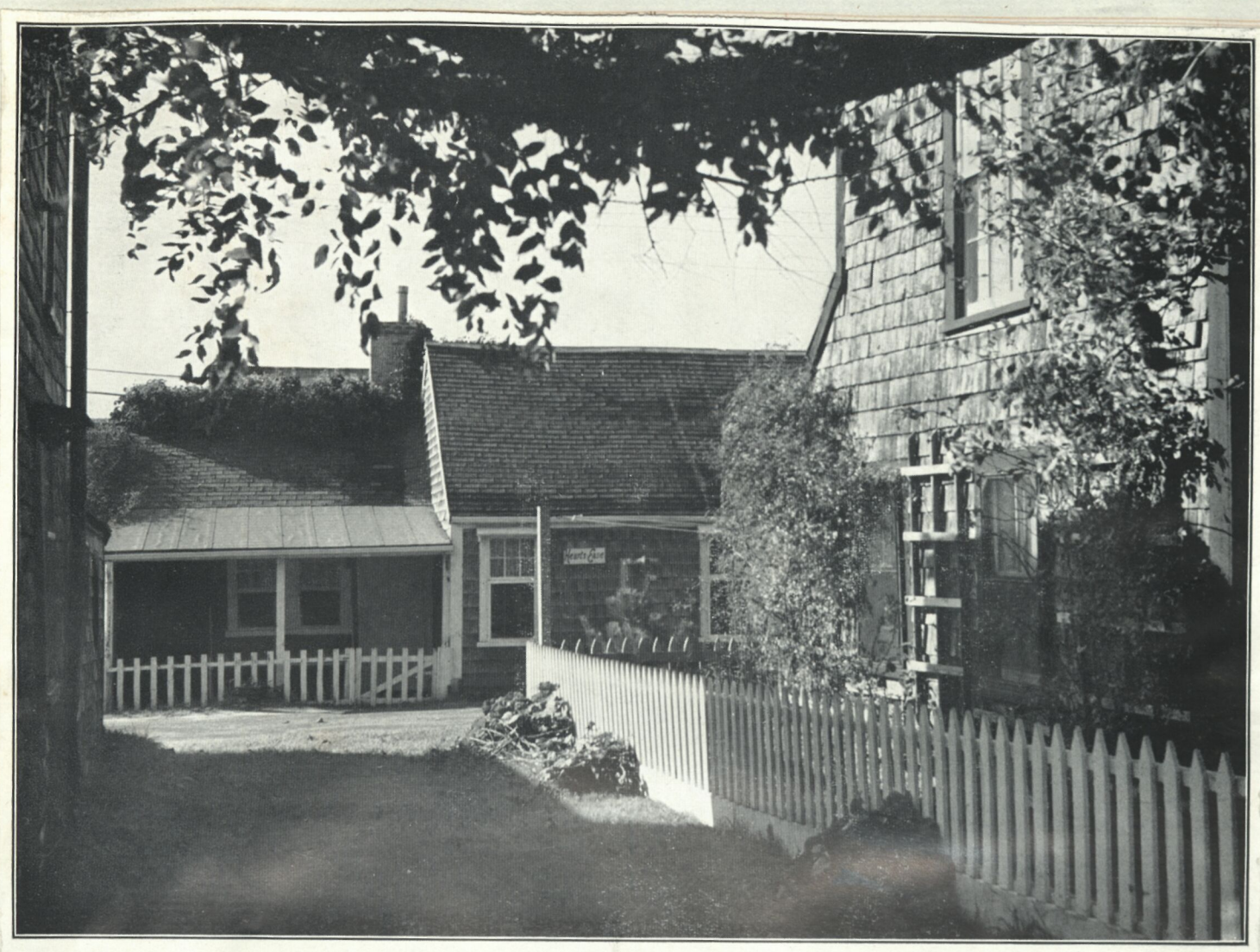
SCONSET'S GULLEY BRIDGE



POLPIS HARBOR

WHY WAS THIS CALLED "SILVER STREET?"

Photo by Davidson



A SHADY 'SCONSET LANE

Photo by Turner

THE OLD MILL

THE OLD MILL was built in 1746 by Nathan Wilbur, a Nantucket sailor. The framework is of hewn oak beams, taken largely from wrecks of ships, pegged together with hickory pins. The Mill is operated entirely by wind power, with the original curious wooden machinery and grinding stones. The Mill grinds corn when the proper type is available and the meal is placed on sale.

There were four other wind mills on Nantucket, three of which were in the immediate vicinity. This, the only remaining Mill, had several owners prior to its purchase in 1897 by Miss Caroline French, who presented it to the Nantucket Historical Association.

For many years this easternmost of the four mills on the range of hills was known as the Timothy Swain Mill. In 1828 it narrowly missed disaster when Jared Gardner purchased it for $20 intending to tear it down for firewood. But its durable qualities redeemed it in its new owner's eyes and it continued to be used as a mill.

Go west on Main street. Turn left on Pleasant street Proceed along Pleasant. Look to right for Old Mill.

THE NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Takes Pleasure in Presenting

A Program of

"Melville and Nantucket"

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1951

Unitarian Church **3 p. m.**

Invocation — Rev. William P. Horton
Pastor, Unitarian Church of Nantucket

"From the Look-Out" — Edouard A. Stackpole
President, Nantucket Historical Association

"Melville and Nantucket" — Prof. Wilson L. Heflin
Dept. of History and English, U. S. Naval Academy

In the vestibule of the Church, on display in the show case, are first editions of Melville's "Moby-Dick," loaned by Dr. Walter Boyd, of Main Street, and Richard M. Lederer, of Polpis; a first edition of "Omoo," loaned by Mr. Lederer; first editions of "Typee," "Omoo," "Redburn," "Piazza Tales," and "Israel Potter," all loaned for this occasion by Mrs. L. A. Chambliss, of Main Street, and a presentation copy of Macy's "History of Nantucket," enscribed to Herman Melville by Thomas Macy (1852), also loaned by Mrs. Chambliss. Also on display is a photostatic copy of the crew-list of the whaleship *Acushnet*, with Melville's signature, as he began his famous voyage in 1840 out of Fairhaven, Mass.

May 27-1956

'No Seats for the Mighty'

The fame of Nantucket's Wharf Rat Club, which is devoted to nothing more weighty than good companionship and good talk, has spread over a large part of the world during the past several decades, thanks to its unique burgee—a pipe-smoking white rat rampant on a field of blue. This pennant has fluttered from proud mastheads in most of the world's chief ports—even unto Little America—as globe-trotting members carry it with them wherever they go. The Wharf Rats are at one and the same time one of the most democratic and most exclusive societies extant. You don't have to have a dime to be invited in, yet you couldn't buy your way in with $1,000,000. Membership is by invitation only and anybody who has the time to spend a few hours per day on Nantucket's Old North Wharf is eligible.

First requisite, of course, is that you love Nantucket. Second, perhaps, that you appreciate a good "gam." The club was born in the salty atmosphere of this Old North Wharf store. Members refer to each other as "rats." "Rats" pictured here, left to right, Boston's retired City Clerk Wilfred J. Doyle, Commodore Herbert H. Coffin and playwright Austin Strong. Coffin and Strong are now deceased.

Here's a typical Wharf Rat Club session, just some relaxing conversation under ideal conditions on a beautiful Summer day. The club motto: "No seats for the mighty!"

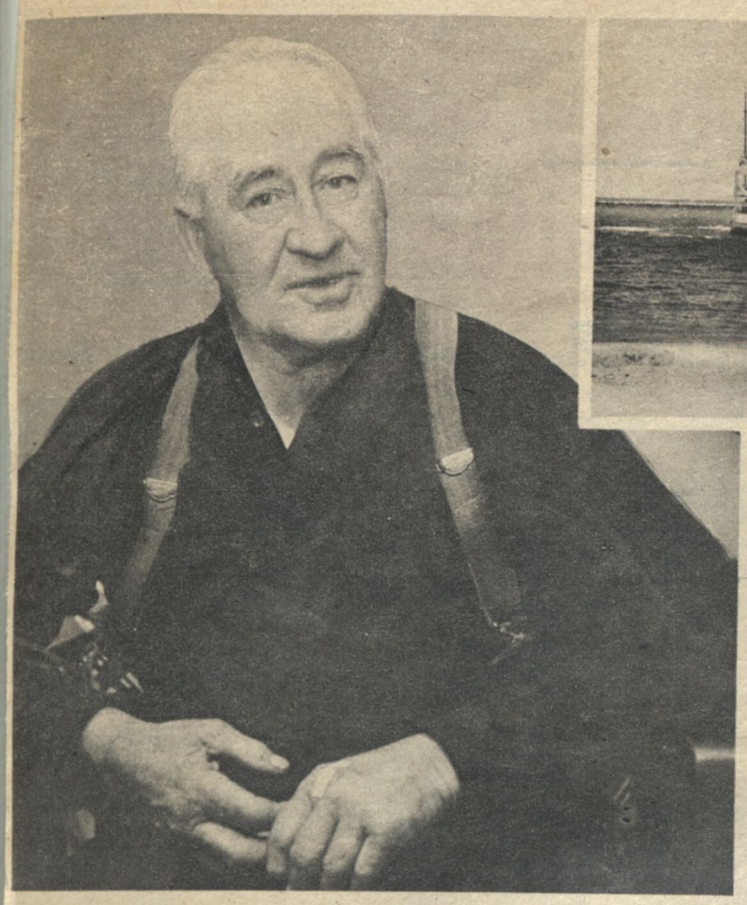
Whenever an incoming steamer brought another "rat" to the island after long months on the mainland, it was up to the commodore to break out the pennants signalling "Welcome, Rat!" and fire three shots on the signal cannon.

Mr. Brown points out that while he would enjoy performing these duties, he still thinks he has to earn a living.

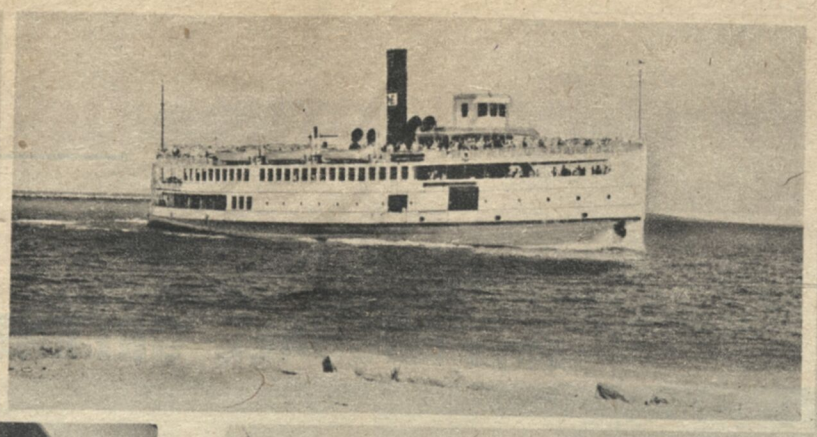
"Anyhow," he added, "It isn't something that has to be decided immediately. I've got to give the question some thought before I make a decision."

This, of course, is still acting strictly in the wharf rat tradition. Every subject ever discussed by the wharf rats was given a lot of thought.

The little Wharf Rat brochure, something of a mystery by and of itself because—while it looks official as all get out—lists no credits of any kind, has this to say about the club's philosophy.



Membership and other club matters are autocratically ruled by a secret executive committee, whose members are known only to each other. The Old North Wharf's new wharfinger and Wharf Rat of long standing, Herbert Brown, admits, though that he has been asked to become the famous club's third Commodore, succeeding the late Capt Herbert Coffin. He hasn't decided yet.



The big days on the Wharf Rat's calendar are those on which the island steamer brings another "rat" back to the island. As the steamer docks, the "rats" on Old North Wharf fire three salutes from their little cannon and run up the signal: "Welcome, Rat!"

Here's a view of Old North Wharf on Nantucket's famed water front, where time is a matter of small consequence to most of those who spend the most time there.

Wharf Rat Commodore

Nantucket Club Has "No Seats for Mighty"

By EARL BANNER

NANTUCKET—Call a man a "rat" down here and he's more apt to be complimented than insulted.

That is, if he thinks you are referring to him as a member of the famed Wharf Rat Club.

The Nantucket Wharf Rats comprise one of New England's most unusual and exclusive societies.

There are roughly 160 of them, men and women too, spread all over the face of the globe during the Winter months — congregating here during the Summer vacation weeks.

The club has no constitution or bylaws—only a motto: "No reserved seats for the mighty."

"Person in Authority Gets No More Consideration Than A

CLAMDIGGER

Continued from the First Page

Its meeting place is Old North Wharf, just a bit east of Easy st. The club has no dues or membership fees and nobody gets to be a member unless he is asked in. To apply for membership is fatal.

One Summer resident once offered the club $1000 in a bold attempt to buy his way in.

He never made the grade.

The Wharf Rat Club's pennant, designed in the 20s by playwright Austin Strong and Saturday Evening Post artist Tony Sarg—both now deceased, is a triangular blue field upon which is superimposed a white rat, rampant, smoking a churchwarden pipe. This famous pennant has been seen in most of the world's chief ports on any one of many trips around the world in the care of traveling members and once even traveled to Antarctica with one of the earlier Byrd expeditions.

Membership encompasses every facet of the economic scale, all the way from quahauger and beach comber to financier and tycoon. The club claims no restrictions against membership on account of race, religion, color or sex, but a little booklet that appeared mysteriously some years back explaining the functions of the club stated that Summer residents were originally required to undergo a probationary period of three Summers under close observation before becoming eligible for membership.

The Wharf Rats was never exactly founded. It just sort of evolved around Sidney Mitchell, Karl Adams, Boston's now retired City Clerk Wilfred J. Doyle and Capt Charles G. Coffin, Nantucket harbor pilot. All but Doyle are now deceased. Capt Coffin was the club's first commodore.

Capt Coffin died in 1932, he was succeeded by his son, the late Herbert H. Coffin who died just before Christmas last year.

(One didn't actually apply for membership. He or she just spent a lot of time hanging around with the known or suspected "rats" in front of the Coffins' "store" on Old North Wharf. One always bade farewell to the commodore before leaving and, if he liked you, he might one day say: "Don't forget to drop around tomorrow. I'll have something for you." The "something" might turn out to be one of the coveted Wharf Rat membership cards—or just some more conversation.)

Anyhow, when the last commodore was laid to rest last December, there were some here bold enough to say: "This looks like the end of the Wharf Rats." Some, even non-members, regretted this because while the club may have never accomplished anything very positive for the good of the island, neither had it ever done anything to offend and it did, after all, lend its own little bit of color to an already storied place.

It seems now, anyhow, that the Wharf Rats executive committee has done something about appointing a new commodore to succeed the last Capt Coffin.

Nobody but members of the executive committee know who the other members of the executive committee are, but somehow or other they got together and nominated Herbert Brown of 9 Beaver st, for the job.

Mr. Brown, while admitting that there was some truth to this, refused to say just who it was that apprised him of this development.

★ ★ ★

"Nobody knows who they are except each other—and if I did know, I wouldn't be saying," he told the Globe.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Brown, 67, is a carpenter and new wharfinger of the Old North Wharf.

He is a Wharf Rat of long standing. Mr. Brown is a native of Edgartown who shipped over to this other island at 21 to work for the late Charles Fenton, who was a fish dealer of some prominence. He met and married an island girl and "just stayed on" like many another before him. He has two sons and a daughter, Mrs. Helen Olcott who keeps house for him now in the little house at Orange and Beaver sts. Wilson who works for the Nantucket Construction Company, and Frank, who lives in Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. Brown admits only that he has been approached by members of the "rats'" executive committee. He says he hasn't decided whether he will accept the post or not.

"I'm honored, of course," he explains, "but I don't know whether I can afford the luxury."

The duties that go with the title of commodore are not very strenuous but they do demand a lot of time. The Coffins, father and son, maintained a little store of sorts on Old North Wharf. It was on the broad planks of the wharf section in front of the store that the "rats" met throughout the daylight hours to discuss the affairs of the world in general and Nantucket in particular.

WHARF RAT CLUB BURGEE

This world-famous burgee has fluttered from the mastheads of ocean liners and Navy vessels in far and strange corners of the world. The design, white, pipe-smoking rat, rampant on a blue field, is credited to the late playwright Austin Strong and illustrator Tony Sarg.

"HE WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN. He had a lot of charm and could talk to anybody—about anything." The late Herbert H. Coffin, commodore of the Nantucket Wharf Rat Club, who died last December.

"We know of nothing more salutary for the person in authority, accustomed to have his words and opinions not only respected but treated as oracular—in short, 'Yessed to death'—than to introduce him into a companionship where he gets no more and no less consideration than the humblest clam-digger and where he finds his pet theories and dissertations on almost any subject, from fishing and boat sailing to world finance, not only disputed but oftentimes refuted. And, unless he can stand the gaff as the fishermen say, he soon finds that he is not fitted for membership in the Wharf Rat Club where nothing counts but innate ability and integrity and natural force of character."

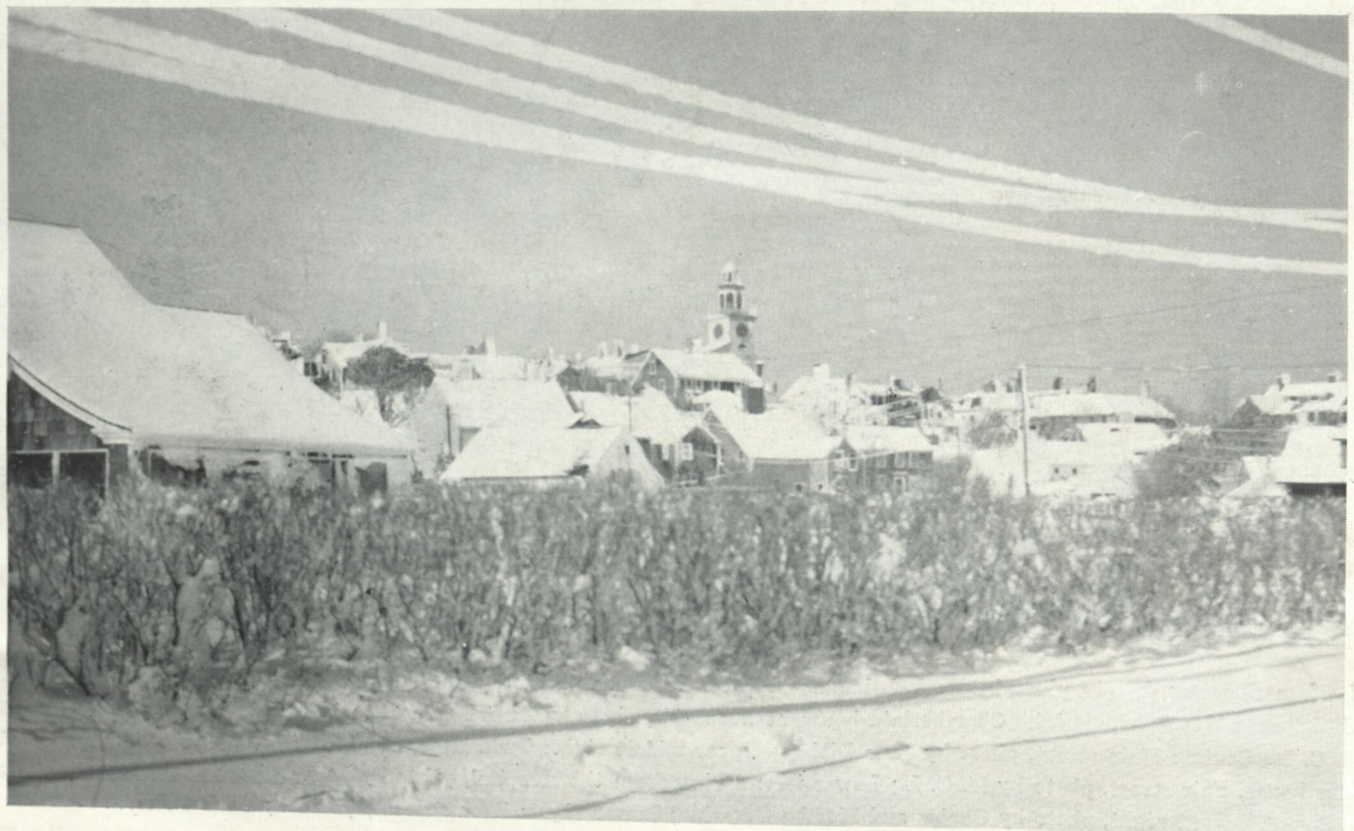
"NO DUES, NO DUTIES—and no seats for the mighty!" These are the tenets of Nantucket's Wharf Rat Club, a usual session of which is pictured here. That's the late Commodore Herbert Coffin, described as "a man with charm who could talk with anybody," running up the club pennant.

Duplicate

The Inquirer and Mirror

Supplement - - Storm of Wednesday, February 27, 1952

Nantucket Island, Mass. Saturday, March 15, 1952

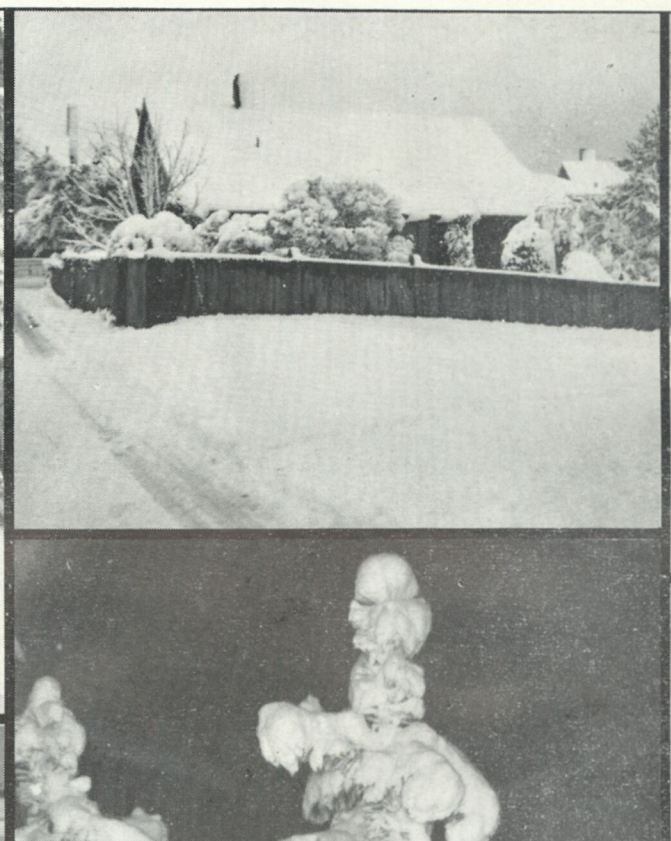


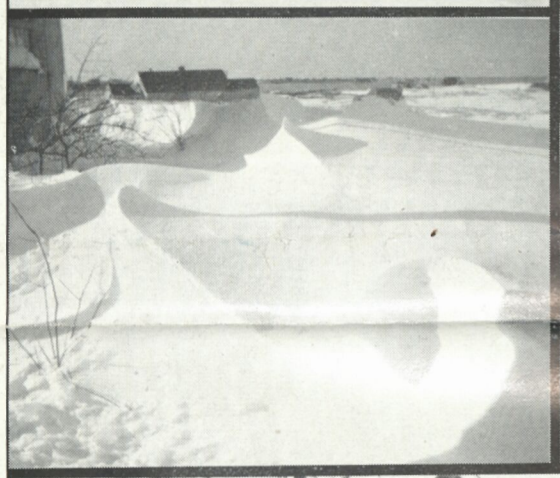
The above photos were taken the morning after the storm. The view of Main street is unusual in that the only car in sight was one which had been caught in and completely covered by the snow. The bottom photograph was taken from Washington street, and shows the Town Clock in the distance.

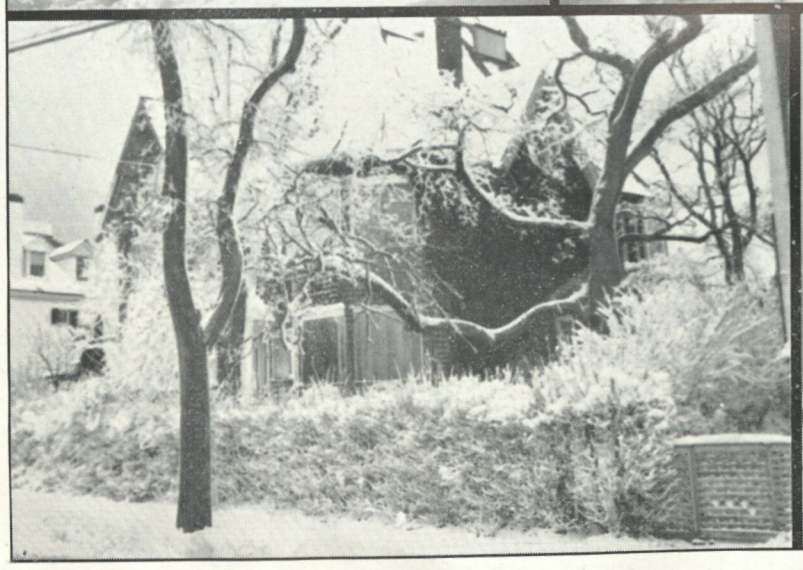
Photos by Turner

Top left: The Church house, Upper Main street, photo by Turner; Top right: New Dollar Lane, photo by Erla Butler; Middle left: Corner Francis and Washington streets; Middle right, The Old Mill without its shaft and vanes; photos by Turner; Lower left: Martin's Lane, photo by Turner; Lower right: a view of flooded Hulbert avenue (note duck at base of bush on left), photo by A. M. Craig, Jr.

Top left: Atkins house, taken from across the street on the north side of Hulbert avenue, photo by Craig; Top right: Hummock Pond Road, between the cemeteries; Middle left: Plumb Lane; Middle right: Upper West Chester street; Lower left: Looking north along Washington street; Lower right: Corner Washington and Salem streets, photos by Turner.







Top left: "Nashayte", photo by H. A. Lehmann; Top center: Monaghan house on Howard street, photo by Gilbert Wyer; Top right: Farmer street; Middle left: Off Polpis Road, photo by Martha Soverino; Middle center: A night scene, photo by Gladys and Martha Soverino; Middle right: Waine House, Fair and Lyon streets, photo by Irving A. Soverino, Jr.; Bottom left: Chamberlain house on Orange street, photo by Gilbert Wyer; Bottom right: Polpis Harbor, photo by H. A. Lehmann.

NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

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OLDEST HOUSE, Sunset Hill
OLD MILL, Mill Hill
OLD JAIL, Vestal Street
1800 HOUSE, Mill Street

November 26, 1956

Mr. William Tripp
New Beford, Mass.

Dear Mr. Tripp,

This is to extend to you the gratitude of the Council of the Nantucket Historical Association for your gift of 52 volumes of Whalemen's Shipping List covering the period from 1843-1895. This acquisition was announced to the Council at their meeting last tuesday (Nov.21st) and your gift was much appreciated by them.

Mrs. Adams has already begun to use them as reference books,

Very Sincerely Yours
George W. Jones
George W. Jones
President

12/22/1900

The Globe Mutiny

By WILLIAM LAY,
of Saybrook, Conn.,
AND CYRUS M. HUSSEY,
of Nantucket, Mass.,

the only survivors from the massacre of the ship's company by the natives.....
A narrative of the mutiny on board the ship "Globe," of Nantucket, in the Pacific Ocean, January, 1824, and the journal of a residence of two years on the Mulgrave islands, with observations on the manners and customs of the inhabitants.....
A most entertaining reprint of a work published in 1828.....
This book is a cross between Clark Russell's sea stories and "Robinson Crusoe.....
It deals with a real case of mutiny, and the narrative is entrancing.....
It will be read with absorbing interest by all lovers of sea stories.....

With a fac-simile of the original title page....bound in cloth....containing 163 pages....and sold for 75 cents.

It is a thrillingly interesting work.....

Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of 83 cents by
GEORGE E. GRIMES,
HENRY P. CLAPP, or
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Nantucket, Mass.

Price 75 cents

IMPORTANT DECISION RELATIVE TO SEAMEN SHIPPED FOR WHALING VOYAGES.—We find in the San Francisco Shipping Reg. the following decision given by Judge Hoffman in the U. S District Court in that city Jan. 28th:

U. S. DISTRICT COURT—*Before Judge Hoffman*, W. McCloud vs. bark Alice Frazier—"The libellant in this case sued for his proportion, or 'lay,' of the profits of a whaling voyage in the above named ship, on which he was a mariner: said voyage being undertaken from New Bedford, where the ship belongs, and she put into this port to refit, after a cruise in the Ochotsk Sea. The shipping articles signed by officers and in vessels of this description differ materially from those ordinarily in use in the merchant service.—By an express agreement inserted in these articles in the present case, it is provided 'that each and every officer who shall well and truly perform the service, etc, shall be entitled to the payment of his share of the net proceeds of the voyage, as soon after the return of the bark to New Bedford as the oil and other products of the voyage can be sold, and the settlement adjusted by the owner or agent of the bark.' It is admitted that the bark has not completed her cruise or returned to New Bedford, nor has any settlement of the voyage been adjusted. The libellant having become ill at this port, and being in a condition that unfitted him for the performance of duty for some months, determined to leave the vessel, and has brought his suit to compel the payment of his proportion of the net proceeds of the voyage, so far as it has been prosecuted. Without inquiring whether, even by his own showing, the temporary incapacity of the libellant to perform actual labor justified him in leaving the ship without the master's consent, it is enough to say that he, by his contract, is only entitled to receive his proportion of the net earnings of the entire voyage after its completion and adjustment at New Bedford

"By the 7th Article of the Agreement it is provided that if any officer or seaman shall be prevented by sickness, or death, from performing the voyage, he or his legal representative shall be entitled to such part of the whole amount of his stipulated share, as the time of his service on board shall be to the whole term of the voyage * * *

From the nature of the agreement, the division of the profits of the voyage can only be made when it is finished. * * *

Of the policy of attempting any such settlement at this port, at which the vessel has only touched for refreshment, and of the inconvenience that would result to vessels engaged in whaling, it is unnecessary to speak, for the provisions of the articles are too clear, and the nature of the agreement too obvious, to require further discussion.

"It is urged that some of the oil and bone had been sold in this port, and the libellant claims a share of the proceeds of such sales. But he is not entitled to a share of the proceeds of the sales, but of the net profits of the whole voyage. * * *

The libel must therefore be dismissed. 1859

Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1874.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., No. 37 Park Row, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston; GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 41 Park Row; BATES & LOCKE, 34 Park Row, New York; S. R. NILES, 6 Tremont Street, and T. C. Evans, 106 Washington Street, Boston, are agents for the INQUIRER AND MIRROR, in those cities, and are authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at our *Lowest Rates*.

The Continued Decline of Whaling.

The review of the whale fishery for the twelve months just past, 1873, is quite suggestive, and with us who remember the days when the business was in its prime, begets a feeling of sadness, almost of melancholy, at the thought that the business may, ere many years, be talked of as one of the lost arts.

The whole whaling fleet of the United States consists now of only 171 vessels, or about one-fourth the number employed in 1854, which was 668, and these figures show a decrease within the year just past, of 32 vessels, or nearly 7000 tons of shipping, by sale and wreck.

Nantucket, the name of which town was until recently, associated and identified with the name of this adventurous calling in the mind of every one, has, during the past year, disappeared entirely from the field of competition; her last vessel having been sold in a foreign port, to close up an unprofitable voyage. The time which might be called the zenith of the whaling business, as a whole, was about the years 1853 and 1854; but the decline of whaling from Nantucket dates back to a period some years earlier than this, the highest figure of our fleet being about the year 1841, when we owned 92 ships and several smaller craft all in pursuit of leviathan.

And there seems nothing encouraging in the outlook for the future, either in the way of high price for the products of the fishery, or in any increased catch which might be supposed to result from the great falling off in the number of ships employed in it. For we learn that during the past year, 64 vessels have arrived at home ports, of which but a very small percentage have been successful enough to pay any profit to their owners. And but very few of those now in port are likely to be fitted out again, so that another year to come must show a great and continued diminution of the fleet. Of twenty-four vessels now at New Bedford, the *Standard* says, not more than one quarter will be sent to sea; and at New London, a port until recently largely engaged in right-whaling, the seven vessels now at the wharves are all for sale!

It appears that the sperm whalers have been only tolerably successful the past year. Many of them have turned their attention to humpbacking "between seasons," and a considerable quantity of humpback oil has been secured, particularly on the African coast and in Panama Bay. The right whale fishery in Cumberland Inlet and Hudson's Bay may be called, on the whole, a total failure. There is but one American whaler now up there, and she has been out nearly six years, receiving supplies from home from time to time.

There are four schooners from New London at or near the South Shetlands, engaged chiefly in sealing, though whaling is also pursued by them as a secondary object of the voyage.

There were thirty-three vessels in the Arctic last year, and two in the Ochotsk Sea. Notwithstanding the good weather and clear sea, the average catch was small, owing to scarcity of whales. Some ships did well by remaining very late, in the month of October, but this was done at great risk, and would not be practicable in a season of ordinary severity. The slaughter of the walrus has been continued as usual, and about 5600 barrels of oil have been taken from these animals.

Of the 171 vessels which make up the fleet, only 120 are actually at sea, January 1st, 1874.

REMINISCENCES.

Whalers---Oil and Candle Works---Mechanical Trades.

NUMBER TWO. 1880

During the year 1830 twenty-one whalers sailed from this port, the greater part of them for the Pacific Ocean, sperm whaling, and the rest for the "Brazil Banks." Only six of the whole number were absent over three years, and the quantity of oil brought in by them amounted to 29,049 barrels of sperm, and 12,659 barrels of whale. The amount of bone brought home in those days was hardly made any account of, as it possessed but little value, while to-day it is the most valuable part of a right whaler's cargo. The importation of so large a quantity of oil, the greater part of which was manufactured here, kept the oil and candle factories in full blast, and scores of men were employed in them: oftentimes two gangs, running night and day. These candle factories were scattered all over town, most of the principal ship owners having their own, while many others were carried on by those who purchased crude oil, and then manufactured it for the various markets abroad. Among the ones which I best remember, were those of Aaron Mitchell, Matthew Crosby, Levi Starbuck, Gideon Folger, Joseph Starbuck, P. H. Folger, Thomas Macy, Hadwen & Barney, Jared Coffin, Prince & Benjamin Gardner and Paul Macy. Not only was business driving in the manufacture of oils, but in every mechanical business connected with the fitting out of whaleships. Coopers' shops were having full swing all over town, most of their owners at that day having them near their dwelling houses, they not being, as in latter years, all crowded near the wharves. They were as far north as North shore hill, and west to Aaron Folger's, which was, I believe, the most western cooper's shop. The merry rattle of the hammer and driver could be heard in any part of the town, from early morning until late in the evening, and loads of staves, heading and hoop iron were constantly passing from the wharves to the shops, and new casks being taken to the vessels. How many of these shops were in active operation at that time it is now impossible to tell, or the number of hands that were employed in them; but it would certainly surprise us at this time could we know their numbers.

The building of boats was another great branch of industry connected with the whaling business, as six or eight were carried away by every ship that sailed. The shops for the building of these boats were generally near the water, although some of them were far removed from it, as were those of Charles Folger, and George & Reuben Coffin at the "Big Shop," at both of which places great numbers of very excellent boats were built, and carted to the wharves.

The making of harpoons, lances, spades, knives and the thousand-and-one articles taken away on our whalers, kept a large force of blacksmiths always at work. Their shops were as a general thing strung along the streets just at the head of the wharves, and were mostly low, dingy-looking buildings, but were lighted up within by the bright fires from the forges, showing hanging on racks along their sides rows of implements of all kinds, for the capture and cutting up of leviathan.

The manufacture of cordage was also carried on to a great extent, no less than eight ropewalks being in operation. About all the cordage used by our whalers and coasting vessels was then manufactured on the island, employing about twenty-five men to each ropewalk, making all kinds of rope, from a single yarn to a cable, for most of our ships used cables of hemp, those of chain being then quite rare. I remember well seeing the string of carts loaded with the huge coils of these unwieldy monsters, going down Main street from the walks of Matthew Myrick, Isaac Myrick, and Albert Gardner, west of the town, conveying them to the ships at our wharves. One cart would be loaded to its full capacity, then the cable was passed to the next team, and so on until the whole was loaded, taking, as near I can remember, as many as five carts, to convey one. The walks of Matthew Myrick, Isaac Myrick, Charles Hussey and Valentine Bunker stood just west of the Prospect Hill cemetery; that of Albert Gardner, at the head of Main street, on what is now the Lowell lot; that of Henry Riddell, opposite the Springfield House, on North Water street, on the land now owned by Elijah H. Alley; that of Gardner Coffin, east of the Cliff bathing houses, and the Carey walk, lastly owned by Joseph James, where the great fire of 1838 originated, east of Union, and south of Coffin streets. In addition to these there were two twine factories, one in Egypt and the other on the South beach. With the exception of a small piece of the Isaac Myrick walk, used as a barn, I do not know of a vestige of either of them left. Russia hemp was then the only article used in the manufacture of cables and rigging of all kinds, the Manilla hemp not coming into use until some years later. The manufacture of sails, the making of spars, blocks, and other articles for our shipping, were other branches of industry employing a large number of men. All other branches of mechanical labor flourished on the island, and scores of carpenters, painters, wheelwrights, candle-box makers, bakers, tailors, &c., had full employment. There was work for every man then who wanted work, and when the old South bell rung out the hour of noon, Main street, as well as the other streets leading up from the wharves, were filled with an army of workingmen going up for their dinners, presenting a sight, the like of which I fear we shall never look upon again.

From this hasty and imperfect sketch, some idea may be formed of the vast amount of mechanical business there was carried on at that time, the great amount of capital invested, and the host of men and boys employed in the manufacture of some of the leading articles used on board our fleet of whalers and coasting vessels sailing from Nantucket half a century ago.

1830.

Correspondence of The Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor: 1895

A friend handed me an old Philadelphia paper the other day, to look over. It was dated May 2, 1836, and printed semi-monthly. Of many interesting articles which I found in it I have copied one, which I thought might interest some of the readers of the INQUIRER AND MIRROR, and so send it to you.

W. F.

PHILADELPHIA, April 15, 1895.

MASSACRE AT THE FEJEE ISLANDS.

The New Bedford *Mercury* of last week furnishes the following particulars of a massacre which took place on the whale-ship Awashonks, of Falmouth, at the Fejee Islands, by which Prince Coffin, of Nantucket, master, Alexander Coffin and Mr. Swain mates, and three seamen whose names are not given, lost their lives. The date of the massacre is not given. The Awashonks, while in the vicinity of the Fejee Islands, ran near the shore, when a large number of natives came on board in the most friendly manner bringing bread fruit, yams, etc., which they presented to the captain and officers. They showed immediately on coming on deck a great curiosity to inspect everything they saw, particularly the harpoons, lances, and spades in the boats; and without the least suspicion of their intentions, Capt. Coffin took these instruments out of one of the quarter boats, and showed the chief who came on board, the manner in which they were used in killing whales; and while he was employed in doing this, he had occasion to step forward a moment, and the instant his face was turned, a savage who had the boat spade in his hand aimed a blow at the unsuspecting captain, which instantly severed his head from his body. A general rush was now made by the savages to overcome the crew, some of whom fled below, others aloft, and a part prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The mate after a desperate struggle, wrested the spade from the savage who had killed the captain and laid him dead on the deck, when he (the mate) went below for a moment but returned on deck, and fought till overpowered by numbers and killed. The 2d mate jumped overboard and was killed in the water. The savages had now entire possession of the ship, and the chief took the helm and steered for the shore, where she would undoubtedly have grounded in a short time had it not been for the presence of mind of a young lad by the name of Wood, belonging to Nantucket, who was wounded and fled to the cabin at the commencement of the massacre. He judged by the known character of the South Sea Islanders that if he could succeed in destroying their chief (who was at the helm) his followers would flee. The plan was no sooner formed than executed by discharging a pistol through the skylight, which instantly killed the chief, at the sight of which the ship was instantly deserted by the savages.

Those of the crew who had hid themselves now came on deck, and immediately made sail for the Sandwich Islands, where the ship arrived in safety under the charge of the 3d mate. As stated above, three of the crew were killed on the deck nobly defending themselves.

When Nantucket Men Salvaged The "Sugar Brig" *Mentor*.

On a stormy April morning, fifty-eight years ago, just after the sun had brought its first rays out of the sea, the big Norweigian bark *Mentor*, bound for Boston, struck heavily in the shoals east of Nantucket. Her master did not attempt to man the yards in an effort to work the bark free. White-water was breaking all around the craft and he immediately ordered his crew of eleven men and his two mates to lower away the long-boat and "abandon ship."

The *Mentor* was fast on Rose & Crown Shoal. She was heavily loaded with 550 tons of sugar in boxes, which had been put aboard at Cienfuegoes, Cuba, consigned to Nash, Spaulding & Co. She had arrived safely at the Delaware Breakwater, from which anchorage she had taken her departure for Boston.

The ship-wrecked mariners sighted Great Round Shoal lightship soon after the *Mentor* struck heavily, and after safely lowering the long-boat they put away for the lightship and reached her safely two hours later.

On the following day (Monday), the fishing schooner *Wide-Awake* put in an appearance and came up to the lightship after signals had been exchanged. The ship-wrecked Norwegians were taken aboard the fishing schooner and taken to Vineyard Haven. The fishing craft then returned to these waters and searched the shoals for a trace of the *Mentor*. No sign of the craft was to be seen, and it was conjectured that she had no doubt broken up in the two-day easterly storm.

News of the wreck came to the island when the lighthouses and life-saving stations were informed by telegraph to keep a look-out for any trace of the big bark. It was not then realized that the *Mentor* was a derelict.

Some time after she was abandoned the big bark had worked free of the shoals and, with some of her sail set and the tide carrying her, she had spent most of Monday drifting and sailing back and forth, off the east and south shores of the island. Several watchers from shore had observed the bark's sails but had never given a thought to the fact that she was an abandoned craft.

On Tuesday morning, word came to town that a vessel's sails had been sighted ten miles south of the life-saving station. Immediately, a gang of men from the wharves got together, were driven out to Surfside, where, manning the Underwriters' boat, they launched through the surf.

The crew of this boat was made up of the following islanders: James A. Holmes, George A. Veeder, James Kiernan, James H. Luce, John P. Taber, James M. Ramsdell, Joseph P. Gardner, Leander Small, Asa W. Small, Nelson Clark, Arthur Folger, Charles G. Coffin, Arthur C. Manter and George W. Burgess.

In the meantime, the Surfside life-saving station crew had launched the big surf-boat and, enlisting the aid of James H. Wood and John R. Sylvia —two dory fishermen, who were off the beach in their anchored dory— set off in the wake of the other boat.

The race was now on in earnest. After a pull of a few miles off-shore, the *Mentor* could be clearly seen. The bark was sailing very slowly to the westward, with her light sails drawing in the breeze, and the tide fair.

The two crews had to pull steadily during the next two hours, although they were not gaining perceptibly on the derelict. However, they knew that the tide was due to turn around 2:00 that afternoon and gambled on that fact to keep on pulling. The breeze did not increase, which was of considerable help and at 2:15 p. m. they had gained considerably. A short time later they came up alongside the bark and were soon on board.

The life-saving boat's crew came up to the bark and hailed their fellow-islanders. Their services not being required, the life-savers put about and returned to Surfside, after having rowed approximately twenty-five miles.

The last seen of the *Mentor*, she was heading southwest, with her prize crew of Nantucketers getting sail on her. The vessel was leaking somewhat but was easily freed by manning the pumps.

* * * * *

Another full day elapsed before the fate of the *Mentor* was definitely established. Tugs, which had been sent out to look for the derelict, had failed to sight her, and to add to the mystery of the whole affair, a thick fog settled over the waters in this area.

Fnally, Thursday morning brought the news that the Nantucket salvors had saved the *Mentor*. They had sailed her to a poirt just off Block Island, where they were spoken by a tug. It being foggy, the islanders struck a bargain with the tug's skipper and were towed to Vineyard Haven, where they arrived at 1:30 that morning.

After getting in touch with the consignees and the insurance agents, the islanders remained aboard the craft until she was towed to Boston. Here, the salvors impounded the *Mentor* for $40,000. The tug-boat concern also put in a claim, but the Nantucketers, led by James Kiernan, had a signed agreement wherein the tug's skipper had agreed to tow the bark from its location off Block Island to Vineyard Haven for $200. This contract was recognized by the courts, and the Nantucket men were awarded salvage fees in the amount of $14,000. The cargo of the *Mentor* was valued at $70,000.00.

It was quite a successful enterprise for the Nantucket men. After all the expenses were paid, the salvors received $750.00 each.

The only one living today who took part in the salvaging of the "sugar bark" is George W. Burgess, Sr., of the Nesbitt Inn, Broad street. In recounting his experiences at that time, Mr. Burgess said in part:

"I was down on South wharf with some of the others when the news came that a ship was sighted from the tower, bearing about ten miles off Surfside. We all believed she might be the missing bark, but off course we weren't certain. Jim Holmes got us together and we got the Underwriters' boat out and, with Bill Smith's horses pulling the rig, started for Surfside.

"When we got there we could see the station-boat under Capt. Clisby just pulling away. We launched our boat in a jiffy and started out on the race. We were pretty confident as we were all used to rowing and had a good crew. It wasn't long before we caught up with them—soon we had passed and were drawing away.

"It was a long row but we figured the tide would be slack around noon and kept on. Fortunately, the wind fell off and the bark soon lost headway. I remember how we kept watching her decks as we drew up to her —there was no sign of life aboard. As we drew up alongside, Joe Gardner, who had the bow oar, sung out: 'Ahoy! Is there anyone aboard this craft?' Of course, there was no answer. She was abandoned all right.

"Cap'n Jim Holmes took charge of things when we got aboard, just as he had in the boat, being the agent for the Underwriters. We tried her pumps and soon had most of the water out of her, which was surprisingly little. Then we got one of her anchors ready to let go as the wind was light and the tide tended to pull her inshore.

"Luckily, we had three boatmen in our crew who had been in square-riggers—Jim Luce, Charlie Coffin and Jim Kiernan. It came on to breeze heavily from the north and we got sail on and steered for Block Island. We intended to go into Newport—but the wind fell off soon after we sighted Block Island light that night. When the tug hailed us, we told her skipper to come aboard. There was an agreement signed wherein the tug-boat master was to tow us into Vineyard Haven for $200.00.

"I stayed on board the *Mentor* with most of the others until we arrived in Boston harbor. We hired a well-known Boston marine lawyer to take our case and guaranteed him $1,000. After the usual preliminaries, the Court allowed our salvage claims and we divided the money into 16 equal shares—Bill Smith got one share as he was the Underwriters' man who always hauled the big boat.

"What did I do with my money? Well, I was only a young fellow then and the $750 I received seemed a lot of money. But I was wise because I bought a house with it—a house on Pearl street which was my home for years. But, in looking back, that was quite a job and considering all the chances we took well worth the money."

THE NORWEIGIAN BARK *Mentor*

THE CREW OF THE *Mentor*

From an old photograph, through courtesy of Wallace Long, who received it from John P. Tabor, one of the Nantucket crew of salvors.

AN OLD-TIME "UNDER-GROUND MOON" SKETCH

All About the Underground Moon!
Another! Great Scott!! I've not recovered from the last.
Cheer up, Girls, I've a Little Light!
Miss Normal
Smith

The above sketch appeared in these columns about thirty years ago, when the "under-ground moon" was under one of its periodical discussions. The "Old Farmer's Almanac" is being scanned under a magnifying glass; the old Town Crier is depicted making his announcement; in the centre a couple of "brownies" are apparently attempting to dig the moon up out of the ground; and below some college students from Vassar and Smith appear to be in the dark and searching for light about this peculiar Nantucket idea of an underground moon.

Nantucket's Underground Moon In a Traditional Mood

1948

The fact that the underground moon brought such bad weather this week has naturally produced a lot of curiosity among those who are not Nantucketers. Regarding the meaning of this expression "underground" as so often quoted by the islanders for generation after generation, we have heard numerous inquiries from people interested in the weather.

Of course the Weather Bureau and the astronomers place no faith in the underground moon and disdain the very idea that it can be an omen of bad weather. But that does not shake the belief of Nantucketers therein and whether the weather experts or the star gazers agree or not, the islanders will continue to hold to their belief and predict a spell of unpleasant or unusual weather whenever an underground moon is booked to put in an appearance.

Nine times out of ten the omen has been proven reliable and we'll continue to stick by it. Years and years ago the Nantucket captains would not start on a whaling voyage if an underground moon was in prospect—they were not taking any unnecessary chances. They would wait until it had passed and everything was serene again.

When heading for Cape Horn they would not start around that unruly section of the world on the approach of an underground moon—they would wait for more favorable conditions. In log books and old diaries written about a century ago there is frequent reference made to the underground moon which for generations has been considered "one of Nantucket's peculiarities", which has not received any credence from those who make a scientific study of the weather, the moon, the stars, etc.

Howbeit the underground moon itself proves its own theory as was shown this week. The weather itself showed that it lived up to its reputation.

The weather experts and the astronomers have a right to their views and their opinions—and so have the Nantucketers—so there can never be any quarrel over the underground moon.

But "what is an underground moon"? The folks are asking who are not familiar with Nantucket and its lore, its traditions, and its peculiarities. We have answered this question so many times that it seems almost useless to do so again. Articles on the underground moon have appeared in these columns many, many times during the last fifty years—sometimes several times a year—and we have repeatedly given the desired information, both verbally and in print, only to go through the same thing again and again. But here it is once more:

An "underground moon" is when the moon makes its change "underground"—below the horizon—at "no" hours, between twelve and one o'clock. When the change occurs "underground" on a new moon or a full moon, it is claimed that attending weather conditions will be more severe than at other periods. At any rate, an "underground" moon is an ill omen for Nantucketers.

It is nothing new. Perhaps it is a Nantucket tradition or something of the sort—a heritage from our forefathers. In every household, Robert B. Thomas' "Old Farmer's Almanac" is looked upon as a reliable bit of meteorological forecast and astronomical data. It used to have a place in every chimney corner of Nantucket and was consulted daily and as diligently as are the weather forecasts of the present day. The 1948 issue of the Almanac carried the information that, on the 29th of July, there would be an underground moon—this time as the moon entered its last quarter. And the weather carried out the prediction.

In early times the moon was believed to exercise a strong influence over weather conditions, and the hour and its position to the sun at the time of its changes were looked up, and from this the immediate future weather was forecast. Recent scientific research by the U. S. Weather Bureau has pointed out that the moon has no influence whatever upon the weather. But this latter theory is not accepted by all to the manor born, and among old and young in our community there are as firm believers in the influence of the moon upon the weather as there were when this was the general belief of our elders.

Some of these people hold fast to the "Old Farmer's Almanac" readings, and are not convinced that modern science has settled the problem, and they put forth data in support of their position that is frequently indisputable. They rely as strictly upon the coming of bad weather at the periods of underground moons as they do that the sun will rise the day following its setting.

The nautical almanacs assume there to be no hour between twelve and one o'clock and, when during any month luna makes a change between twelve midnight and one a. m., or between twelve and one p. m., it is known as an "underground" moon and believed that bad weather will attend. It is contended that the change occurring between midnight and one o'clock in the morning brings storms of greater severity than the change occurring between noon and one p. m., and it is the true blue "underground" moon. The title "underground" is given because the moon then hides herself, keeps out of sight—shamefacedly as it were.

Strict believers in this declare that careful reference they have kept has proved beyond doubt that their contention is secure against refutation. They do not attempt to explain it, saying it is up to astronomers to do that if they want to. Nantucketers will not care what aspersions or reflections are cast upon the "underground" moon—it will take care of itself and stand on its own reputation, just as it has done this week.

Nantucket's 'Underground Moon' And The Weather. 1933

The fact that the underground moon brought such bad weather the last two weeks has naturally produced a lot of curiosity, among those who are not Nantucketers, regarding the meaning of this expression "underground", as so often quoted by the islanders for generation after generation. Every day we have been besieged with inquiries, in person and by 'phone, to know what it was all about.

The Inquirer and Mirror's Nantucket calendar, printed last December, announced that there would be an underground moon on the 21st of August, which was last Monday. Nantucketers, of course, knew full well that it meant a number of days of unpleasant weather, until the effects of the underground moon wore off. So they were not at all surprised when conditions became bad at the last week-end, with rain and fog and wind and heavy seas for days in succession.

Of course, the Weather Bureau and the astronomers place no faith in the underground moon and disdain the very idea that it can be an omen of bad weather. But that does not shake the belief of Nantucketers therein and whether the weather experts or the star gazers agree or not, the islanders will continue to hold to their belief and predict a spell of unpleasant or unusual weather whenever an underground moon is booked to put in an appearance.

Nine times out of ten the omen has been proven reliable and we'll continue to stick by it. Years and years ago, the Nantucket skippers would not start on a whaling voyage if an underground moon was in prospect—they were not taking any unnecessary chances. They would wait until it had passed and everything was serene again.

When heading for Cape Horn they would not start around that unruly section of the world on the approach of an underground moon—they would wait for more favorable conditions. In log-books and in old diaries, written a half or three-quarters of a century or more ago, there is frequent reference made to the underground moon, which for generations has been considered "one of Nantucket's peculiarities" which has not received any credence from those who make a scientific study of the weather, the moon, the stars, etc.

Howbeit, the underground moon itself proves its own theory, as was shown this week. For months in advance The Inquirer and Mirror's calendar stated that there would be an underground moon on August 21st. Can anyone say there wasn't? The weather itself showed that there was and that it fully lived up to its reputation.

The weather experts and the astronomers have a right to their views and their opinions—and so have the Nantucketers—so there can never be any quarrel over the underground moon.

But "what is an underground moon?" the folks are asking who are not familiar with Nantucket and its lore, its traditions and its peculiarities. We have answered this question so many times that it seems almost useless to do so again. Articles on the underground moon have appeared in these columns many, many times during the last fifty years—sometimes several times a year—and we have repeatedly given the desired information, both verbally and in print, only to go through the same thing again and again. But here it is once more:

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It is nothing new. Perhaps it is a Nantucket tradition or something of the sort—a heritage from our forefathers. In every household, Robert B. Thomas's Old Farmer's Almanac was looked upon by our forebears as a reliable bit of meteorological forecast and astronomical data. It had a place in nearly every chimney corner of Nantucket, and was consulted daily as diligently as are the weather forecasts of the present day.

In early times the moon was believed to exercise a strong influence over weather conditions, and the hour and its position in relation to the sun at the time of its changes, were looked up, and from this the immediate future weather was forecasted. Recent scientific research by the U. S. Weather Bureau has pointed out that the moon has no influence whatever upon the weather. But this latter theory is not accepted by all to the manor born, and among old and young in our community there are as firm believers in the influence of the moon upon the weather as there were when this was the general belief of our elders.

Some of these people hold fast to the Old Farmer's Almanac readings, and are not convinced that modern science has settled the problem and they put forth data in support of their position that is frequently indisputable; and they rely as strictly upon the coming of bad weather at the periods of underground moons as they do that the sun will rise the day following its setting.

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THE LATE CAPT. WILLIAM BAXTER

Who, for years after he retired from the sea, "carried the mails" across the island to 'Sconset behind his faithful horse, and entertained his passengers in the "Swiftsure" with the peculiar features of the "underground moon" and told stirring tales in connection therewith.

Nantucket Island Has Charms Peculiar to Itself.

By Frank M. Brogan in the Lowell Sunday Telegram, July 9, 1933.

What is the name of that small but delightful county in Massachusetts where the flowers remain in bloom until long after Thanksgiving Day; where the lawns of the houses of the poor as well as those of the rich are well taken care of and the grass never allowed to grow long; where you can bathe in the waters of the Atlantic in September when a thermometer placed in the waters will register 76 and you will feel much more comfortable than you will in July and August at the regular beaches; where there are no sleighs; where boys and girls have no skates or sleds; where (until recent years) no automobiles were tolerated; where all your fuel, lumber and even the stones used for building purposes must be secured from some other county; where large trees are found only along the principal streets of the largest settlement; where there are no electric or steam railroads; where a New York millionnaire buys colonial houses that have been modernized and restores them to their original style but still maintains the modern improvements; where the landing and departure of the boat is the most important event of the day; where there are no factories; where whaling was the principal industry for more than 100 years and fishing remains even today; where the people are unostentatious; where hundreds of families furnish board and rooms to visitors; where you can go over every road in the county in an automobile in two hours; where the inhabitants would rather retain old-time customs and quiet ways and benefit thereby in supplying visitors with rooms and board rather than bring about a boom and thus destroy their old-time patronage; where knockers are retained on the doors, but all modern conveniences for comfort are permitted; where one may still go and find the good old-fashioned ways and customs? Where is this delightful county in Massachusetts and what is its name? Where is this fairy land, this land of enchantment?

Nantucket, you will answer and your answer will be correct. Such is that good old island without trees, where the only growth of wood is stunted except in the main town.

Talking about trees on Nantucket, James Morris, until recently a resident of the Tyler Park section of this city, and with many relatives here, (his family having come to the town of Chelmsford two years before Lowell was a town), informed me that if the island of Nantucket was not at one time connected with the mainland there would be no timber growth on the island. He was unable to say whether or not the island was at any time connected with the mainland, but maintained that if the contention of the people of the island that timber once abounded there is correct, then the island was at one time a part of the mainland.

Mr. Morris is in charge of the planting of trees in the forestry department of Massachusetts. His work also includes the supplying of trees to towns which set apart land for forest purposes. This department supplies lecturers to organizations interested in forestry. Is it possible that some organizations in Lowell may want such a lecturer?

The Town of Nantucket.

This delightful town is the only year-round settlement on the island. Houses are rather close together for a town with a resident population of about 3600. One principal street with a few parallel streets of some length connected for the most part by narrow streets designated as "lanes". On this principal thoroughfare you will meet nearly everyone who is out for visiting or taking a walk. In this way the inhabitants meet more frequently than do the residents of most towns on the mainland. Then the people of Nantucket visit one another more than do the residents of other places. Old-time customs have not been discontinued. Here the people actually visit as well as visiting by telephone.

While the population is about 2600, there are about 2000 others from all parts of the country who spend the winter there. In summer the people of this island town afford accommotions for 9000 others, most of the accomodations being provided in private houses, the hotels not being able to take care of more than a small percentage of visitors, the majority of the guests desiring to live in private houses.

The town, from appearances, would indicate that the landscape gardner and florist's trade is universally known, for everywhere there is evidence of the development of these arts by the town inhabitants. It would seem that prizes are offered for the best hedge and floral displays and that every householder was an active candidate for the prize.

From the outlying houses of the compact town to the open country there is a distinct separation. The country commences where the town ends and one notices the absence of farm houses that usually stretch along to the next settlement.

The Hamlet of 'Sconset.

At 'Sconset, a well developed summer settlement has been established. It is at the east shore of the island, and nearby is the famous Sankaty Head Lighthouse.

Climate of Nantucket.

People at Nantucket inform me that the temperature seldom reaches as low as 20 degrees above zero. John Kennedy, the well-known barber of this city, whom I met on one visit to the island, stated that the lowest temperature he experienced in two years spent on the island was 6 above. But this low mark was only for an hour. The thermometer rapidly came up to 20 above zero. If snow falls at night it melts rapidly the next morning. This climate is due to the proximity of the island to the Gulf Stream.

No Other Land Can Be Seen From Nantucket.

No other land can be seen from Nantucket. This is what the people down there say, and they are unanimous in making that statement. But can Nantucket be seen from the mainland? I ask this question because two small islands were pointed out to me by William Silva, agent of the steamship line at Provincetown; two islands seen from the southerly shore of Cape Cod, a few miles beyond Highland Light, after leaving Provincetown. One island, very distinct, he said was Martha's Vineyard; the other could be discerned dimly and was, according to Mr. Silva, Nantucket.

"BEYOND SING THE SEAS" Photo by Davidson

CURLING BREAKERS FRINGE THE ISLAND Photo by Williams

LIFE ON EASY STREET. Delicious Puerto Rican Rum highballs accompany lobster feast on porch of the Easy Street home of artist Robert Deeley as Nantucketer Robert Stark explains old harpoon tip to marine artist Charles Lundgren. The Island's use of rum in highballs stems from whaling days when the prevailing drink was rum and water. Seated is Elias J. Lyon, Nantucket realtor. **Rum Highball Recipe:** 1½ oz. Puerto Rican Rum; ice, soda, ginger ale or water; twist of lemon or dash of bitters, if desired.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER COSTER

SOUTH WHARF where "West Indies Goods" (rums for Nantucket consumption) were unloaded in the era of whalers and packet ships. Above, 78 year old fishing captain Arthur McCleave, descendant of whalers, is the Island's oldest active fisherman.

CLAMBAKES AND LOBSTER PARTIES are part of the fun on Nantucket, where "summers are five Septembers long." With sea air and sunshine go drinks of light, dry Puerto Rican Rum—always bright, never heavy. **Tip On Broiling A Lobster:** Nantucketers use basting sauce of 1 oz. Puerto Rican Rum to each ¼ lb. of melted butter.

WHALING CURIOS fascinate artist Lundgren in the workshop of Charles Sayle, carver and model boat builder. They enjoy highballs of Puerto Rican Rum as they examine teak wood model of sperm whale, most prized of any for the quality of its oil.

The Whaler's Toddy

NANTUCKET REVEALS RUM RECIPES OF WHALING DAYS

Earliest use of rum recorded in 1674 -trend today to Puerto Rican Rums

by EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE, *Nantucket historian*

In the days of the great Nantucket whaling fleets, voyages of one to three years were routine. Large stores of all kinds had to be taken aboard. Among these were rums — dark, heavy rum, called grog, for the crew; the lighter, finer rums of the West Indies for the Captain.

Puerto Rico, lying athwart the whalers' sea lanes, became a port of call for Nantucket vessels — and thus good Puerto Rican Rum came to be a familiar drink on Nantucket. It is even more popular today.

Our "Second Day Wedding" punch and its accompanying "Quarter Peck" cake — from recipes dating back to 1674 —are today made with Puerto Rican Rum. It is also used in these two local favorites of long standing:

WATERMELON "HIGHBALL"

Cut 6" circle in top of watermelon. Scoop out seeds and surrounding flesh, allowing rest to remain. Fill with gold Puerto Rican Rum. Replace top, set in sun an hour. Add more rum. Chill . . . gather 'round, a straw for each guest.

THE WHALER'S TODDY

2 oz. Puerto Rican Rum; ½ tsp. long (brown) sugar; ice, splash of water; stir. Use old fashioned glass.

For Rum food and drink recipes and Rumster Party Kits, see your neighborhood dealer or write to Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. N, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

For assurance of quality insist on one of these fine Puerto Rican Rums. 86 proof.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO
600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

RUM FOR THE CAPTAIN. Chests similar to this were the personal lockers of the whaling captains, stowed in their quarters and re-filled as needed from kegs often taken aboard at Puerto Rico. This particular piece was the property of Captain Robert McCleave, master a century ago of the whaleship *Rambler*.

WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL RUM COLLINS—prized specialty of the Wauwinet House bar. Proprietor Robert S. Backus (shown center, with historian Stackpole) makes this his feature, using only dry, light-bodied Puerto Rican Rum. Taken with cherrystone clams dug fresh daily from his own beds, this drink has become a summer standard among Nantucketers and visitors alike. Enjoying one at the bar is John W. Grout. Seated is Allen Backus. In rear another Nantucketer, Elmore Taylor, samples the cherrystones.

INQUIRER AND MIRROR, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1913

THE $12,000 FIRE AT NANTUCKET ON SUNDAY LAST

The above picture was taken by Gardiner while the barn was burning, before the dwelling had caught fire. In the foreground to the right will be noticed the grass afire to the north of the dwelling, which endangered the cottage several hundred feet distant. On the extreme left is the only farm building not eaten up by the flames, the dwelling and the numerous buildings at the rear being destroyed a few minutes after this picture was taken.

The dwelling was one of the "old Nantucket houses" and was built over a hundred years ago. It formerly stood in town, on the lot now occupied by the residence of Clifford Folger, on Centre street, near the Congregational church. Just when it was moved to the farm site is not known, but the general character of the place, with its massive chimney and fire-place, was a typical Nantucket dwelling of a century ago.

It was at one time occupied, on the farm, by George Easton, who sold it to Bailey Cornish, who conducted the farm with profit many years. At his death his son Bailey took charge, and it later passed into the hands of his daughter Sarah, widow of the late Capt. William T. Swain, who has since had control of the property under the name of "Island View Farm."

This view of the fire was caught by Gardiner's camera just after the chemical returned from her hurried trip back to town to renew her tanks with water and after she had squelched the blaze which threatened the cottage on the hill. The farm-house was then being eaten up by the flames and the crowd which had hovered about it for an hour previous had scattered to cooler places. At the extreme left of the picture may be seen the shores of Hummock pond, from which some people claim a steamer could have drawn water to "play" on the fire.

Photo by Dick Marshall

AIR VIEW SHOWS FIRE THREATENING TO SWEEP THROUGH PINES TO THE AIRPORT.

From the air, one was able to get a clear idea of the nature of the extensive fire of Sunday, July 24, 1949. Off the left edge of this splendid photo the fire orginated in the pines on the Fair Grounds road, spread east-southeast, threatening houses, until it jumped the Old South Road at the State Forest line. Its advance on the Airport was checked by the fire-fighters aided by the shifting wind. Describing a rude half-circle, it burned its way through Hinsdale to the State Road, where it leaped the tarred highway and spread northeast into the scrub growth and heath, where it was stopped.

The Forgotten Sheep Festivals Of Long Long Ago.

By Paul F. Whitten

(Nearly one hundred years have passed since the last Sheep Festival was held on the Island of Nantucket. What were these festivals? What did they have to do with sheep? To learn about the days of long ago and the celebrated Sheep Festivals, let's meander into the yesteryears and visit with the people of whaling fame.)

Foreword

Nantucket! What a pleasant name to many through-out the wide world. Just the word "Nantucket" brings pleasant memories, associations of the past, and thoughts of things to come for others. Nantucket and whaling! Oh yes, Nantucket and its quaint Quaker residents! Thrilling stories of Nantucket and its buried pirates' gold! Coming along down the years of time; others say, "What charm", "What a wonderful vacation playground", and we could ramble on and connect this wonderful island with other pleasantries. There is one thing that has almost been forgotten in the passing years. That is, the once popular and colorful Sheep Shearing Festival.

The streets and its still rutted lanes reflect the Quaker quaintness; stories of whaling deeds still live and are retold by descendents of those who went "Down to The Sea in Ships". With the decline of whaling, also began an exodus of islanders; and gradually like other things the sheep industry and the wonderful festival came to an end.

Introduction

A faint streak of light slowly breaks through the darkness of night, and a new day sends its rays of sunshine over the bluffs of Sankaty Head. Along the south shore of the island there is a great deal of activity. All one can see from a distance are flickering lights from campfires. Now and then figures are seen moving about the fires. If one listens real carefully, there is an overtone of sheep bleating, above the droning of breakers constantly rushing toward the sandy shores. The sun has now burst above the horizon and has spread its golden glow over all the island.

There is plenty of activity on this beautiful June morning in the early 1800's. The last of the sheep are being separated into their owner's pens. Men on horseback are driving sheep from the shores of Miacomet Pond; those that strayed during the night. Great tents and spread sails are scattered about the nearby sheep pens; streams of smoke are arising from campfires where breakfast is being prepared for the hungry sheepmen and other workers. By now, many men, women, and children are bustling about; all doing their assigned chores. Looking across the moors, towards town are two-wheeled vehicles being drawn by oxen and horses; behind these appears a long and endless line of people. There is much laughing and gayety. In fact, everybody is in a happy holiday mood. Here and there are apparent reunions with the sailors and merchants who have returned from many months upon the seven seas. There is a wonderful communal spirit wherever you look.

Near the edge of the pond men are tussling with the sheep. It is quite likely that some of the sheep strenuously object to being washed; particularly so early in the morning. All of this is part of the setting to the Nantucket Shearing Festival. The great event started the first of the week with the roundup; there was Washing Day; followed by the Shearing Day—the greatest of all; and on the next day the fleece was on its way to being stored in "The Big Shop".

Sheep Commons

In the very early days of Nantucket's history sheep roamed freely and unattended over the vast moors. The island was a natural place for raising great flocks of sheep. The terrain was fairly level; there was an abundant growth of grass; plenty of small ponds for watering; and no danger from wild animals—except a wild dog now and then. The sheep industry had a long and colorful existence. The first settlers came to the island in 1659. Some of the settlers brought with them first hand knowledge, about the sheep industry, from England. Sheep appeared shortly after the first settlers arrived and great flocks continued to roam the island well into the middle of the 19th century. The island is approximately 15 miles long and 3½ miles in width, with nearly 30,000 acres. Thus, there was plenty of grazing land for many sheep. Early records state that there were from 10,000 upward to 15,000 or more. Now, there exists only a mere drop to those of former days, that belonged to the Quakers and whalers.

The custom of the sheep owners in having all sheep in one great flock probably grew out of ancient herders' practices. That is, holding large tracts of land in general or undivided ownerships under the familiar title of the "Common and Undivided Lands". The ownership included nearly all land outside of the town, except a few small tracts, held by obstinate and small farmers. Thus, since the lands were held in common, the lands out of town became known as the "Sheep Commons". The term is still commonly used, today, when speaking of the vast stretches of uncultivated and unoccupied land areas. The question has often arisen, "Just what is a sheep common and how much land does it involve?" It is a very difficult question to answer.

As the years went by, the commons were owned by many people and the people holding such land were known as "share holders". To this day people on the island hold such shares, but they don't rightly know just where or how much land they have. These share holders are taxed for these lands, so much a share. Recently, the man holding the greatest number of controlling shares died. A few years before his death, he wrote and asked one of the small share holders, "I would like to buy up your shares, and since they aren't worth much and of little value, they can be of no good to you." The share holder of the three shares in question is a retired professor and she replied, "You state the shares are of little value, therefore I wouldn't want to be guilty of selling something practically worthless." The gentleman never pressed the issue after that.

SHEEP COMMONS

Our landlady asks—dear inquisitive woman!
How many acres to a Sheep Common?
Or, how many sheep commons are in an acre?
Well, really, we hardly know which way to take her;
A sheep common, ma'am—is a fractional part
Of something not clearly laid down on the chart;

A sheep common, ma'am, is a technical phrase,
Which has been in use here from our earliest days.

When Patriarchs Coffin, and Macy and Worth
Kept records which now furnish food for mirth,
When Steve Hussey kept the whole crowd on hot water,
And Si Franklin married Pete Folger's fair daughter,
Even then the expression was used by those sages,
Ever since it has been handed down thru the ages,
'Till now a days, not even the man who "knows beans"
If asked to explain it, can tell what it means;
He won't know the difference—the subject so deep—
Between one sheep common and one common sheep.

If a more clear and full explanation you need,
Perhaps t'will be found in a certain old deed,
Where the scribe has expressed it concisely and well.
Having two and three-sixteenths sheep to sell,
He conveyed as much land as would pasture or keep
Two whole sheep and three-sixteenths part of a sheep.

W. H. M. Inquirer and Mirror
Nantucket, Mass.
July 13, 1889

The following notice appeared in the Inquirer and Mirror:

"Sheep Common"
Will be sold at public auction in front of mart, Thursday, March 11, 1909 — 1 Sheep Common.
G. E. Moors, Auctioneer.

Care of Sheep

Sheep grazing was not only a profitable industry for years but was almost a necessity for the island inhabitants. Many of the people spun the wool into yarn, homespun was woven and made into clothes. The sheep provided not only clothing, but a meat supply for the island community. Some of the meat was cured—salted or pickled, and packed into huge vats, to be used as a meat supply on the long whaling voyages.

The sheep that grazed on the moors during the early days of Nantucket were as hardy and rugged as the Quaker whaling captains. Often the sheep suffered untold hardships in the bitter cold of winter on the lonely windswept moors. Some of the sheep were fortunate, indeed, when they found a protected thicket or vale from the cruel elements. Other sheep roamed the open commons and would huddle together for warmth and mutual protection.

Sheep are pathetic animals and have little to offer in the ways of self protection and good sense. Sometimes, during the unmerciful blizzards that beat their way across the island, flocks of sheep often crowded their own kin off the bluffs, and into the icy waters. The giant breakers would roll the struggling sheep to their deaths in mountainous waves. Others would be frozen and suffocated under the great drifts of snow. A certain theory advanced in those early sheep days, was that the sheep being exposed to such winter rigors, developed a breed of hardy stock. Because of the great number raised, and the comparative few lost, this type of sheep raising was profitable for the owners. That is, they required litle care. Even though such a method may have been profitable, it was extremely cruel and inhuman.

Just beyond the town limits a sheep gate was erected for the purpose of keeping the sheep from coming into town. This gate became known as the "Newtown Gate". It was removed in 1821. Even though the gate had a definite purpose, some of the more ortunate sheep managed to get beyond the gate and wandered into the town. As the pasturage became covered with snow and the ponds frozen over, it seemed that more sheep had a guided instinct to get themselves within the town limits. These sheep were no longer those of poetic beauty, but had become town bums and beggars. The sheep at night would sometimes crowd against a house for apparent warmth and protection. Thus, through the winter months the sheep were at the mercy of the elements, and it was only through sympathetic housewives, throwing scraps of food to the hungry animals, that the animals returned in the spring to their pleasant pastures. The spring with the new and succulent grasses found the sheep roaming about the island in apparent contentment. The ewes were busy lambing and caring for their young ones.

The sheep, as has been described, received little care in the earliest days of Nantucket sheep raising. Probably because of resentment from sympathetic people, the town fathers had to adopt certain protection to the sheep during the winter months. In the 1770's men were appointed by the town government to administer to the welfare of the sheep.

"The welfare of large flocks of sheep pasturing on the commons always interested town meetings. Men had been appointed to rayse the towne to look upon the sheepe when likelyhood of bad weather ensuing. It was ordered that if any man refused to go when he is cald on shall forfeit five shillings. Pens had been made to shelter the sheep in winter, and five loads of hay, put in each pen, the town meeting had also provided that the sheep shall be kept by three shepherds all the year. Nevertheless, sheep farmers suffered from Indians who stole their lambs, dogs that killed them and hogs ate them." Taken from — Bliss's Quaint Nantucket.

The sheep went about their own peaceful ways, until the middle of June brought an interruption to their carefree ways.

The Big Shop

It was now time for the great shearing festival. As to the exact time of the month; who the shearers would be; and where the shearing was to take place, was usually decided by the owners in "The Big Shop".

The "Big Shop" was located on Saratoga Street (also known as Quaker Road). Many an issue of the town was unofficially solved there, by the "town fathers". The same as many of the problems are solved, today, in the "Number Four Clubroom" or the "Pacific Club". The Big Shop was not only used for settling the date of the Sheep Festival, but was used for boat building, the making of boxes, coffins, and the storage of the wool. The Big Shop (half of it) now stands on the corner of Saratoga and Milk Streets, and is occupied as a home by the Secretary of the Board of Selectmen.

The Sheep Shearing Festival

"Shearing Days" were as popular in early Nantucket as are our country fairs and carnivals of today. The festivities of sheep shearing usually took place "on the second and third days; usually Monday and Tuesday nearest the 20th of June". The great occasion usually took place near Miacomet Pond about two miles south of town. The entire affair usually took the best part of a week. The logical course of events followed the pattern, here below:

Saturday and sometimes Sunday were taken for the "round-up"; Monday was set aside for the washing: Tuesday (the greatest day of all) was "Shearing Day", and on Wednesday the tents were pulled down. Late on Wednesday or early Thursday morning a long procession of wagons were seen winding their way across the moors, loaded "to the gunwales" with wool.

The "round-up" was not unlike the round-up of the West. Sheep were rousted from thickets, swamps, and remote grazing areas. Each owner had an identification mark upon his sheep: such as a nicked ear or a brand on the body. The sheep were driven by men on horseback; men on foot aided by shepherd dogs, would drive the great flocks, from all over the island, towards the shores of Miacomet Pond. Very near to the shores of the pond, was one very large pen, nearly a mile long. Into this immense enclosure were driven all the sheep. Just outside the master pen were a great number of smaller pens. The small pens were marked with names of the sheep's owners. When the sheep had been properly identified, they were driven into the individual pens. Fathers, sons, and neighbors would all work together; throughout the night, if necessary to complete the task of segregating the animals.

A certain group of stately Quakers —"garbed in their best breeches and swallow tail coats; with fresh streamers of ribbons and polished shoe buckles were ready for their duties." These men would settle questions of ownership of a disputed lamb and the division of the fleece.

It seems only fitting to mention here —"The Sheepstorm". The sheep storm usually comes about the middle of June. Thereby, the Quakers usually withheld the shearing until the sheepstorm had passed. As years wore on, many of the island residents withheld visiting invitations for the summer,

until the "storm" had passed. Many people of the island will recall about nine years ago, there was a violent rain and windstorm during the middle of June. The wind was whipped by a fierce gale, sending sheets of salt laden sprays across the island. Much of the new spring foliage was ruined. The leaves turned black and dropped to the ground. The island usually gets a good storm during the middle of June, but it is no longer known as "The Sheep Storm".

After the sheep were rounded up and separated into their proper pens, then the "Shearing Festival" started in earnest. The First Day was the "Washing Day" and the Second Day the "Shearing Day" and really the highlight of the great event.

Sheep are usually a docile and quiet animal, but let one become excited and the whole flock can become panic-stricken. Most of the sheep submitted to the washing ordeal, but now and then an obstinate old ram would object. There was quite a tussle between sheep and man. Most of the sheep washers were strong and rugged men—they had to be. It took strong muscles to hold a large sheep from getting away; especially a wet one. There was much merriment from the spectators, when one of the washers stood wrestling with a sheep, objecting to a washing. It was a draw to determine who would finally win. Sometimes the man got a proper ducking, but more often, the sheep squirmed its way to freedom. To avoid the dogs and men, the sheep would head directly across the pond, only to be captured on the other side, and have the process repeated.

The third day was devoted to shearing the fleece. Good shearers were few and far between, and it usually happened that the sheep owners were the best shearers. Sometimes when good shearers were not plentiful, a call was sent to the mainland for men to come and help. The shearers usually worked under a large tent or a raised sailcloth to protect them from the hot sun. The sheared wool was dropped onto sailcloths, for it was easily gathered for packing into bags. To make it easier for the shearer, the sheep's legs were always tied. Even so the shearer's job was not an easy one. The day began early and usually lasted until the sun had set.

The monotony of shearing was broken by a hearty meal served by the ladies. The wonderful meals and often a swig of spruce beer added renewed energy to the tired muscles. Sobriety and Godliness were usually associated with Quaker piety. If so, it seems likely that some of it was set aside at the Shearing Festival. There were empty clay whisky jugs, and these were found where pious Quakers had been the day before.

From afar the shearing scene did not look unlike a Bedouin encampment. Sails were propped above the ground with long poles; small tents were spread all about the "Big Tent"; and yards upon yards of gaily colored bunting and pennants floated in the June breezes.

On Shearing Day great processions of the Quaker two-wheeled carts rumbled over the rutted moor roads that led to Miacomet Pond. Many of the travelers must have been on their way before the sun had heralded in the new day. The Quaker wagons had broad wheels, so they would not sink easily into the rutted and sandy roads. The older ladies would ride in the carts, seated in their ladder back chairs. It was a sight, indeed, to see these ladies seated in the wagons; bonnetted and shrouded in their somber Quaker costumes. The smaller children were seated on the wagon floor and the older children trailed on behind the procession. The ladies alighted from the wagons with grace and dignity that fitted their somber clothing. Never was it said that a Quaker lady ever showed more than the top of her high-laced shoes, when alighting from a wagon.

Another event of great interest was the annual "Perambulation" of the

"All the Way to Shearing"

selectmen. The procession must have been a sight to behold as the town fathers in their stately beaver hats went about inspecting the various establishments, to see that all was being conducted as it should be. Indeed, this must have been a setting for a movie: the men with their beaver hats, followed by laughing children and barking dogs.

As the families arrived at the shearing grounds, the men and boys erected tents and other forms of shelter. Wares were unpacked from the many boxes that had been brought to the shearing grounds. Some of the boxes contained homemade articles, others contained items of interest from far-flung ocean ports, brought home by the whalers. The shearing time was a great help to the widows of sea tragedies, for here they could trade and sell their handiwork and home cooking. Many a poor woman sold merchandise that had taken a year or more to make. The Sheep Shearing Festival was for all to enjoy; old and young; rich and poor, colored and white. No one was excluded from these gay times.

Baskets and boxes of foods were gotten ready by the women for the community dinners held at high noon. It appeared that the motto of the festival was, "Let no one attending the festival return to town hungry." If anyone went to town on an empty stomach it was his own fault. Truly, there was a great spirit of sharing and the spirit of brotherly love was greatly exemplified.

The center of the entire sheep shearing activities was the "Big Tent" and it was of tremendous size. Around the inner walls of the tent were booths with articles of all descriptions for sale. In the center of the tent was a raised platform for dancing. (The dancing took place in the later days of the festivals, for in the very beginning the early Quakers frowned upon most types of "frivolities".) As the years went by the spirit of gayety broadened among the attendants of the festival.

At first the Big Tents were occupied by white women and their young girls, selling their homemade fancy work, etc. As whaling increased and the population of the island grew, more whaling captains signed on colored crewmen. (It might be added here that by 1763 the island's population comprised 3,220 white people and 358 Indians.) The colored population isn't mentioned. By 1840 the island's population had grown to 9,712, but after that there was a steady decline. Thus, the southern section of the town became largely populated with colored residents. For a long time this section was known as "Guinea".

As the colored population increased, more colored domestic help was made available to the Quakers of better than average means. Also, in the "Big Tent", the dark skinned people took the place of the white women at the various booths. Colored cooks appeared about the open fires, preparing tempting and tasty foods. Before long, Guinea occupants were commonly associated as venders of the "Shearing Festivals".

The children looked forward with eager anticipation to the shearing time. In the early spring boys and girls would gather all types of scrap iron and copper for their "shearing fund". Bassett's Junk Store and yard would be piled high with all descriptions of scrap metal. The funds of the young folks grew larger with each addition to Bassett's junk heap. The pennies that the children saved would be spent on the many wonderful things to be found at the fair. The children not only loved these wonderful times for the fun they had, but because the great event was important enough to have school dismissed for two days.

As all carnivals, fairs, and shows have their outstanding characters and customers, the shearing festival was no exception. Even the colorful gypsies took a holiday from the mainland adventures, to spend a couple of days at the festival. The gypsies were always welcomed and many a penny they earned telling fortunes to the lovelorn; and helping out with the dance music.

One very colorful person was "Frank, The Fiddler". As the grand procession headed across the moors to the shearing grounds, spirits were enlivened when the music from Blind Frank's fiddle floated over the moors. Blind Frank came over each year from the Cape, and he became a well-known person at the grand affairs.

With the years, the shearing festival grew in fame, and the size of the crowds grew with it. Even the size of the "dancing boards" grew, until they occupied a very important place under the Big Tent. Nevertheless, through it all, Blind Frank was still the popular fiddler. The sailors loved to show off their nimbleness to the lively music of the blind musician. Some of the sailors who were "jigged up" a bit by some of the spruce beer or a nip from the old clay jug, would give an exhibition of some "new steps and dances" that they had seen in the South Sea Isles. As the gayety of the day wore on, even some of the sober Quakers would "give way" and trod upon the dancing boards. All of this excitement must have been most welcome to the seafarers after many lonely months upon the seas. Even though the shearing festivities broke up at sunset, many of those in high spirits carried their good times back to town and the vessels that lay at dock.

In the little book called "Seaweeds from the Shores of Nantucket" published by Crosby, Nicholas & Doe, 1853 there is a poem entitled—

"The Harper"

The "Harper" is undoubtedly "Blind Frank" the fiddler, from the Cape, who played at the Shearing festivals. T'was said he could only play two tunes, and this is mentioned in the poem. Each of the seven verses closes with:

"T'was tu I can't and tu I can,
All the way to the shearing pen."

"Wheeler the Fiddler" was another character who would help out when the crowds on the dancing floor drowned out the music of the "Harper" but little is known of this fellow.

There was one more very colorful character at the festivals who must not be overlooked, and that was Jacob Jones Whitewasher. There were very few of the merchant's homes that were not known to Jacob Jones. He was in great demand as a whitewasher of ceilings. Thus, he was commonly referred to as—"Jacob Jones Whitewasher". At the Shearing Festival—"Whitewasher" and his good wife, "Diana" made and passed many tasty edibles and drinkables over the counters under the Big Tent. Jacob's huge bulk was covered by a spotless white apron and he was a sight well remembered by those who attended the shearing festival.

The sheep shearing festivities were not only widely publicized on the island, but received publicity all over the Cape and "abroad".

"Sheep Shearing Notice"

The Annual Sheep Shearing will take place on Thursday and Friday the 24th and 25th instant. The Sheep Washing will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday, 22nd and 23rd instant, at 1 o'clock p.m.

Per Order of the Agents.

The Shearing Festival was so important that in 1832, June 14, the Steamship King Philip made excursions to the island from Fall River, Bristol, Newport, Holmes Hole, and the Vineyard for the price of $3.00 round trip.

It will not be amiss at this point to quote an article from the Inquirer, June 5, 1842 - taken from the "New Bedford Standard Times":

"Military Excursion — We understand that New Bedford Guards are making preparations to visit our neighbors at Nantucket during the great festival of the island,—the annual sheep shearing—which takes place on the 22nd and 23rd of the present month. They propose as we are informed, to embark the day previous to the commencement of the festival, remain the next day, and return sometime during the day following, making the period of their absence 3 days. We congratulate our island friends on the prospect of seeing one of our finest military companies in the State, and of hearing the noble band, attached to the corps, pouring forth the full tide of the martial music. We can promise them a rich treat in this unison of martial sights and spirit stirring sounds—and from what we know of Nantucket we feel assured that the Guards will receive a hospitable welcome, and enjoy as much pleasure in the recollection as they promise themselves in anticipation of their visit. It may be as well to mention that there is a large number of unmarried men in the company, one result therefore of the excursion may possibly be to —double the Guard.

"We already hear that many of our citizens, not military, propose to accompany the Guard on this interesting excursion and we can scarcely imagine a finer opportunity for paying a visit to their island friends and neighbors."

The good times of the festivals meant reunion for some, and with the sailors' homecoming there was said to be much "spanking and sweethearting" with the island maidens, all arrayed in their best "bib and tucker". For others it meant fun with the many amusements and games; the dice tables for a few; the fire crackers for others; and the children loved the "flying horses". Undoubtedly, some came to get their fill of good things to eat at the "great feasts" such as: whole roast pigs, delicious hams, fried chicken; all kinds of fish; and sometimes savory "shore dinners".

Toward the close of the Second Day and Shearing; tents began to come down; the wagons were piled high with the fleece; ladies and children were climbing into their wagons; men on horseback; and the older children and dogs trailing on behind the caravan, certainly presented a grand finale to the close of a wonderful time.

In Biblical times there were the gleaners of the wheat fields, but after the Nantucket Sheep Shearing Festival, there were the gleaners of stray pieces of wool. Some of the wool would blow away as it was cut and pieces would be found caught on fences and in the brush. The gleaned wool meant much to the poor island widows with large families. It might mean an extra pair of mittens or socks in the cold weather for some member of the widow's family.

Sheep were washed not only in Miacomet Pond, but Wannacomet, and Gibbs. At one time Wannacomet Pond was known as "Old Washing Pond" and for years people refused to drink the water, just "because the sheep used to be washed there."

The Sheep Wars

On July 25, 1805, there was quite a legal battle pertaining to the taxation of the commons. A common was sometimes owned by an individual or collectively. Through the years, the ownership involved many heirs, which made it difficult for the selectmen to levy and collect taxes. It was said by one collector of taxes, "But such ownership is no barrier to taxation." "A tax title, when the equity of redemption is outlawed, is a good title." So it is quite probable that today's ownership of the so-called commons was acquired by paying back taxes and getting the land by tax title, which is quite legal and valid.

"In part the constitutional right to break up a system of land tenure in Nantucket, which has the sanction of centuries, with the best titles by purchase, including purchases made by aborigines, anywhere found in he Commonwealth, and a special confirmation of title passed by the Colonial legislation in 1693, may well be questioned." Bourgeoise—Inquirer and Mirror—August 8, 1885.

As most things must come to an nd, so did the Nantucket Sheep Shearing Festivals. Arguments and feuds between land owners and sheep owners arose. Many legal battles ensued about the town. It was decided about 1846, at a town meeting, that sheep must be kept on the land of their owners and not allowed to wander about the town and on other people's property. Men known as "Field Drivers" were appointed to impound all sheep and cattle running at large. Arguments, hot and heavy—not only in general meeting places, but in town meetings developed. Endless lawsuits resulted and eventually all sheep were taken from the commons. These endless arguments and lawsuits became a part of what was known as "The Sheep Wars". The Sheep Wars did much to bring about a rapid decline of sheep grazing and an end to the time honored Nantucket Sheep Shearing Holiday. Even the homebound sailors were saddened by the abandonment of the great event.

Even though the Field Drivers were appointed by the selectmen, certain people claimed such work was illegal. That is, impounding personal property. Some people signed a petition, stating that town funds could not be used to pay the salaries of the "Field Drivers" for impounding personal property.

About the time of the Sheep Wars, whaling began to decline, and the discovery of gold in California brought a great exodus from the island. The island people were beginning to suffer hardship and the population by 1860 had dwindled to 6000. There were a few who tried in vain to restore the sheep industry, but with little success. The writer would like to quote from the article—"Sheep" by Daniel Round —The Inquirer and Mirror of March 3, 1880.

"I am glad that people talk about it (sheep husbandry), even if they find fault; wholesome agitation helps to develop facts, and often leads to improvement of the business of the island that will not meet with opposition from some source. Well, never mind, some people have nothing else to live upon, but fault finding, and we should be generous and not deprive them of their only source of life.

"It seems the argument was whether the island could profitably support 10,000 sheep. It appeared that with proper care and certain adjustments, the sheep industry could be revived. It would give many people profitable employment and add not less than $15,000 to the actual wealth of the island. And the music of 10,000 sheep will be more agreeable than the sighing and groaning of two or three scores of croakers. I hope the agitation of this subject will lead to action, and thus, a move will be made at once to increase the number of sheep on the island."

Today, there exist only two flocks on the island. The larger flock is owned by John H. Bartlett Jr., which consists of about 100 sheep. The sheep probably pay for themselves, but the greatest difficulty is in getting the lambs to market on the mainland. The wool is sent to a Boston wool broker. The other smaller flock, about 35 sheep, is owned by Henry Coffin Jr. It is interesting to note that sheep have been kept in the family of Henry Coffin—long before the famous Nantucket Sheep Shearing Festival.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY FLORENCE DEELEY

Sunrise over Old North Wharf

Doorway of the Macy Home, Nantucket, Mass. Gendreau

Windmill, Nantucket, Mass. Pix, In

An Old Cape Cod Gristmill

Photograph, Courtesy of Shell Progress and The Vineyard Gazette.

James Oscar Sandsbury, Retired Captain of Island Steamship Line

Captain Sandsbury joined the Island Line as a quartermaster on March 2, 1909. He received his master's papers in 1913, and took command of the Steamer *Gay Head* on June 29, 1917, relieving the late Capt. Sylvia. He brought down from the Bath Iron Works the new steamers *Islander* and *Nobska* on their first voyages to the islands in 1923 and 1925 respectively. In 1933 he took command of the new boat *Naushon*, the largest of the island steamers. During his career he has captained such well known steamers as the *Uncatena, Gay Head, Sankaty, Nantucket, New Bedford* and the *Naushon*. Capt. Sandsbury made his final trip last Saturday, May 7, thus completing a service of 40 years with the island steamboat lines.

On this final trip, Capt. Sandsbury took the *Martha's Vineyard* as far as Nantucket Bar, where he turned the steamer over to Capt. Smith.

ROUNDING BRANT POINT.

AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE FROM CLIFF ROAD

ONCE "NORTH STREET"—NOW "CLIFF ROAD."

CENTRE STREET IN MID-SUMMER. Photo by Boyer.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH ON "BEACON HILL" AS SEEN FROM "NORTH SHORE HILL."

CENTRE STREET MAKES AN "S" TURN NORTHERLY TOWARDS "NORTH SHORE"

AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.